







THE
LAMARKS
OR
**MARRIAGEABLE
WOMEN.**

"ESSE QUAM VIDERI"

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ANN ARBOR

AS AN
EXPRESSION OF EVER GROWING LOVE,

THESE LETTERS ARE DEDICATED TO

My Sister,

The Memory of whose beauty, brightness and love of Truth

HAS BEEN THEIR CHIEF INSPIRATION.

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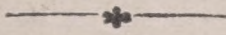
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THE LAMARKS;

OR,

MARRIAGEABLE WOMEN.



LETTERS.

I.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *May* 10, 18—.

DEAR, DEAREST JANET:

If I had not promised to tell you every thing, my pride would forbid me to open my heart, for I am ashamed that I feel so desolate and disappointed, and so homesick, that I wonder every hour what frenzy could have tempted me to leave you. You know how weary I was of every thing about the old place, but now it seems to me, if I could but have one glimpse of the old quaint house and my little blue room, that I should be transcendently happy. The old prim things have acquired a charm that would amuse me, if I were not so miserable. I would give half I possess to hear one of old Auntie's groans, and hear her tell for the ten thousandth time how she did when she was young, and how she never would do thus and so "in a thousand years;" and what she had done when

(1)

she “lived in the old house on the Middlebury corner, and how she knew it must be so,” for the year before they had lived “on Shad street, and the year after across from Essex Square.”

Oh, Janet, it seems to me that I never had an annoyance or care before in my life, all the things that looked so big a month ago, and shut the sunlight out of my heart, seem like little nothings now, and the sunshine glows all over and around them, and they seem far, far off in the times past, and yet it is only a few days since I left you. And here I am at Aunt Lisle’s! Ugh! Will I ever forget this lesson, and be satisfied with God’s blessing in the place where He has put me? Aunt Lisle! I wish you could see her just once, then words were needless! Old Queen Bess, with her fuss and feathers, her ugliness and vanity, was a Quakeress beside her. I could see how illy she restrained herself when I stood before her in all my plainness, covered with dust and confusion. If she had intended to confound me by her presence her success was complete. I *was* confounded. “Hut tut, child,” she said, “you are tired out. I am sorry your Uncle Lisle was not at the station to receive you; he was called away unexpectedly, very unexpectedly—extensive business, you know—and it is too provoking—Amanda Coriander Viola Varicosa (don’t laugh, it was almost that bad) has not yet returned, although I wrote to her to come before this. She is such a child—a mere child—so little head—one must always think for her.” Such a day and such a night! I was weary and nervous and heartsick, but I kept smooth on the outside; that was one comfort.

My hopes awakened as a bright morning dawned upon the great town, and the sun cast the close shadows along the narrow street that my window looked out upon. Yet, oh how different from the dear garden, the trees, the distant fields, the wide dome of blue sky over our own dear home! Thinking of Uncle Lisle's coming made me almost happy in spite of my longings, for his portrait on the wall looked so quiet, and I fancied so like our precious, precious lost mother, that I thought we two could defy Aunt Lisle and enjoy many enjoyable things.

He has come! I almost groaned aloud when he touched my hand with the tip ends of his cold fingers. The portrait was of thirty years ago! He looked as if the heart had been squeezed out of him. This man my adored mother's brother! He did not say ten words, and I wish he had said less. There is nothing generous, nothing pleasing about him. His stiff counting-room manners are abominable. I like Aunt Lisle the best. I know it is not saying much, but I do! If I just live on from day to day, the time must pass at last, but when I think how long I intended to stay when I left home my soul sinks within me. Oh, Janet!

Do write often. My love to Grace and Aunty, and to my little Madaline. Now you will be careful, dearest, that all R. hears none of this, and that my sacrifice shall not be without some compensating results.

Ever fondly your willful

THERESA.

II.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *May* 14, 18—.

DEAR JANET:

Why is it that I do not hear from you? Not a line, when a home letter is the only hope of happiness for me. Why do you not write? If you are too busy, or not well, there is Grace, or even Aunt, or Madeline, might say God bless you. I feel better than I did; the new scenes around me are drawing me out of myself; but in this house I am alone. When I sit by Aunt Lisle, or go out with her, I feel like a titmouse beside a peacock—a little tame mouse that had been caught in a trap. When I eat I feel as if Uncle Lisle thought of the cash value of every bite, and it sticks in my throat and almost chokes me, though I pay for it! They give me so many instructions as to how I must deport myself, that it makes me *furious*. Heaven forbid that I should ever acquire the manners of those around me. I am a “country girl,” you must understand, and hence this extreme solicitude. Indeed—you know my weakness—I am so much flattered by their taking me for a *very young lady* that I do not desire to remove the impression. You would open your eyes to see me so demure and so unlike my home self. I *mean* to stay—there is no help for it—though my pride is wounded every hour. Tell me what to do? Is it my duty to submit to every thing? If I once begin to assert myself I am afraid of the consequences. Did you ever think I would be such an

arrant coward? Do let me hear from you, or I shall lose my identity. My music will occupy me after this week. I have seen no one worth a word; but I will not be over hasty in my judgments; good and bad are mingled every where I know.

In mercy let me hear from you.

Fondly,

THERESA.

III.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL,

D——, 16 *th* May, 18—.

I am at a loss how to comfort you, my poor, dear Theresa. I do pity you from the bottom of my heart, and sympathize with all you have had to suffer. I tried to prepare you a little, but your enthusiasm was deaf and heedless. Mother never did like Aunt Lisle, and father did not like Uncle Lisle—they were in all things uncongenial; but that was a long, long while ago, and I hoped they had improved—as if living in *their world* was likely to improve any body. Perhaps, when Amanda Coriander comes, it will be better. Do not run to such extremes; always keep a little ballast on the other side. You are certainly more profoundly hopeless and miserable than is necessary. I commend you heartily for one thing—that is, that you have told me all about it. It did me good; and I know it did you good to unburden yourself. I am not without my share of this burden, you must remember. To be alone, without your society and counsel, is a trial; but to keep your secret is next

to impossible. Grace sees every thing with her young eyes "*colour de rose*;" and as long as she can look after her poor, gather wild flowers, paint, read and sing, and have the parson walk home with her from the chapel now and then, thinks every body is so good and every thing so lovely. As to Madeline, she is provokingly like you, is unchanged, and, I fear, unchangeable. She may take, as she will at all events, the ups and downs of life as she goes along. May she be all the better for it! Aunt thought it very fine, that your frankness was at least flattering, and says, when they lived on Shad street, mother took you to see her, and she taught you the little verse:

" 'Tis better for a child to die,
Than live on earth and learn to lie."

And she has reason to think you have never forgotten it—for even when they lived in Bloomington—but I will spare you.

Now, for more self denial, you must not write but once a month. Mr. Kendricks, of course, is angry, and in despair. He insisted upon having a private interview with me; but I declined either listening to or disclosing any of your private affairs. What either of us knew did not belong to the other, and I should neither hear nor speak. If he suspects himself to be the cause, he did not say so. Other friends are equally vexed and chagrined. If your missives come here you might as well be at home. I will go to Newton myself to mail and receive your letters. As it is such a distance I can not go oftener. All send

their tenderest love, and every body wants to know where you are and when you will be home again.

Your affectionate sister,

JEANNETTE.

IV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *May 20th*, 18—.

DEAR JANET :

If you only go for my letters once a month, that is your own affair. As to my writing no oftener, I shall do just as I please, for you can as easily carry back a budget as one letter. If I could not write my heart would burst with a report like that of the poor “Frosch König.” Next week Coriander will be at home, but I do not hope for any thing from that, except that any change must be for the better. She can, at least, play second fiddle to Aunt Lisle, and leave me free to attend to my music and walk when and where I will. There are many interesting things here to enjoy, if one had any body to enjoy with, or no body to keep one from enjoying. By the way, I have never told you any thing about Edwin Lisle—their only child—so you may imagine what a marvelous fellow he is, and what an unfailing topic of conversation we have. He is now upon the continent. His father has spent vast sums upon his education, and Aunt Lisle expects him to come back polished to the last touch, make a brilliant match, and be “some body in the world.” They have just received a letter saying that he is tired of travel and is coming home. His parents—Aunt Lisle, particularly—seemed much chagrined at the news.

I met a lovely young girl at Professor Bandine's, a few days ago—Isabel De Montaine. She has since called upon me, and, as they are very elegant people, Aunt Lisle seems to think better of me. Yesterday Mrs. De Montaine invited me to drive to the country with them. How I did enjoy it! They are very refined and cultivated—seemed so thoroughly to enjoy the beautiful scenery along the river—that I felt almost tenderly toward them, warmed up as I was by the fresh air and sunshine and verdant groves and fields. The sun set across the water, as we turned homeward, reflecting the brilliant colors of the sky, and the bright spring foliage quivering with life and beauty. The deep, soft, living green of every leaf filling my heart with gladness, as my hands were full of flowers, and I could not but reflect how near the love of nature brings these human hearts of ours to each other, if we keep them pure and open to her sweet influences.

I alighted from the carriage with many expressions of happiness, which I felt were as cordially and frankly returned, and ran into the house, almost thinking to lay my treasures in your lap. “Why, Theresa, how red you are! Take care, your flowers will fall on the carpet!” Aunt Lisle exclaimed as I entered the drawing room to give her the benefit of my enthusiasm! “I will carry them to my room,” I managed to say, as I hurried on, my soul going back into its shell, like some poor snail assailed by a pitiless urchin. However, I made much of my flowers—my little room was bright with them and I was happy in spite of the dull place.

May 22d.

Selfish as usual, my good sister, I have relieved my own heart first; but you will not, must not, think me unmindful of your cares. They must be legion, with my share added to your own. However, I only hope all things will turn out according to our wishes, and what we have both determined so deliberately to do, may not be without corresponding results. Of course, nobody must know my whereabouts—that would spoil every thing. I will try to be very prudent, and trust you fully to manage your part of the affair.

Madeline must not give you a moment's trouble, or she will break my heart. I am sorry you think her like me. My love to Aunt. It is delightful to know that Grace is bright and happy. I hope to hear from her by the next mail. Oh, dearest Janet, must it be a month each time? How long it seems to wait. Courage, Theresa! Courage!

Fondly and impatiently,

THERESA.

V.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *June 1st, 18—.*

DEAR JANET.

Amanda Viola has arrived, and for once I am agreeably disappointed—fortunately my ideal was not angelic. “To me you shall be Violet,” I cried when we were alone—for her eyes are a true violet blue, and her hair a fair, light auburn. Her complexion is very fair, deepening into a peachy pink upon her cheeks; on her lips to a perfect rose. How she could

grow up so pretty under Aunt Lisle's shadow is a mystery to me. I believe she has been like a Upas on her character, if not on her physique, for she seems the most will-less creature I ever saw. "My child do this, and do that, and do the other," and she does it without a word, with a sort of sweet childishness that makes me open my eyes. Her father was Aunt Lisle's half brother. She has lived here since she was nine years old, and is, I believe, nearly dependent on them. Her dress makes me nervous. She has not a particle of taste. At home, Aunt keeps her as plain as a pike-staff, and when she goes out she looks like a small edition of herself—absurd! The little imbecile says, "A few things, more or less, don't make any difference, so Aunt Lisle is satisfied!"

June 3d.

Last evening we were vastly entertained by Mr. Pinkerton, a bachelor who seems very profound in his attentions to Violet. After he had gone, Aunt said, "Is not Mr. Pinkerton a fine specimen of a gentleman of the old school? So courtly and elegant." "Yes, of the *very* old school," I replied, laughing. Aunt looked vexed, and Uncle Lisle said, "A young man yet, my friend, very rich. You will treat him with the utmost consideration—although you are perhaps incapable of appreciating his superiority. He will dine with us to-morrow." All the while we were preparing to retire Violet never spoke. "Why are you so quiet, little one," I said, at length. Was it my meek little Violet? "Will you help me?" she muttered. "Can I trust you—will you help me?" Her

look of terror and agony alarmed me. "What is it? Of course I will. Help you? to be sure." "Hist! Hist! if they ever know, what will become of me!" And she burst into tears and sank down upon the floor. I begged her to tell me, promising secrecy, of course, if that were best for her, and all the aid in my power. "Theresa Lamark, I am engaged to be married to that man!" And she buried her face in my lap and sobbed as if her heart would break. I felt grieved that my foolish pleasantry had given her pain, and begged her not to think of it. "Of what you said?" she cried. "That is nothing—I love another—what shall I do! What shall I do!" "Why then engaged to him? I can not help you unless you tell me every thing," I urged. "Aunt and Uncle Lisle have forced me to do it. Knowing how tenderly Edwin loves me, they are determined to have me married to Mr. Pinkerton before he comes home. What shall I do! What shall I do!" "Why, Violet, refuse to do it. Tell him you do not love him and will never marry him. Just say that you *will not do it*, and let come what will." "To Uncle and Aunt Lisle? I can not. I dare not. To Mr. Pinkerton? They never permit to me one moment with him alone. I should die before I could tell him." "Then I will say it for you. I am not one jot afraid." "Then they will know that I have told you. Oh, no, no, no! What shall I do? They have sent for me because of these late letters from Edwin. And Aunt said in her last letter that you would be mighty glad of such a chance, and so would any other sensible English woman."

Poor little Violet—she talked half the night—such contemptible maneuvering. I am too outspoken for such a game, and the silly child would not listen to my betraying the slightest knowledge of her secret.

Imagine the predicament I was in. Fortunately Aunt Lisle called me into her boudoir the next morning to tell me of Violet's engagement, and to request me to encourage and to urge her liking Mr. Pinkerton in every possible way; particularly to avoid making such ridiculing remarks as I had made the previous evening, for every thing was settled and it only made ill feeling. I shut my lips tight and did not speak one word. I had promised Violet, and I had not yet made up my mind what it was best to do—some thing must be done—but intemperate haste might spoil it all. Oh, Jeannette, if you were only here! Violet being too ill to be up, I played my part as sweet innocent, very well, though I was provoked to hear Aunt Lisle whining about the poor little dear. I entertained Mr. Pinkerton, and tried to sound him. He seemed honestly concerned about Miss Amanda Viola. But it is simply impossible to judge any body fairly. Here is this poor little woman, scarcely marriageable, yet seemingly, a little nonentity, with a smile for every body, looking as if she had never had a care or sorrow in her life, with this great big canker in her heart; loving passionately, striving to do her duty faithfully, and to win the love of Uncle and Aunt Lisle, for Edwin's sake. To win their love! I almost wonder if they have hearts—the milk of human kindness I am sure they have not—poor little fool even to hope it! What do they care for Violet's heart or hap-

piness? Or even for Edwin's, though he is their own flesh and blood? A rich match for Edwin and a rich match for Violet! That would aggrandize themselves *doubly*; a prop to lift them up on either side—that would be very fine! Money! Money! When the ships come and go, and the buying and selling goes on day by day, year in and year out, and men get a little rich, and know other people that are a great deal richer, there is no end to the things they will resort to—I dare say it will be always so, until the last days come. Truly the love of money is the root of all evil. If Edwin would only come! Violet has written to him, but he is moving about, and there is little hope that her letter will reach him. Violet thinks him a redoubtable hero. I have my doubts, for an “evil tree can not bring forth good fruit;” and considering all things, I am far from hopeful. God will bring good out of man's evil. I am thankful for Violet's sake that I am here, for never did a love-lorn damsel need knight-errant more. Perhaps my latent genius is going to be brought into requisition at last. I wish I could get some advice from you; but this monthly mail arrangement of yours is far too slow, for I shall speak right out the first time I can see my way clear to spoil this plot; now that Aunt Lisle has spoken to me, there will be no betrayal of my promise to Violet.

I do pray and hope that with our darling Grace, the old saw that “the course of true love never did run smooth,” may be proven false. When I see how this foolish young heart has nursed its early love, only to suffer these wretched pangs, so often the fate of women in their tenderest years, I tremble for our

darling. What a vast amount of peculiar sorrow marriageable women have to bear. To them belong the most exquisite joys of human life, and its cup must needs be mingled with life's intensest agony. When their hearts bring forth the first blossoms of love, if it be an experience of disappointment, there is no help but just to bear silently. If there be womanly pride to help, so much the better, but if with it all, the burden is too heavy, "He giveth His beloved sleep." For those wayward ones who will not yield them to His will, left to the rude blasts of this mortal life, what a great sorrow a woman's sorrow is.

Ever, sister mine, your

THERESA.

VI.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

NEWTON, *June 14, 18—.*

I have stopped for an hour to look over your letters, my dearest Theresa, and am astonished at your story of Violet's troubles. You are out of the frying pan into the fire. Remember that God's ministering spirits do watch over us—some good angel has taken you to D—— to help poor Violet, when you thought you were going to gratify your own whim. I can almost imagine them flying hither and thither, pitying the maidens of earth in this, their season of love—their happiest, and yet their most anxious and too often their bitterest time. When we think how many young girls, the fairest and loveliest, have passed from earth, if not broken hearted, made more fragile, and

sooner blighted by some great heart sorrow, we can but feel that they must draw near to and seek to minister to those who are weeping under the same sore disappointment. I have been refreshing myself with old Faerie Spenser in your absence, and these beautiful verses are fresh in my mind. Tell Violet to console herself with them :

“ And is there care in Heaven ? And is there love

In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?

There is : Else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But, Oh ! the exceeding grace
Of Highest God ! that loves His creatures so
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels, He sends to and fro
To serve to wicked men—to serve His wicked foe.

“ How oft do they their silver bowers leave

To come to succour us that succour want ;
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave

The flitting skies like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !

For as they fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons, round about up plant,
And all for love and nothing for reward.

Oh ! why should Heavenly God to men have such
regard ? ”

You can act better, dear Theresa, than I can advise. Trust your own impulses, and do not be afraid to do whatever you feel to be right. Women have a quick way of their own of getting at the root of things. Be pitiful ; be courteous ; but you know the Master took the scourge when offended at the willful and

wanton wickedness of men. There is too much smoothing over and keeping back the truth in these days. I have always rejoiced in your quick decision and straight-forward way of probing things to the core. If you are just and kind to others, you can not go wrong if you are true to yourself.

I have inclosed you a letter from Aunt Theresa, father's youngest sister. It is a godsend if you want to leave D——, and yet do not wish to come home. The angels have a wider range than even our busiest thoughts. Our mother never heard from any of father's family after his death. I am glad she has written—the note will explain itself. My answer, you can forward when you have read it. I thought it best to send it to you, you can add a note yourself.

You will be abundantly rewarded by all these letters.

Affectionately your sister,

JANET.

VII.

MADAME BERENGER TO THERESA.

PROVENCE, CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

June 5, 18—

MY DEAR NIECE:

I well deserve the regret I feel for allowing my dear brother's children to grow up strangers to me. By some strange accident, I met in Paris, two days ago, Edward De Montaine, who was in raptures over the beauty of Theresa Lamark! My own maiden name! How many half-forgotten reminiscences swell my heart! Ah, my dear niece, how I long to see you. Will you not come to me with your sister? I hear

you two are quite alone in the world. Will you forgive my apparently heartless want of interest? I do so long to have you under my wing, and in some way atone for my long neglect, certainly inexcusable, but not without palliation. My dear brother was himself very negligent about writing, and we allowed ourselves to become estranged. Most of my life has been spent abroad—here and there, over the world—wherever Dr. Berenger could best advance his scientific studies, this being our home for the most part. Write me at once, a full account of yourselves; tell me of your past life. I am the last of my family; my home is childless, and I can not tell you how fondly my heart yearns for you. I hope, indeed, that you will come very soon and stay with me as long as will be agreeable to you, that we may in some measure make up for this much to be deplored, lost time.

I send this note to your home, for thus it will surely reach you.

Ever, my dear namesake, with my husband's regards, and affectionate greeting,

Your own auntie,

THERESA LAMARK BERENGER.

VIII.

JEANNETTE TO MADAME BERENGER.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *June 9.*

MY DEAR AUNT:

Your kind note has given me much pleasure, and as Theresa is from home, I will at once respond to it;

her acknowledgment must necessarily be more tardy, and I would not pain you for a moment by any delay, for my heart is full of tenderness and gratitude for your expressions of affection, warmed as it always is, by the thought of every thing that was near and dear to our precious father.

Much as we have ever regretted the little interest our dear father's relatives seemed to take in us, we have always sympathized entirely with our darling mother's very proper pride, in not seeking to remind them of our existence; still, she always spoke kindly of them and taught us to feel that circumstances, rather than want of heart, often estranged those who should not be strangers to each other. Her charitable lessons seem indeed to be true. Dear mother was sensitive and high spirited, and always preferred to circumscribe her pleasures and her cares within the narrow bounds of domestic life, mistrusting the world beyond.

We lived very happily in Middlebury during dearest father's life-time. I was only seven years old when he died, and yet I remember so many things vividly, that I can scarcely realize I was so young. So many, many years have passed, I often wonder that he seems so near and dear to my heart—nearer and dearer every year that I live. It is a strange feeling that I can not describe, only those who have felt it can know what it is. When he died he was not older than I am now. I shall be with him bye and bye and know him! The older I get the nearer the time approaches. When I remember how tenderly he loved his little ones, I long for power to express my love for him and

those he loved in his childhood's home. Theresa was only four years old when those sad days came, so that in her loneliness, I seemed to share poor mother's grief, and to acquire a sort of childish maturity that was, perhaps, necessary to fit me for the waiting cares of after life. Dear mother! how she suffered in those dreadful years. Five years we lived alone, then she consented to become the wife of Mr. Barton—his home, where we now reside, was beyond the town of Middlebury. What a paradise it was to us, with its great garden and wide fields. He had long been a warm friend of father's, and our great comforter through all our lonely days, and when mother told us Blueberry was to be our home, we were very happy.

Here our little sister Grace was born, and we enjoyed every blessing, when death again robbed us of our protector—our beloved second father died after a short illness. The shock was too much for our precious mother—three months later, after giving birth to a little daughter, she expired, leaving us stricken and astonished with grief. With her last breath—with the tenderest and most consoling and inspiring words of confidence and abiding faith, she gave our little sisters to our care, bade us all follow in the footsteps of the precious Master, as she had striven to do. We named the little one Madeline—her own dear name—and Theresa, with all the devoted energy of her nature, reared her with the tenderest care; our country home, with its pure air and many luxuries, made her labor of love less anxious, and here we have since lived ten years, striving to prove faithful to those farewell commands, and to repay the debt of grati-

tude we owe not only to her, but to the father of these dear girls, who was in every thing, truly a father to us. Grace is now just eighteen—this is her birthday—almost too lovely and pure for earth, with her light golden hair, her soft pearly complexion, and bright eyes reflecting the very azure of heaven—eyes that have scarcely ever shed a tear—with our watching and warding, cherishing and indulging through all the years of her young life.

If childhood's trials are necessary to fit one to bear the griefs of womanhood, we have sadly erred; but thus far all has been well, and we can only pray and trust that God will henceforth keep her from all sorrow.

Madeline is a bright, interesting child, very dear to us. As to Theresa, I am glad strangers think her handsome, to me she is very beautiful. Naturally talented, she has enjoyed every advantage of education; cultivated, earnest, warm-hearted and truth-loving. What more could one wish for? Yet feeling every discord, because her ideals of truth and beauty are too exalted for this common-place, jarring world of ours, she never has been fully satisfied even when happiest, and must, I fear, look beyond this world for a realization of her hopes. She is from home for the first time. A maiden sister of Mr. Barton's, who has been our protectress from the first, with the two younger girls, constitute our family—a feminine community!

I hope I have not proved tedious; you will remember I have but responded to your request. I shall always be happy to hear from you, and know that

Theresa will be rejoiced that you have cared to find us out. It may be that she will gladly avail herself of your kind invitation to come to you. I am home-bound, cannot leave my household.

May we ever hope to see you here?

With regards to Dr. Berenger,

Affectionately, your niece

JEANNETTE LAMARK.

IX.

GRACE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL,

June 9th, 18—.

This is my birthday, dear sister—my eighteenth birthday. I want to tell you, once again, how much I love you, and how much I thank you for your tender care—you and dear, good sister Janet. I hope I shall be able to help you henceforth, and make my womanhood useful to all around me, repaying, at least, a little part of the great debt of gratitude I owe for all the bright, cloudless days of my life. Madeline and I took a long walk this morning, down past the mint spring, through the red oaks, down to the meadow, to where old Madge lives, giving her our birthday remembrance, turning back and coming home by way of the parsonage. We gave the gardener our cowslips and bluebells to plant by the hedge. Mr. Lacy joined us, for sister had invited him to our birthday nooning. We followed the beautiful beck, dancing along in the sunlight, over the white pebbles. Oh, Tesa, dear, it was so lovely! My heart was so full of joy for every blessing. The

ewes, with their beautiful lambs, cropped the tender grass; the doves and white pigeons peered out from the green leaves of the hedges, or came slanting down from the blue sky, like great flakes of shining snow, to our very feet. The sweet notes from the wilder birds rippled out from their hiding-places; when we came too near they darted quickly away. All nature so full of life and beauty. And so we reached the churchyard. Our dear pastor, always so thoughtful and considerate, went into the chapel, while Madeline and I wreathed our fragrant lilies amid the dear graves. The child, so bright, and yet so full of tenderness, making good resolutions for the time to come. I so prayerfully happy. My heart so full of love to the heavenly Master. The white spire, with the golden cross, seemed to say, "for the means of grace," and to point to "the hope of glory." I wondered if this world was so beautiful to every maiden on her eighteenth birthday? I hoped so, I am sure. Yet, who has ever had such loving sisters as mine have been to me? Mr. Lacy came to tell us that it was already late. Sure enough, we soon caught sight of Janet, waving her scarf from the porch, and there, too, was Aunt Rachel, in her best cap, awaiting us.

The day ended as happily as it began. And my new prayer book, Mr. Lacy's gift, my lavender robe, Janet's kindness, with veil and scarf to match from Aunt and Madeline, are on my divan now, to assure me that it was not all a dream.

The beauties of nature are shrouded in darkness, now—the lesser beauties, I mean. The stars are bright without and very beautiful, but, somehow, the heart

can not get near to them as it can to the humbler works of nature around us—those that we can touch and taste, and hear and smell, as well as look upon.

I bid you good night, sister mine, for I mean to extinguish this poor light and look out upon the night before I sleep. Farewell, darling sister, I know you will ever love

Your foolish

GRACE.

X.

MADELINE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY, *June 9th*, 18—.

Gracie says I must send my Mamatesa a little letter in hers. This is my first real letter to somebody real far off; for I think you must be real far off to be away from us so long. I can not tell how many people ask me where you are, and ever so many questions I can't answer. I am ashamed to know so little about my own Mamatesa. Even Mr. Lacy said to-day, "Well, Madeline, do you know where your runaway sister is yet?" And Mr. Kendricks, although he would not so much as ask it, wants to know, for he looks like it. And Mr. Blaire gives me sugar plums, and thinks ever so many things, and we are great friends. One day he said, Madeline, you must tell your sister not to forget her old friend.

Mamajay thinks I ought to be willing to know as little as other folks, but I am not as good as Grace. Mr. Lacy said this morning, down by the beck, that she was as good as an angel; nobody ever told me I was, but Mamajay says I am just like you. Did any

body ever call you an angel? I could tell you a heap about the chicks and ducks and calves and every thing, but this is a holiday, because of Gracie's birthday, and I don't mean to spend it all on a letter.

Your dear little

MADELINE.

XI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *June 18, 18—.*

DEAREST JANET:

Nothing could have been more opportune than Aunt Theresa's letter. I actually ran away and cried for thankfulness. "Surely the angels good, do watch us carefully." I will take advantage of her kindness, and leave here as soon as I see Violet out of this persecution. Uncle Lisle has told her that his fortune is barely enough for Edwin, who shall never marry her, and has flatly said, unless she marries Mr. Pinkerton within a month, he will send her to a French convent before she is of age! Is it not atrocious? I mean to write a note to Mr. Pinkerton, for her, myself. I have waited patiently all this time; not a word has been heard from Edwin, and what else can be done? I will inclose you a copy of my note, and of his answer, when it comes.

Do thank dear, dear Grace and my darling Madeline for their letters. I was sorry to miss the birthday. Madeline's was a brave little letter indeed—her first letter! I shall put them both among my treasures, and soon send responses to them, and for your encouragement and words of confidence, sister mine, I thank you from my heart; they did me a

world of good. I shall feel that I am trusting you rather than myself, when I go right on in the way I think right now. By the way, I did not write a line to Aunt Theresa ; after the flattering account your dear love gave of me, I prefer to let my reputation rest upon that.

Oh dear, Janet, I have just returned from Uncle Lisle's library ; I wish I could tell you all he said : " Theresa, my dear Theresa, I think you have much influence with Amanda Viola, our dear brother's child." Bah ! I could hardly help saying it—but he went on in the same strain, to tell how such a young girl would be saved from all the rude blasts of the world, by having such a protector as old Mr. Pinkerton, and to beg me to urge her to comply with his best knowledge as to what was for her happiness and respectability in the world, and to urge her to banish her foolish notions about love and all that sort of childish nonsense. I was scarlet from the soles of my feet to the roots of hair ; indeed, Janet, I was so vexed that I can not remember half he said, but I did not trust myself to speak one word, until he coolly dismissed me, as though he expected me to do just as he said. I was so disconcerted by his coolness that I did not wonder that poor, meek little Violet was always dumb before him ; however, I turned at bay : " Uncle Lisle, I can not do it. I do not think Violet's happiness would be secured by such an incongruous marriage ; I have not lived long enough myself to believe in the childish nonsense of love ; true love may be rare, but I believe in it—and Violet should not thus be shut out from all hope of such a blessing. She is very young, give her time at least to know her own mind ; when she has seen some-

thing of the world, and met with disappointment, she may gladly accept such shelter—now it is worse than death to her.” He turned fiercely upon me, and dismissing me with a scornful gesture, said: “I thought you a sensible woman, Theresa Lamark, I find you as silly as Amanda Viola herself; I trust you will have honor enough, at least, not to interfere with my affairs while you are under my roof—you understand me—if my ward is encouraged in her opposition, I shall find means to remove her *from* improper influence.”

I can leave his roof quickly enough, but I do not mean to, and leave poor Violet to his tender mercy. He has Violet with him now, and is doubtless pouring his wrath against me, on her defenseless head; her mortal terror makes me heart sick. I had not time for even a word with her. Aunt Lisle took her in the library as I came out. Is it not equal to the Spanish Inquisition? I wish I could hear oftener from you.

I add a copy of the note I hastened to send after these interviews.

Yours ever,

THERESE.

XII.

THERESA TO MR. PINKERTON.

June 16.

MR. PINKERTON :

Will you pardon one so much a stranger, for addressing you? I write for my friend Violet, who is in such distress that she is quite unable to express her-

self. I do so all the more willingly as I am convinced that one of your chivalrous feelings would shrink from inflicting pain upon one so young and innocent as she. In permitting herself to be engaged to you, she feels that she did you injustice, but she dared not refuse the imperative command of her guardian, and even now the threat of incarceration in a French convent is held over her unless she marries you immediately. It can not be possible you want a wife on such terms! Can you pardon my frankness? Can you not, in this hour of her utmost need, prove a protector, oh! so much needed? She begs me to tell you not to let Uncle Lisle know that I have written.

Believe me not only Violet's, but

Truly your friend,

THERESA LAMARK.

XIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *June 20th.*

DEAR JANET:

We have not yet heard from Mr. Pinkerton. Is it not strange? I feel more solicitude every hour lest there be some new trouble. It is useless conjecturing, but we can scarcely help it, and all my sympathies are roused for Violet. She is almost beside herself. Will he insist on her keeping her promise? Will he take part with Uncle Lisle, or will he be generous? If she could only hear from Edwin, or her brother, alas, way off in India! Poor child, does she not seem friendless and helpless? If Mr. Pinkerton just

leaves her to Uncle Lisle's mercy, I shall insist upon taking her home with me. But why plan, or even wish. If we could just hush up our fears and let things wear along, ready to do our best when the time to act comes. Oh, it would be so much better—that is, simply trusting in God! Oh, there she comes! Yes, the note at last!

Yours ever,

XIV.

THERESA.

MR. PINKERTON TO MISS LAMARK.

18th.

MISS LAMARK :

Your opinion of me is certainly very flattering, but I think you must be mistaken in regard to the state of Miss Amanda Viola's feelings toward me. I will arrange the matter with her uncle, and will be obliged if you will refrain from any further interference in an affair of so private and delicate a nature.

Yours, respectfully, WILLIAM PINKERTON.

XV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *June 21st.*

DEAR JANET :

What do you think of it? It certainly shuts me up in a very civil, but very hateful way. I feel more and more vexed, and more and more determined to fight for Violet, every time I read it. There is something underhand here. Something I despise more than any other one thing in this world. I more than suspect it, especially as Mr. Pinkerton very rarely

comes in now, and never when we are at home. Poor Violet is lying on the bed, crying fit to break her heart. I can't make up my mind just what I ought to do; if you were only here! Adieu, for the nonce.

Yours fondly,
THERESA.

24th.

After waiting two days for "something to turn up," and being afraid, every day, that Mr. Pinkerton would just drop in, and Uncle Lisle would give his victim away, without any more ado, I sent Mr. Pinkerton another note, by a trusty hand, couched in these words: "You must pardon what may appear to you an unpardonable liberty, but I write to beg you to request an interview with Viola Haughton, that you may learn, from her own lips, the truth of the statements I made in my former note to you. Be assured that nothing but my keen sympathy for an injured and unhappy girl could so far overcome my pride as to tempt me again to address you.

THERESA LAMARK."

Now, Janet, this is his answer. I am in a high state of indignation, I assure you:

MISS LAMARK:

I feel justly indignant that a stranger should presume thus to press unwelcome facts—if *they are facts*—upon my attention. This is *my* affair. I shall certainly inform Mr. Lisle of Miss Viola's imprudence in making you her confidante, and of the liberty you

have taken in addressing me. If I need any further counsel, I will call upon you. Yours, with respect,
William Pinkerton.

Yours, truly, THERESA LAMARK.

XVII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

June 26th.

After this note, I was so vexed and indignant that I was about to pack up Violet and myself and elope! Still, I did not want to go home so soon again. I could not take Violet with me to Aunt Theresa's, nor did I want to run to her in such hot haste; besides, we hoped every hour to hear from Edwin, and I did not like to acknowledge myself outwitted, so I determined to play my part and watch the game, hoping to checkmate them in the end. I was greatly puzzled by a call from Mr. Pinkerton, to-day. Uncle and aunt were cordial—he, bland and civil as if nothing had happened, and apparently surprised at my haughty coolness. I was as stiff as a gentlewoman could be, in self-respect. Neither aunt or uncle left the room, and I determined to keep my temper, and for Violet's sake to wait a fitting time to speak, for speak I *shall*, sooner or later. The time is painfully short; they talked of final arrangements to-day—only a few intimate friends are to be present. Mr. Pinkerton has requested that his bride's trousseau be completed in London, where he will take her immediately. They did not mention the day in either Violet's or my hearing—that looks ominous to me. So here we all are,

playing our part. Poor little Violet said to me, a while ago, "Oh, Theresa, dear, never mind! never mind! you can not do any thing more; just let them do what they please. I always have been just a waif, to be thrown from one to another at every whim!" And so she groans and moans, and talks. I do get out of patience with her want of character. Why don't she just stamp her foot, and say *I wo n't*; and then let them make the best of it—but she is n't made that way, and if she did run away from Uncle and Aunt Lisie, and Mr. Pinkerton, where would she go? They are all ready to eat me up, for they know they could do what they please with Violet, now that Edwin and her brother are away, if I were not here. All this to face, with no help from Violet! I know, too, that it is none of my business. If it had not happened that I am here—unluckily for them—but—

"My place is wherever my duty is clear
And therefore my place at this moment is here,"

and I mean to do my best. Do you wonder that I am in a bother? Good night. Courage, Violet! Courage, Theresa! Courage!

XVIII.

THERESA TO JEANETTE.

June 30th.

I have done it, Janet! Io triumphe! I wish you could have peeped in—three times times three for dear old Mr. Pinkerton! How can I tell you? It

was at lunch—Mr. Pinkerton had dropped in—Uncle Lisle was wonderfully amiable—aunt wonderfully voluble! Mr. P—— bland and courteous and quiet as usual. Violet started up from her abstraction, when I said suddenly, “Mr. Pinkerton, I owe you an apology for two notes I have written you; you have seen fit to doubt the statements I have made; if Violet is so much afraid of Uncle and Aunt Lisle, that she will not tell you the truth in regard to her feelings toward you, it is but just to me that she tells you, here in the presence of Uncle and Aunt Lisle, that I wrote the truth—at her request.” Violet cried out, “It is all true—every word of it is true—all true! What shall I do! What shall I do?” and ran out of the room. Uncle Lisle was as pale as a ghost, and aunt, blazing with passion. They had both tried to stop me, and were actually on their feet ordering me to leave the room, but I was too determined for that, and looked straight at Mr. P—— until I had said the last word. He stared at me in blank amazement—never moving or speaking until Violet had spoken and disappeared. “Miss Lamark, I do not understand all this, what does it mean?” “Ah! the notes were sufficiently explicit,” I replied.

“Mr. Pinkerton, my dear friend, there has been enough talk—that girl is ridiculously romantic and fond of scenes. Theresa, we will excuse you and Mrs. Lisle, I can explain every thing satisfactorily.”

“Excuse me, Mr. Lisle, one moment, first,” Mr. Pinkerton said, “Miss Lamark, what notes do you refer to? I never received a note from you.” I turned and looked first at uncle and then at aunt. “It

may be Uncle Lisle can explain it. I received two notes from you, with your own signature." "My signature! That is very singular! Can I see them?" "Certainly," I said, "and copies of those I sent you, also, if you choose." "If you please—you will oblige me. Very strange! Very singular! Who would dare to tamper with my signature—my name?" I heard him ejaculating, as I left the apartment. What transpired in my absence I can not tell, but when I came back, Aunt Lisle had disappeared. Mr. Pinkerton arose to meet me, extending his hand. "I am very much obliged to you, Miss Lamark. Although I do not fully understand my own position, I can see that it is certainly false and dangerous. You have given me an opportunity to extricate myself—I thank you with my whole heart." Uncle arose to speak. "Never mind, Mr. Lisle, never mind, sir! No explanations are necessary—these notes will explain themselves. I will reflect on this to-day, and will see you very soon, sir—very soon. Good morning, sir, good morning!"

I did not wait to speak to Uncle Lisle, nor did I want to meet his wife, so I ran to Violet, and begging her to take her hat and veil, we slipped out into the fresh air, and after a long walk, came home refreshed and half over our scare. We are determined to hold out to the bitter end, now we have made this grand point. Every thing depends upon Mr. Pinkerton, now. Even Aunt and Uncle see that, for they are dumb and grum—waiting to see what their "dear old

friend" has to say, before executing any decree against Violet and

Your romantic

THERESA.

XIX.

MR. PINKERTON TO MISS LAMARK.

MISS LAMARK:

I thank you for your frankness. It is just what I needed. Truth has untied many a worse knot. Mr. Lisle has done me gross injustice. I shall demand an interview with Miss Amanda Viola, to-morrow—in his presence. I thank you again for your notes, and assure you your confidence is not misplaced.

With respect,

WILLIAM PINKERTON.

PINKERTON PLACE, *June 30th.*

So far, so good! It promises well, does it not, dearest Janet? I believe he will prove true to himself and true to Violet. The silly child is still frightened out of her wits. In vain, I cry courage, and talk of hope. "There is no hope for me. Edwin's love is so far, far off! They will never let him come back to me!" If every thing was congenial, I should be successfully at work and tolerably contented, but as it is, Aunt Lisle does not speak to me, and my Uncle has requested—I will not say ordered—me to go home at the earliest opportunity. If I were an invited guest, enjoying their hospitality without any compensation, I should certainly have felt obliged to do so

ere this, notwithstanding my desire to aid my little friend; but as it is, I shall stay as long as it suits my own convenience. When Violet is out of their toils, I will go to Aunt Theresa. Good night.

Yours fondly,

THERESE.

XX.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *July 2d.*

OH, DEAR JANET!

I am almost in love with dear old Mr. Pinkerton, myself, and will not wonder if Violet throws herself in his arms in very gratitude. He has done his part royally. Although Uncle Lisle insisted upon his excusing Violet, “who is not feeling very well,” Mr. Pinkerton insisted upon seeing her. And Violet says she never felt so grateful to any human being in her life. He actually inspired her with courage! When she entered the library, there sat Uncle Lisle, looking his sternest, and there sat her lover, apparently lost in reverie. She trembled like an aspen, as she silently moved toward them, feeling that her very life depended on the issue. Looking up as she drew near, Mr. Pinkerton arose, extending his hand, “Young lady, I hope you will pardon me if I have caused you pain. I did not mean it. I hoped to be able to make you happy,” he said, tenderly. She burst into tears, of course, and was dumb—could not utter a word. “It is only a childish bit of folly,” said Uncle Lisle. “It would be best to dismiss her to her room, and do that which we deem most to

her advantage." "Nay, nay," said Mr. Pinkerton, "this touches me, very nearly. Miss Viola, do you wish to be my wife?" She shook her head, and then cried out, "No, no, no!" "Then, my dear," he said, very calmly, "it shall never be." How still she stood, and how she raised her blue eyes, I can imagine. "I said, so foolishly"—to tell you in Viola's own words—"how can it be helped?" "Helped! Am I still in my minority, and is Mr. Lisle my guardian? I foolishly fancied you might love me, forgetful that every young heart has some willful love of its own to engross it. I have loved and been loved. I respect the love of others. You do not know, sweet girl, that I loved your mother when she was young, and fresh and fair, as you are to-day. I have loved you for her sake. Aye, for your own, too. You are the impersonation of her image, as it has existed in my heart for five and twenty years. I thought I could make you happy. That you might love me as she once loved, forgetful of all the trace time has left on me. Yes, I can see now how strangely foolish it was, this last romance of an old man. An unwilling wife! Ah, never! That would be a sore sorrow to me. I do not reproach you, sweet girl. The dream has been a happy one. So happy that I can not regret my blindness, nor the treachery of one I deemed my friend, save that it has given you pain. The dream has vanished. I see clearly now—painfully clearly. You are free. I have long since learned that the heart will be free in spite of the trammels men and women will put upon lives. Heart answereth heart. And he who would hush these

pleadings sins against man and against God. You are free. God bless you with the love of a true heart, worthy the fullness of your own love, all the days of your life." "I knelt and kissed his hand, thanking him fervently. He raised me up, kissed my cheeks, my brow, my lips. I dared not look at Uncle Lisle. I ran away and came to you. Oh, Theresa, was it not noble? Is he not noble, good and true?"

Dearest Jane, it was noble, and, indeed, if such be his true character, I do think better of Uncle Lisle. Perhaps he did honestly think Violet would be happy under the protection of such a man. If I have done him injustice, I am ready to ask his pardon, but still my heart tells me he is thoroughly selfish. There is no doubt as to the double-dealing carried on to prevent Mr. Pinkerton's knowing how averse Violet was to becoming his wife. It has been a great outrage—grossly unjust to both Violet and Mr. P. And I can not yet see much excuse for it, and still less for the way it has been done. Violet, like a very child, has forgotten, for once, how far off Edwin's love is, and how far off India is, she is so thankful and happy for this release.

There! They have sent for her again. All the old terror came back. "What can it be," she cried, "I thought it was all over. May not Theresa go, too?" "Never mind, little one," I said, "They will send for me, perhaps. You need have no fear, now, that the clouds have all cleared away." And so she has gone down once again. I wonder what it is?

They did send for me, dear Janet, and great good has come out of it all, though contrary to the expecta-

tions of every body. Violet is to be transferred to Mr. Pinkerton's guardianship. His sister, who lives with him, will be a most proper person to watch over her. They live quite alone, and Mr. P—— is delighted that he can so far contribute to her welfare. Uncle and Aunt are equally happy to be relieved of their charge and to have her separated from Edwin, which was, indeed, their object in the whole matter. Unless the young man's love is strong enough to overcome all the obstacles they put in his way, he is surely lost to Violet, and it is, doubtless, just as well; but it would be a sorry, silly suggestion to make to the poor girl just now—let her hope die slowly, when something better is springing up in its place. Uncle Lisle will arrange his affairs, and with his wife, join Edwin at once on the continent, where they will keep him, if possible, long enough to make him forget his first love.

“I will be a father to you, sweet girl; you shall be my child, will you trust me?” “You? Yes—I am very, very grateful; I will try to repay your generous kindness,” and as he held her hand, pressing it to his lips, the tears of her mother's lover fell faster than her own.

When Uncle Lisle, with feigned affection, made some expression of regret that Violet's little inheritance was entirely exhausted in her education, Mr. Pinkerton cast a withering glance at him, “Mr. Haughton's fortune was supposed to be ample when he left his wife and little ones to your care.” As uncle paled under his steady gaze, he went on, “That does not matter now—it will be my pleasure to provide for

her in every way. I certainly do not require or desire any pecuniary assistance from you. As you anxiously stipulated, in our former arrangement, let the matter stand now and forever—and God judge between you and this little girl.” Janet, do you wonder I can not like Uncle Lisle?

I can not tell you how thankful I am. I would not trust Edwin or her brother with her happiness half as soon. Violet will be a sunbeam in their quiet home if his sister is as good and true of heart as Mr. P——.

I must say farewell! All this has absorbed me too much. I will stay here until my term has expired, now that this storm is over. Violet will remain as long as I do—meanwhile, they will be getting ready for their journey abroad. If you think it best, I will go with them and make a visit to Aunt Theresa, without going home—provided I conclude from her next letter that it would be agreeable to her. I wish I could look in upon you and see how our hopes prosper, with my own eyes. I will write to Grace and Madeline, that they may get their letters at the same time you receive this.

Ever yours,

THERESA.

XXI.

THERESA TO GRACE.

D——, *July 4th.*

DEAR SWEET GRACE:

I did not think it would be more than a month after

your birthday before I should thank you for your lovely letter. I am very thankful that it was such a happy day to you, and only wish I might, in some way, have added to your pleasure. Never mind, dearie, when the next summer time comes round, I shall doubtless be with you, and have a share in making you happy, even happier than you were that beautiful June day. Have you read these exquisite lines? Your keen enjoyment of nature that day reminded me of them :

What is so sweet as a day in June?

Then, if ever, come perfect days;

Then heaven tries the earth, if it be in tune,

And over it, softly, her warm ear lays;

Whether we look or whether we listen,

We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.

Every clod feels a stir of might—

And instinct within it, that reaches and towers—

And grasping blindly above it for light,

Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;

.

The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,

And there 's never a leaf or a blade too mean

To be some happy creature's palace.

The little bird sits at his door in the sun,

Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,

And lets his illumined being o'errun

With the deluge of summer it receives;

His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,

And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings.

He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest,

In the nice ear of Nature, which song is the best?

Is it not lovely, darling Grace? Exquisitely tender

and beautifully expressed? We are wont to think that nothing very fine or grand can come to us over the far waters from the new world that will one day outstrip us, perhaps—but beautiful prose and poetry from yon western wilderness might often charm us if we would open our ears and our hearts to receive it. This vision of Sir Launfal is more beautiful than I can tell you—it is your birthday gift from me—which I shall bring when I return.

I have had some pleasures here, but often long for home. When I have gratified some importunate desires, I shall gladly rejoin you. I have improved in two ways—in my music and my *love for home*. There is a sort of halo over every thing there that I mean to keep bright in my heart when I get back. No place is half so dear to me as Blueberry Hall—no friends so precious as those who dwell there. There my duties shall henceforth be my pleasures. Little sister, I hope you will never be such a dreamer as I have been, and may you never be less happy than you were on this eighteenth birthday. Indeed that day seems to me only a sort of exponent of all your eighteen years! Your good, grateful heart is one of God's best gifts. "Yea, a joyful and pleasant thing it is to be thankful." A grateful heart is a well-spring of joy; and when such a heart is fixed, as I feel yours is, on the bright inheritance above, then indeed is it thrice blest, and can never be cast down.

God bless you forever, darling, and may guardian angels ever watch over you, chasing away every shadow that may cross your pathway in the journey

of life, and may He bless all those who love and help to make you happy.

Ever, darling, your fond sister,

THERESE.

XXII.

I was delighted with your letter, my precious little Madeline, and only wish it had been longer. Next time tell me about Sucky and Rednose, and don't forget Billy and Bob, and my pet Jewel. Nobody has said a word of him since he sang me "farewell." I have not heard such sweet notes since. Give him a worm for me every day. Pet Tip! I have not seen his equal, nor a Tabby as sleek and fair as ours, in all my travels. Don't neglect any of them, and don't give sister a moment's care, or trouble aunty with your wild pranks. As to your inquisitive friends, tell them your runaway sister is well, and happy to get away from all of them. Eat all the sugar-plums they give you, if Mamajay thinks they are not enough to make you sick. I can not comfort you by telling you that anybody ever called me an angel; but I hope you will be a dear, sweet, good girl, and then you will be an angel when God's time comes. And remember, dearie, you must in every thing be better than

Your ever loving,

MAMATESA.

XXIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

July 10th.

I close my monthly mail, dear Janet, with a word of love to you. All goes smoothly with us now. Aunt says Edwin is waiting for them in Paris, enjoying himself vastly, without a thought or desire of coming home—that is intended to settle Violet. They will go in a short time. What do you think of my going to Aunt Theresa with them? You will look over these, and drop me a line immediately from Newton. Love to all. I pray and hope that all goes well with you.

Edward DeMontaine is back from Paris! I am more than ever anxious to go to France. He says both Aunt Theresa and Dr. Berenger are charming; that Auntie was quite overcome when she heard my name, and is extremely anxious to have me with her. If I go before they leave Paris, Uncle Lisle can transfer me at once to their care, and there will be no trouble. I really think I had better go, although I am pained to go further away without seeing you all. At times I think it an impossibility, but now that I have gone thus far, I had best persist in my resolution, to extend my absence to some months.

Ever, fondly yours,

THERESA.

XXIV.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *July 6, 18—.*

Mr. Lacy has gone! Has resigned his charge and gone to one of the southern counties, accepting a living at St. Vincent De B., near S. Dear Theresa, what do you think of it? I have seen that he was growing daily more reserved and saddened, seemingly somewhat out of health, but he has never spoken of going away, until Sabbath morning, after the service was finished. He seemed much affected, bidding his congregation farewell. Notwithstanding a most earnest and tearful remonstrance, he left us the next day, having previously obtained permission and made all his arrangements to do so. No one knows what has led to this sudden determination, unless you do. The whole parish is astonished and grieved. There must be something beyond any thing I have hitherto suspected. Can you understand what has induced him to go thus hastily away?

Grace is unusually quiet and reserved. I can see that she is deeply distressed, but she always has one of her sweet smiles ready when I make any suggestion or request, and goes from one occupation to another as though she could not trust herself to be idle. I have not, indeed, left her one moment to herself, seeking to divert and interest her. I fancy she does not look well, but with native art she keeps her woman's secret hid away, she thinks, from every one, while I, with my woman's heart experience, see

it all too plainly, feigning ignorance all the while. And so the purest and most honest of us play our parts. I am vexed, disappointed and chagrined at this sudden and unexpected misfortune, for, taking every thing into consideration, I can not look upon it in any other light.

Aunt thinks it very wrong for a pastor who has the love and confidence of his whole parish to leave them, no matter what his reasons may be, or how willingly the bishop might consent to the change. The bishop certainly has not desired him to make it, or Mr. Lacy would have stated the fact to his parishioners, begging, as they did, to know why he left them.

Madeline is very voluble, and told Mr. Lacy, when he came to say good-bye, that she thought him very unkind to go, and was sure Mamatesa would be very sorry to find a strange priest at the parsonage when she came back. I wish you would write to me at once. Will you come home, or will you go to Aunt Theresa? It would not be expedient, perhaps, for you to come at once, but I really feel now that I could not be satisfied to have you go further away without first coming to us for a little while. I will go to Newton in a few days—rather earlier than usual. I am, perhaps, more impatient to hear from you than you from us. This is a poor substitute for a good talk, face to face.

What do you think of plans—human plans and worries to arrange things thus and so, according to short-sighted human purposes? Was there ever a greater weakness in this world? We always say, “Man proposes but God disposes,” but why don’t

some of us begin to practice some of these wise proverbs? Think of Violet! They have been trying—are managing her into matrimony—and you and I think it is dreadful! The Fountain-head of all wisdom tells us to take the beams out of our own eyes first. We had better do it, Theresa. It makes me nervous to think how we have put our heads together to bring about devices too far beyond us. Blueberry's housewife will keep close to her every-day duties henceforth. It is the best thing in the world for some people to have their hands and their heads full of practical duties—there are not many mistakes made in these things.

XXV.

July 9th.

It is three days since I wrote that last line, dearest Theresa, and yet I feel as if I had not laid down my pen, for the same old thoughts have been running through and through my brain, incessantly, ever since. Let us make, now, with this lesson fresh in our minds, a solemn resolution to cease striving for our own ends, and leave every thing to God and his angels—Christian duty demands it. These ideas of duty are too vague in our minds—we are forced at last to bow to His holy will; can we not do it willingly and cheerfully, without first exhausting every possible means to have our own way? If we could but stop looking into the future, and wanting to do things ahead, and do our best and be our happiest, day by day, looking to, and leaving every thing to our Divine Master. Oh! would it not be far better?

Half of our troubles, and more, are borrowed. We are afraid something will happen; or we have some crude short-sighted purpose we want to bring about, and so we make up sorrow, anxiety and disappointment, from mere ideas—fears powerless to distress us unless we wickedly give them power over us. It is a wise proverb of the Germans, “first to do that duty which is nearest to us.”

If we could but submit cheerfully to God’s will, as it comes to us hour by hour in the duties of every-day life, enjoying the good, and patiently bearing the evil—with perfect trust in the love of Him who is over and in it all, believing the soul-cheering words He has spoken to us—declaring that His love for us surpasses the love of an earthly parent—would not every place and every condition be almost heavenly? I have gone to wonderful Dante, to find his beautiful lines regarding submission to the Divine will—perhaps you have forgotten them. It is the reply of the Spirit in one of the lower circles of heaven, to Dante’s query, as to whether the longing for the higher regions of Heaven did not disquiet them:

Oh, brother, love, blest love so calms our will,
We know not what it is to thirst for more,
And full contentment every heart doth fill.
To loftier regions did we wish to rise,
Our wishes would with His discordant be,
Who, for our portion, gives these lower skies.
For ’tis essential to our state of bliss
To keep our wills within the will Divine,

That ours may be identified with His,
 And hence, though diverse are the seats we fill,
 All are content as is the King benign
 Who moulds our hearts according to His will.
 Our peace is in His will, . . .

Then was it clear to me that every place
 In Heaven is Paradise.

Is it not beautiful and helpful, Theresa? Might not thus every place on earth be almost Paradise? Ah, dear, let us try—helping and strengthening each other—to trust with *a real trust*, that will be a blessing not only to ourselves, but to others. We have tried, let us try ten fold harder—it *will grow*. We know we are weak—we know we are ignorant and helpless. How strange it is that we are unwilling to trust the great God—who has promised He will give us all things if we will but TRUST Him.

Grace and Madeline and Aunt Rachel send their love. We miss you more than ever. I am impatient to hear from you, and will drive to Newton to-morrow or next day at farthest, taking the girls with me. The ride will do us all good.

Ever affectionately, your sister

JEANNETTE.

XXVI.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

NEWTON, *July 13, 18—.*

Many thanks for our full mail, dearest Theresa. Grace and Madeline have gone off quite happy to

read their letters. I am truly thankful that Violet's trouble is so happily settled. Mr. Pinkerton must be an admirable character. He said wisely, "that hearts will be free in spite of the trammels men put upon lives." I hope the foolish child will forget Edwin Lisle and be the happy wife of some better man. Tell her for me to improve herself spiritually and mentally, and in making others around her happy, the time will pass along quickly enough, until she sees what the future has in store for her. I wish my letters just mailed bore as cheerful tidings to you. Don't let them distress you. Put our good resolutions at once into practice. We can not tell what to look forward to, but *we can trust*, and that is no less a privilege than a duty. After reading what I have written you will probably decide to come home before going to France. Still, Aunt Lisle's going is an opportunity almost too good to lose, and I shall make up my mind to be entirely satisfied with whatever you determine is best.

I shall anxiously look forward to your next letters. Farewell, with thanks and tender embraces from all your loving sisters.

XXVII.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *July 26th*, 18—.

You will be surprised, dear Therese, to hear from me so soon again. I must beg you to come to us immediately. Grace is, I fear, very ill. The doctor thinks she has typhoid, which is not unusual here

at this season. She has not been feeling well for some days, but only yesterday grew suddenly worse, and last night was delirious and alarmingly ill. I do pray and hope he may be able at once to check the disease, but, as it is her first illness, I am extremely anxious and nervous at being without you, and Grace said, "Ah! if dear sister Tesa was only here I should feel more tranquil." So, dearest Therese, I shall expect you at once. You can not imagine how dependent we all feel upon you, now that this anxious care distresses us.

Ever, affectionately yours,
JANE.

XXVIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

D——, *July 28th.*

DEAR JANET:

I may reach you as soon as this note, which I send directly to our own letter-office, with directions for immediate delivery. I start for home in the earliest morning coach. How anxious and distressed I feel about darling Grace, you can imagine, though I hope your fears are greater than her danger. Violet goes to her new home to-morrow. She will be happy and well cared for. She would have gone home with me for a short visit, had it not been for this sad news; however, she can probably come at any time. Tell darling Grace I long to be with her, and that we will soon have her well again. True it is, dear Janet, it is easy to speak proverbs, but to practice! I will strive with you to keep nearer the Master. How de-

votedly and unerringly and unfalteringly He followed the guidance of the Divine Will. "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt." If we could but follow approximately His perfect way. Oh! Janet, what would become of us if it were not for the *patience of God*. What lessons he has taught us in our lives and in the lives of others, and, above all, in the life of Jesus! What beautiful truths the poets have sung! What wise sayings philosophers have written! How the angels watch and ward! How the still, small Voice ceases never its warnings! How we have honestly striven to do our duty in the light of all this! And yet, how many mistakes we make—"how we go astray!" God knows "how weak we are and how little we know!" If He will but pardon our willfulness, and overrule our errors for the good of those we love, we must be grateful and willingly bear the evils we have in part brought upon ourselves.

I thank you for your long, delightful, helpful letter, received a few days ago, trusting that I may, indeed, profit by its wisdom. As to Mr. Lacy's going away, it is unjust to mistrust his motives. He is noble-hearted, and always true to himself and to others. His keen sense of honor has doubtless been wounded; and, while I feel chagrined at the failure of my own designs, I can but admire his promptness and spirit.

It makes my very soul sink within me to think of darling Grace. I am in no mood to write. Let us forget if we can that we ever tried to—and never make

another plan, or never lay another plot as long as we breathe.

I shall be with you at the earliest possible moment.

Fondly and anxiously,

THERESA.

XXIX.

MADAME BERENGER TO JEANNETTE.

PROVENCE, CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

July 6th.

Your letter delighted me, my dear niece. With some sad sorrows and serious cares, you have had much to be grateful for, and are living a rational and happy life. This seems to be as much as we can hope for in this changeful and unsatisfying world. Cares and pleasures go along hand in hand all the way through life. As none are exempt from care, none are entirely deprived of pleasure, unless it be when the human heart willfully shuts itself up from the bright side of things, until it becomes incapable of enjoyment, as the physical eye, long inured to darkness, is pained by being opened to the sunlight, although every object around it may be glowing with life and beauty.

I know, with all your care, you have never been unhappy. Your unselfish devotion to duty has insured you real happiness. The story of your past life was truly touching. Your young sisters must be very dear to you; your tenderness for them is beautiful. You are the wise, beloved elder sister. I wish from my heart to see you all. Through your love, Grace and Madeline are dear to me. I love to reflect, when

thinking of you, what a blessing a good, faithful elder sister is, in a home. I have not yet forgotten what a comfort, through all my childhood, our sister was—to father, to mother, to all the younger ones. We did not know, until we lost her, how much we depended upon her. She comforted us in all our sorrows, helped us in our tasks, led us in our pleasures; by precept and example, teaching us obedience to our parents, respect for our elders, and patience and sympathy with those that were younger than ourselves. Father's sunbeam, mother's right hand, our shield from temptation and reproof. There is much in every home for the eldest daughter to do; but if a mother leaves her little flock, then it is, that her holy office becomes more full of care and requires more unselfish devotion. You have been all this, and more—you have been father and mother too, and I am sure, dear Jeannette, you have had your reward.

I had a glowing and glorious account of Theresa, from Mr. De Montaine. You can not imagine how I desire to see her; judging from your letter, she is as good as she is beautiful. He was evidently so over head and ears in love that I could scarcely credit his testimony; but she must be something worth loving, and I am already proud of my namesake. I have been hoping to hear from her.

Dr. Berenger joins me in affectionate regards and in urging you to come to us whenever it is possible. You said Theresa was free to come at any time. Do urge her to come at once.

With love to your Aunt and sisters,

Sincerely and affectionately, your Aunt

THERESA.

XXX.

THERESA TO MADAME BERENGER.

BLUEBERRY, *July 30th.*

DEAR AUNT THERESA :

Janet desires me to reply to your kind letter, already too long unanswered, as she is weary, and indeed almost worn out by nursing our darling Grace, who has been very ill. I arrived at home a week or two ago, upon a hasty summons, and have been able to relieve Janet somewhat; but her extreme anxiety, increased by my inexperience, has prevented her resting, even when she might have done so. Your reflections as to all that an elder sister should be, have been more than fulfilled in ours. She has been, in every thing, beyond compare. It always seems to me like "gilding refined gold" to say words of praise of Janet. She has sacrificed every personal advantage, even the dearest affections of her heart, and has stood at her post like Casabianca. She is always cheerful, especially so, now that Grace is better, and we are all full of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for sparing her to us. How weak and foolish we are when any trial of our faith comes! Heaven has always been much in our thoughts and in our daily conversation. We have always been happy in the full belief in the happiness of our dear parents there, and have often tried to paint to each other the delights of a reunited family, when God should take us all to them.

But when the test came the beautiful visions van-

ished! We could see nothing but the sorrow and the dark image of death. Grace, our darling pet, over whom we had watched all her life-time, trying to screen her from every earthly ill, aye, from the very knowledge of the existence of evil, seemed upon the very threshold of Heaven. "Ah, dear mother, have you come for me?" she said, once in her unconscious mutterings. And again, "Yes, I will come. I see the brightness. I hear the music. How exquisite! How beautiful!—mother—father—oh, the beautiful angels! Tesa, darling, do you see?" I shook my head—my poor human heart was aching so—my human eyes could not stay their weeping. I know all our bright hopes are true, but we shrank from the sorrow. How could we give her up, our beautiful darling! It was a strange perverseness, to be so selfish—to be unwilling to have her go where our father and mother are, amid all the glories and joys of Heaven. For now, that God has spared her to us, she lies so pale and weak and suffering in her dark chamber, that, as I sit watching, I can but feel the contrast between what she must needs bear here, and the strength and delight she must have known, had God taken her to Himself in those darkest days.

Yet, now that she is better, it is surely right to rejoice and be grateful, if we can but learn that it is the same loving Father who would as truly bless when His will is counter to our hopes and wishes.

I have not thought, my dear Aunt, that you may not relish my reflections, but "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh," and I am wont to express what is uppermost in my thoughts when I

take up my pen. I had intended frankly to accept your kind invitation to visit you, but will not think of it for some time to come. We will always be only too happy to hear from you and to see you, if our quiet home could tempt you from La Belle France.

With regards to Dr. Berenger, and thanks for his courtesy, from both Janet and myself, believe us yours, with warm affection, truly,

THERESA LAMARK.

XXXI.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

PINKERTON PLACE, *Aug. 7th, 18—.*

DEAR, PRECIOUS THERESA :

Why don't I hear from you, so full of pain, as I have been, at your going home upon the sad news of your sister's sickness? There has been no word since. Mr. Pinkerton begs me to tell you how sorry he is, and to urge you to write us a line, at least, telling us how you all are. I am happy here—doubtless as happy as I can ever hope to be. I find my new guardian grows kinder and more fatherly every day. But for you this had never been. Know, then, how dear you are to

Your grateful and loving

VIOLET.

XXXII.

THERESA TO VIOLET.

BLUEBERRY, *Aug. 18th.*

I should have written before, dear Violet, but Grace has been very ill, and we have been too much

absorbed in her to think of any one else. I am glad you wrote. Thank Mr. Pinkerton for his interest. She is better. Our physician now says with the most careful nursing we may hope for her recovery. Either Janet or I are with her every moment. All that the tenderest devotion can do, has and will be done. We have been anxious beyond expression. Thank God, the worst is over, and, with his blessing, our darling treasure may be restored to health.

Do write to me freely, as you promised, and after awhile I shall have heart and strength to write more at length. Thankful that you are happy, with love to your kind friends.

Yours, with sincere affection,

THERESA LAMARK.

XXXIII.

MADAME BERENGER TO THERESA.

PROVENCE, CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

August 15.

I was charmed to hear from you, my dear Theresa, yet grieved that you have been in such distress for your sister. I rejoice with you, in her improved condition, and trust she may be restored to perfect health, and that I shall soon receive intelligence of your intention to visit me. Would it not be beneficial to bring Grace to Provence? I would be only too happy to have her come with you, and the change would certainly be of service to her. This region is, you know, a famous resort for invalids.

The melancholy tone of your letter touched me

sadly. Religion always seems to me to have done so little for its votaries that I have never been able to understand their professed devotion to it. The whole Christian world professes to believe in a Heaven of perfect bliss, and in the perfect work of Christ, assuring them that its enjoyment belongs to all those who believe in Him; but every body is afraid or unwilling to go to this beautiful Heaven, or to have those they love go there. If the love of Divine things is strong enough, and the knowledge or faith as clear as the teachings you accept claim, it seems to me it ought to overcome the natural weakness of the human heart. When I reflect, too, upon the pure and holy teachings of one who was willing to lay down His life to prove to the world how indispensable the practice of His lessons are, and then see how far short those fall who profess to follow Him, I must confess I would rather be among those who stand afar off, striving to do their duty in life, without making any especial profession of superior sanctity.

You will understand, my dear, that I mean to cast no reflections upon you; indeed, I have felt that in your brave and cheerful devotion to duty, you were practicing all that Christians usually are satisfied to profess, and I really believe from you and Janet, I may be able to form a higher opinion of Christian faith and practice. Frankness, you know, begets frankness—you wrote from your heart—I write from mine. I have followed Dr. Berenger in his study of the religions of the ancient world. You opened up a subject upon which we have thought and talked a great deal. The study of language has developed many new and won-

derful ideas. The recent discovery of the Veda, Zend Avesta, and other less important ancient works ; the oldest, older than all the books of the Bible, excepting that of Job, perhaps, has kept the brains of philosophic thinkers busy, and will for many years to come.

Brahma's was a wonderful religion for that age—nearly two thousand years before Christ! Buddha lived at least five hundred years before Christ—he was a wise, a pure, a devout reformer—he too, desired to deliver mankind from the fear of disease, old age, and death! “Nothing is real—nothing is stable on earth,” Buddha said. He too, practiced his precepts, and taught others to do so, and had more believers than the religion of Christ has to-day! Confucius founded the Chinese religion ; his is still the faith of millions upon millions of that ancient and curious people. Zoroaster was a wonderful expounder of wise and profitable lessons. Mahomet did a great work, and they all opened heaven to their followers—they all sought to elevate man above the ordinary cares and disasters of life, and all seem to have succeeded to a greater or less extent.

After eighteen hundred years, the religion of Christ, with all its claims of Divine origin and power, has scarcely begun to christianize the world ; this, even the best and ablest of Christians admit. Instead of regenerating the world and lifting it up to heaven, the world has dragged Christianity down to the very dust. Christ offers to deliver man from the ills of life and the fear of death, but who is delivered from either? Your own acknowledgments of distress for

your sister, and your pious struggles to overcome it, prove that even in one so faithful and earnest as yourself, the work is, at best, an imperfect one. It seems to me that if I once firmly believed that death “opened the kingdom of Heaven to all believers,” and that heaven was indeed a place of delicious joys, perfected beauties, and “peace that passeth all understanding,” that I could rejoice when some loved one was safely entered upon such happiness, to be with those beloved and lost, free forever and ever and ever from all the cares, and sorrows and pains of this mortal life, and where I might hope, at no distant day, to be transported myself, never more to be dissevered from them.

Never, never will the world turn to Christ, until such a living faith can be seen to illumine the lives of those who profess to love Him. I pray with you, my very dear Theresa, that you may be able to overcome your fears, and realize the fullness of the brightest hopes, which I would rejoice, with all my heart, to have part in.

With sincere love to your sisters from Dr. Berenger and myself,

Ever your affectionate Aunt

THERESA.

XXXIV.

THERESA TO MADAME BERENGER.

BLUEBERRY, *August 24th.*

If I could have seen you, face to face, when I read your letter, I should just have put my hand on yours

and said, "Why, Auntie!" What a well-deserved reproach, that, yielding to, and expressing my own weakness, should have tended to confirm your unbelief! My heart is full, but I feel afraid to pour it out to you, lest I do further harm to a faith that is very precious to me. Yet I can not be silent, with the regret I feel that I have brought reproach upon the religion of Christ. Dear Aunty, if you want to know what that religion is, just look at Jesus—learn of Him; you never can see even a faint reflection of it in any body else. Try your very best to approach the Divine model yourself, and then you will at least have more charity for poor erring mortals.

I wonder if you think the Bible no better than the Veda and the Zend Avesta, or the Koran? Aunty, you have never read it *all* very, very carefully, if you do. You must believe in God. How any one can look upon the beauties and wonderful adaptations in nature, and not believe there is a great and good God over and in it all, I can not understand. Some one has wisely said, *the very act of creation was a revelation of God*. If there is a Divine Power that governs the universe, that power must be every-where, near no less than afar, in the infinitesimal, as well as in the infinite. It must be near to each one of us. Humility becomes us, and a constant care not to attempt to measure such a power by the feeble conceptions of human understanding.

The laws of nature, unerring and unchanging, illustrate the perfection and constancy of His operations in the visible world. They are the methods of expression, or out-picturing of the Divine and invis-

ble. All things necessary to the development of the physical and intellectual faculties of man He has provided for us. And for those other and higher faculties—call them moral, if you will—I call them spiritual—He has also provided aliment, the purest and most perfect, in *His Word*—our Bible—and in the Living Word within each human being.

I do believe, as men of less favored races have been able to learn, He has given them, from time to time, wise and great teachers, through this Inner Light, to lift them up from ignorance and vice. Among these may have been Brahma, Buddha, Confucius, and Zoroaster, and Mahomet, if you choose, but were they comparable to the great prophets Moses, Joshua, Samuel, Elijah, and others of our religion? And yet, peerless and unapproachable, above them all, we must believe in and worship the Redeemer of the world. He claimed to be the Son of God. We must believe Him to be Divine, or reject Him as a deceiver and imposter. From a purely moral point of view, were the teachings of any of the heathen gods comparable to the teachings of Jesus? Was not Buddha considered the greatest of those ancient reformers? One striking difference between his teachings and those of Christ occurs to me. It is certainly a most radical point. Buddha said, “Our sorrows are produced by our affections, therefore, these must be *rooted out*.” Every affection in life must be ignored, and thus man would become perfectly callous to every affliction and every change, and thus only! Ah, Aunty, would you accept that as better than our religion of love? Love to God—lifting our hearts up above the best

things of this world. Love to man—riveting every bond of pure affection. “This is my commandment, that ye love one another;” not only those united to us by natural relationship, but “Love thy neighbor as thyself.” Nay, more, “Love your enemies, bless them that curse you and despitefully use you.” “Love is the fulfilling of the law.” Thus Christ taught us to rivet and strengthen every bond of love. Christian progress is progress under the tuition of love. God is love. Christ’s life was a mission of love. His death the most touching proof of it. “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.” Is not this the better way?

What a paradise this world would be if all men lived His lesson of love. Never reflect unjustly upon the precious Master, because those who profess to follow Him fall so far short. *The religion is perfect.* It is human practice that deforms it. If you would learn its beauty and its power, look only upon Him. In Him alone who came down from Heaven there was no guile. He came because the world was drowned in sin. Neither His life nor His death could check the baleful tide at once. He knew it was but the very beginning of the great work. That it would take thousands of years to lift the living men, one by one, above the flood, upon the sure rock of Truth that He in love had raised above the stormy rage of sin. Centuries upon centuries of Spirit work upon the hearts of men. Slowly spiritual truth and beauty will grow to perfection as the continents have grown above the waters of the earth to blooming beauty.

Aunty, dear, you speak of death opening Heaven Nay, not so, it is Jesus who opens Heaven—who *has* opened it. “When Thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, *Thou didst* open the kingdom of Heaven to all believers.” Can it be that you do not believe in Heaven? I can not imagine how you feel if you do not. To live in the constant presence of death and have no light or hope beyond that impenetrable darkness, would be madness to me.

I do believe in it, from my inmost soul. We have promises enough to make us all jubilant; but somehow we seem to drag them down to our level instead of being lifted by them, as we ought to be, into a very present Heaven, where we are, even now, with Him entered into the glory light. We are children of the Kingdom *now*. Your reproach has done me good—and I am going to declare my faith, and live it henceforth, instead of declaring my weakness, and so living it and bringing reproach upon my Master’s perfect finished work.

I have written too much—I did not mean to do so—you will forgive me; I hope it will do you no harm. My heart was moved by your tribute to the heathen gods.

Grace is improving; she rides out, but looks very frail—her cough distresses me. Our physician fears our damp climate for her weakened lungs, and urges us, by all means, to avail ourselves of your kindness, and take her at once to the South of France, or even to Naples, if she desires it. Will it be agreeable to you to receive an invalid—she may, you know, continue quite delicate all winter? We will wait to hear

from you again before coming to any decision, and give Grace time to gain strength, before thinking of going further than our ponies can carry us.

Regards to Dr. Berenger, with many thanks for his courtesy, from my sisters and myself, and our united love to you, dear Aunty,

Ever, affectionately yours,

THERESA.

XXXV.

MADAME BERENGER TO THERESA.

PROVENCE, CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

September 6th.

I write you a line, in haste, my dearest Theresa, to tell you that Dr. Berenger returns to Paris next month, he will be there ten days or a fortnight. You must join him, with Grace, and come at once to me. I am delighted with the prospect of having her. We will not let her be an invalid long; the soft, bracing air will be very beneficial, and if it should seem necessary, or be agreeable to every body interested, we will go to Italy in the winter, with you.

I do not mean to tell you what I think of your letter—it has certainly done me no harm. I hope you may soon be here, and then you may quite persuade me to be a Christian.

Write to Dr. Berenger, Rue de Font, care of Romaine & Co., telling him exactly when you will come to Paris—where to meet you, etc., he will then gladly bring you to

Your impatient Aunt,

THERESA.

XXXVI.

THERESA TO MADAME BERENGER.

BLUEBERRY, *September 16th.*

DEAR AUNT THERESA :

Nothing could have been more grateful than your exceedingly cordial note, inviting us to join Dr. Berenger, in Paris. Grace has improved rapidly since I wrote; she has been out riding daily, the weather having been unusually fine—and will be quite strong enough for the journey within the time you expect Dr. Berenger to leave Paris, if nothing unforeseen occurs. We hope for every thing from the change, and the prospect of a winter with you in Provence—the home of Petrarch—next to Italy, the sunny land of song and romance, is enchanting. We can not deny ourselves the hope that the gentle waves of the Mediterranean sea will bear us over to Italy—the bright land of my day dreams for years. Though I hope darling Grace may not need it, I must see Italy. The thought swells my heart with enthusiasm—poetry rises to my lips—grand architecture looms up before me; noble statuary and beautiful pictures pass before my mental vision with all the intense anticipations of an admirer of our great Ruskin: Pisa and Rome! Naples! Words are inadequate!

But one thing, dear Aunt, gives me pain. If you have any idea of learning any thing good from me, I shall not venture to go to you. I have begged Jeanette to go with Grace, for she could take better care of her than I can, and they are both far, far better

than I. Janet is a model of self-control—amiable, consistent and useful. Grace is altogether lovely—never wanted to do any thing wrong in her life; but, alas! for myself—the willful, wayward, impetuous one of the family—meaning well but doing ill; saying and doing that which I ought not, and leaving undone that which I ought to do. But Janet will not leave her post, and with her usual unselfishness, insists upon my having this pleasure. Oh, Aunty! I am so unworthy, please never think that I can do any thing to show the beauty of the religion of Christ; I feel so abashed by the knowledge that I ought, with the sad consciousness that I never can, and that I constantly dishonor my Master—that nothing but my own sorrowing repentance, and my faith in His love and patience, keeps me from despairing. Think only of Him—learn of Him—if you would know what His religion is. In thus keeping your eyes and heart fixed upon the perfect pattern of excellence, though all the world go on erring and sinning, you may be able to do better than the rest.

Now, please Aunty, never even in jest, say such things again—it is too sadly serious for jesting. Remember, in mercy, the weakness of human nature, and have mercy on me.

I will write to Dr. Berenger, if he will drop me a line upon his arrival in Paris, letting him know where we will join him; will you beg him to do so? Otherwise I should hesitate to address him there.

In the hope of soon seeing you, with love from my sisters,

Your loving namesake,

THERESA LAMARK.

XXXVII.

DR. BERENGER TO THERESA.

PARIS, *October 3d.*

MISS THERESA LAMARK :

Here I am. Within twenty days come at any time. I will escort you gladly to your Aunt. She longs for you. Address me, Rue de Font, care of Romaine & Co.

Yours truly,

JEAN BERENGER.

XXXVIII.

THERESA TO DR. BERENGER.

BLUEBERRY, *October 6th.*

DR. BERENGER :

I thank you for your note. I trust you are not appalled at the prospect of such a charge. If it will be agreeable to you, we will be at Paris upon the 20th of October. Will you be kind enough to engage apartments for us at your own hotel?

Hoping to hear from you again,

Yours, with affectionate regard,

THERESA LAMARK.

XXXIX.

DR. BERENGER TO THERESA.

PARIS, RUE DE FONT, *October 13th.*

MISS THERESA :

Need I again assure you that I will be only too

happy to escort your sister and yourself to your Aunt. I will engage apartments for you, and will, on the evening of the twentieth of October, meet you at the railway station. If any thing prevents your start at the appointed time, telegraph me. Look out for a sky-blue scarf, the badge of

Your gray-bearded Uncle

JEAN.

XL.

THERESA TO VIOLET.

BLUEBERRY, *October 13th.*

I must now complain of your long silence, dear Violet. I write to bid you farewell. I go with Grace to Paris next week to join my Uncle, Dr. Berenger. From there we go to the Chateau de la Belle Monte, in the south of France, my Aunt Theresa's home. Why have you not written to me? You must certainly do so with the utmost freedom whenever I can be of service to you. I judge from your silence that you are happily occupied. I regret that Grace's illness has prevented your visit to us. We will hope for better things next summer.

Do you hear any thing of Aunt and Uncle Lisle? We ought to forgive them perfectly now that every thing has turned out so well. Does a brighter faith come to you? Pray for it, dear, and it will come, sooner or later. Teach and comfort yourself daily with His own precious words from the inexhaustible treasury of Divine love. Do you have any help in this where you are? Janet and Grace join me in

love to you. Give my regards to your kind friends,
and believe me, ever affectionately your friend,

THERESA LAMARK.

XLI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, Oct. 23d.

MY DEAR JANET:

Here we are in Paris! I can not realize it, though the hubbub of Babel is around me. The transition was so rapid I could scarcely credit my own senses. The farewells; the travel to the port; the waters so smooth and beautiful until we were fairly beyond our harbor; the wretched rocking of the waves of the channel; land again, "half-seas over," scarcely able to keep our feet on *terra firma*; whizzed along through beautiful France, as though some body was afraid we would see something; and, at last, Paris, which we could not see for the houses!

The seasickness was dreadful—dizziness has so possessed us that our equilibrium is scarcely yet restored. Do you remember how we used to walk over the carpet with old Aunt Nonie's spectacles on? Just so the ground went up and down, all little hills and hollows when we walked ashore. With all the discomfort, it was amusing. The blue scarf was the first thing we saw on the platform. My *beau ideal* of a French savant was not realized. You know my ideals rarely are. The great heart and cordial grasp of the hand and genial kindness seemed to me rather German than French. He is already "Uncle Jean."

“ Ah, you must be weary, little one,” he said, taking Grace right up in his strong arms and lifting her into the carriage. “ Aunt Theresa will be charmed with her English rose and lily. I am so happy to be able to present them to her.” Gallant speech, wasn’t it? And so charmingly expressed—a slight accent gives earnestness to his words. Grace says, “ I know he is good and generous, and I am so thankful.” I, too, am thankful, Janet, for you know we have never had a very high opinion of French *heart*—always thinking there was too much suavity of manner for true frankness and warmth of heart. But here seems to be a big heart, elegant manners, and this beautiful gift of saying agreeable things, which every body might just as well cultivate, (if kind, pleasant words are honest words, there is double good done all the time).

Dear Grace seems diverted by the change of scene. She has the same sad expression we have so much deplored, but brightens up, now and then, at some new object of interest, and the sweet, childish, or rather innocent smile lights up her face, that was always there before these last dreadful weeks. How bright it was when I went away from you last May! Will I ever see it again? The shadow on her heart clouds it. Oh, Janet, I do feel so heart-sick when I think of it, as I always do when I look upon her. She is so lovely! All eyes are turned upon her wherever we go, and she is perfectly unconscious of it—so childlike in every thing, but that sad, resigned look that comes whenever she is alone. How bright she was in the spring time! How she would have enjoyed every thing in this travel! Then she was like

a perfect lily, pure and exquisite, but fresh and in the full bloom of vigorous beauty. Now she is very beautiful, but too fair—so fragile, so angelic. Is it not sad?

It is folly to think of what might have been. If God will only give us faith to trust in Him for every thing. I dare not ask for my own will now. I hope for much benefit from this change. This is not one of our wilful, human plans. We seem to have drifted into it, guided, I hope, by His ministering spirits. May they watch over you at home, and us abroad, keeping us from straying from the way the Master leads us, making us willing to bear God's will cheerfully, though our own hopes are disappointed.

I feel, dearest Janet, that your burden in all this is heavier than mine. You must be very, very lonely in the dull old home. To bear, passively living on from day to day in the unchanging, monotonous ways, is so much harder than our changeful and exquisite interest in new scenes. It does help wonderfully to be thus diverted from one's own self—more than I ever thought it could.

We have seen nothing yet but the Boulevards everywhere teeming with people. In every thing we feel the novelty of a great foreign metropolis. If you were transported here for an hour, you would think what a wonderful sight the streets of Paris are, so brilliantly beautiful and gay! Such magnificent thoroughfares, with grand, beautiful buildings, monuments, fountains and statuary, and, above all, trees! We will drive out again this evening, but will defer all our sight-seeing of special objects until we are on

our homeward way, when Grace will be so much better able to enjoy it all. We will probably start for the Chateau to-morrow. I am ashamed not to tell you something of all we have seen, but indeed, dear Janet, it is impossible. There has been too much—the time is so short. I feel hurried and restless, and breathless, as it were. Pray let me think selfishly this time and I will be brighter before I write again. I dare say we shall have qualms of homesickness. Indeed I will not deny having had some feeling that would be gratifying to the dear ones at Blueberry, but I do not mean to go into the confessional yet.

Grace sends embraces to you all. Mr. Ensley will tell you of our trip over. You will see him in a few days. Thank him again for us—he was extremely kind and obliging.

Ever, with tender love to Aunt, Madeline and yourself, yours fondly,

THERESA.

P. S.—Uncle Jean has just been in to tell us that he is unexpectedly detained, so that we are to have a few more days in Paris. Grace is doing so well I am really glad we are to stay longer. Will write very soon again. Do send us a letter here on receipt of this—it will be such a pleasure. Yours,

THERESE.

XLII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *Oct. 26th.*

I have been long in coming to you, my darling sister. We are either riding or resting, and so many things have occurred to prevent that I have put off writing from hour to hour, hoping the days would not fly so swiftly, and that some unwearied hour I could have a long, satisfactory chat. Bespeaking your forgiveness and a make-up kiss, I will tell you why this letter is dated Paris. We expected to have been in Provence, now, but, day after day, Uncle Jean comes in and says, "Well, my dearies, do you think you can make out another day in Paris?" Whereupon, Theresa throws up her hands, and exclaims, "It would be very charming anywhere with Uncle Jean, but in Paris, words can not express it!" "And what says my little Grace?" he always adds so kindly. I just say, "It is very pleasant," with a smile that satisfies them both. We have had a lovely time. I am neither very bright nor very strong, but far more at peace, living above it all, even in the midst of these strange sights and sounds, than I ever thought I should be. Tesa, dear, devoted sister, has not left me for an hour. We have driven out each day, once or twice, indeed, almost all day long, and she has declined all invitations to enjoy any thing I could not safely enjoy too. One thing I have had my way about, when I am tired of it all, to leave me to rest or read, or write, or dream, while she receives her visitors in the Salôn. She seems in her native ele-

ment, so animated and brilliant. Uncle Jean is evidently very proud of her, and always comes in with a retinue, and insists on Theresa devoting herself to her guests while he comes to sit with me, and exults over the admiration she receives. Occasionally he will take no excuse, and if I dare complain of fatigue, almost takes me up bodily and carries me down, introducing me to his friends. I wish he would not, but what can I do when he is so kind, and knows it really does me no harm—only that I would rather think one moment of you and the dear home friends than to talk or listen to all the Frenchmen in Paris or the world at large. Mr. De Montaine is here and seems to be pursuing Theresa. He had been riding on the Boulevards with us just before we met Aunt Lisle and Edwin. I leave the account to Tesa. We are to have a visit from them. Ah, there is a knock! Adieu, love.

Ever, your loving

GRACE.

Only a valet with the loveliest bouquet you ever saw, sister dearest, with an exquisite tinted card for Miss Barton. Who can have sent it? I expect it was good Uncle Jean. Kind, delicate attention, is it not? Flowers are always so welcome. I wish I could blow it to Blueberry, as some good fairy might, or that I had a square of magic carpet to lay it on, that you might have it in a minute. Every body does things gracefully in Paris. I don't believe there are ever any mistakes made in manners. I had a beautiful day—let me see—yesterday. We have seen so much I can not believe we have been here such a little while.

We drove to the Louvre—all was so grand and lovely—the genial sunshine so brightened up every thing. The part of the Louvre built by the present Emperor, to connect the old palace with the Tuileries, is far superior and grander in architecture than the other parts of the building. Life-like statues of all the eminent statesmen, orators, poets, etc., are placed conspicuously around the building; they are all so graceful, such grand figures, and the *tout ensemble* is beautiful in its simplicity. Uncle Jean fairly carried me to the most charming and attractive gallery. Reclining there luxuriously and comfortably, I enjoyed every thing around me while the rest walked through the long galleries until they were quite worn out.

I did not even glance at the long lines of magnificent paintings. The very thought of it made me tired, and I was glad when Uncle Jean said: “Now, dear Grace, you shall see Raphael and Murillo, to your heart’s content, but that is all I shall allow to-day.”

None of Raphael’s were what I looked for, so many figures are introduced into his pictures. It is my own want of cultivated taste, perhaps, but nothing there impressed me or delighted me as did Murillo’s “Conception”—the coloring was so soft and beautiful. The virgin with her beautiful golden hair flowing, her hands crossed upon her breast, her feet resting on the crescent moon—surrounded by groups of angels, with the most touching angelic little faces, all in a mist of glory—borne upward on the clouds. It is exquisite—the expression so touching on the virgin’s countenance—the most languishing, supplicating look

—seeming so much to want to get to yon resting-place after a last look at earth. I was glad not to have to look at any thing else. I did not want the lovely image to be dimmed by any thing—almost wished I could just close my eyes after turning from it, and never have another image pictured through them until they opened upon celestial scenes—they must be something like this heavenly vision of the great artist. Darling sister, I am so willing—nay, some times so longing to go—it must be so glorious, so lovely there! It is so to our poor imaginations, how much more so to the grand, dreaming artists and poets? And yet, Paul says: “It hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive it.” How strange that people make so much of this world and so little of heaven!

They were all in raptures over some grand pictures by Guido, of Hercules and his famous combats with the Hydra, Archelaus and Death—said to be wonderfully powerful—larger than life! but they could not tempt me to look even once.

I am tired, and must bid you adieu; I have written on, little by little, from time to time. I will write soon again if we remain here. With a kiss for Madeline and one for Aunt Rachel, and fondest love and kisses for your own dear self.

Ever, darling Sister, your own loving

GRACE.

XLIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *October 26th.*

I come to you all aglow, dearest Janet. We were in the garden of the Tuileries—had ascended the grand terrace, overlooking the Place de la Concorde, the Champs Elysees and away beyond—through that superb avenue—to the Arc de Triomphe and the Bois de Boulogne. After feasting our eyes with the magnificent prospect, we turned to enjoy the nearer beauties of the gardens of the palace. Grace being most comfortably seated, I slipped away from our coterie of friends, for I wanted to take a good look all by myself, at the statuary of the garden. By myself I did begin somewhat to enjoy and appreciate these wonderful works of art. I was full of life, and almost ran through the lovely aisles of blooming verdure, feeling a sort of independence among hundreds of strangers, that was really hilarious. The very freedom of our own fields, for the first time since I left you, and doubtless passed for a wild English woman! Oh! the falsity of human hopes! Alone as I thought myself, an argus eye had fallen upon me—a familiar voice startled me. I turned upon—Aunt Lisle. “Why, my dear Theresa, where did you come from! Edwin, this is your cousin, Theresa Lamark.” “I am most happy,” he said, bowing gracefully, “one is always being astonished and delighted in Paris. I was sorry not to have been at home when you were there. However, if you had the same penchant for old fellows

that another little cousin of mine has, I should not have been appreciated very highly." I know Aunt Lisle was sorry the fascination of listening to his voice had kept her silent so long. She got as red as a peony at this. I saw through it all in an instant, and when Aunt Lisle began "Where are you, dear child? When did you come to Paris?" etc., I was saying, "I do not understand; do you mean Mr. Pinkerton? Violet did not care a fig for him." "What! Explain why she has gone to live with him—she is his wife—money, aye?" "Come, Edwin, come! You can see Theresa again. Come! I will not wait an instant!" "Nay, by Jupiter, this interests me," he cried. I knew her cunning too well; I had talked before, in spite of her interruptions. I feared she would not let Edwin see me again, so I must speak now or forever hold my peace. His apparent anxiety determined me. I looked right at him and said: "Edwin, you are a perfect stranger to me. I do not know whether you love your little cousin or not, but the truth can do no harm—she is not married to Mr. Pinkerton. Your father and mother tried to force her to marry him; she refused to comply with their wishes, and has only accepted from him a home—which they refused her."

Aunt got redder and redder, and tried harder and harder to stop me or carry Edwin away, but it was of no use. What else could I do? I should have considered it beneath me to have sought a private interview with Edwin Lisle, and felt that I owed that much to Violet.

Edwin's "by Jupiter's" and Aunt Lisle's "tut," "tut," "tut's" came thick and fast. I was about to

run away, but he said, "Stay, one moment; I thank you infinitely. Where are you staying?" I gave him our address and hurried away, wishing I could run to Blueberry, with all enthusiasm for the fine arts erased from my mind, quite shocked at my own rashness. No wonder my friends observed my flushed face and thought me weary. I was glad when Uncle Jean hailed a voiture, and we were safely back in St. Germain, and am still more relieved, now that I have told it all to you. If I had only not told Edwin where we are, for I never want to lay eyes on either of them again.

Grace sends "an ocean of love." Embrace Aunt and Madeline, and tell my little one to return yours for me. Has she been a good girl? Tell her to write me another little letter.

Ever fondly, and fonder than ever,

Yours,

THERESA.

XLIV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *October 27, 18—.*

DEAREST JANE:

We are still in Paris, you see, enjoying ourselves to the full every moment. Dear Grace seems so much better—stronger and in better spirits. Indeed, we leave her so little time for self-recollection that she can not be sorrowful. This is a wonderful place. A few years ago it had spoiled me, every place else must have seemed so dull in comparison, but now I can

enjoy it rationally, feeling that this butterfly life would not suit me long, but for a little while I do revel in it. There is a perfect excitement of pleasure-seeking—of luxury, fashion, and display. One can but think, if one stops at all to think of these things here, that the meek and lowly Master sees little of His spirit amid all this pride and glare and glitter; yet His own holy form, and that of the Virgin Mother are imaged every-where—in every conceivable place and material,—statues, bas-reliefs, in fresco and on canvas, with all the gorgeous coloring and exquisite drawing of the great masters of art.

Oh, Janet, if you could but be here with us! To give you any idea of what we see is impossible, for where should one begin or end. I do wish I had seen London before coming here. I do not like to feel that our own nationality can boast nothing equal to it. London must be very grand, more stately and grave. I should have been so much better prepared for the magnificence of Paris had I been familiar with the splendid objects of interest in our own vast metropolis. But to come from Blueberry to Paris! Janet, you can not imagine it! Nothing but my aversion to being considered country-bred keeps me from absolutely staring all agape wherever I go. A stranger who can not get behind the veil in the life of a great capital, comparing the noble architecture, places of public interest, palaces, churches, spacious parks, gardens and magnificent thoroughfares, must be captivated by Paris above every other place. The Boulevards are indeed the great glory of Paris, giving

access to and displaying to advantage all its other embellishments. All Paris seems to flutter through the great shady highways, between the palaces and parks; to be more at home at the academies, the theaters, the cafes, the shops and public promenades, than in their own houses. Indeed, every place and every part of the city seem so devoted to the public that one can but wonder where the homes of the people are, reminded that the precious word "home" has no corresponding meaning in the French language.

What throngs, brilliant in equipage and dress, pass through the Rue Rivoli, extending from the old site of the Bastille to the Place de la Concorde. On either side are magnificent objects of interest—the Louvre, the Tuileries, and their superb courts and gardens. That of the Tuileries more than two thousand feet long and a thousand wide, with fountains, statuary and every thing to enhance delight. On to the west is the "Place de la Concorde." Here stands the superb obelisk of Luxor, which formerly stood in front of the temple of Thebes, erected by the great Sesostris 1500 years before the birth of our Savior. Three years were spent in its transportation, and it cost \$400,000 to place it where it is. This will give you some idea as to the way money is used here for the public pleasure.

Many splendid statues, and fountains beside, grace the "Place de la Concorde." Just beyond is the Champs Elysees. Magnificent trees border the walks. On every side are beautiful groves. Surrounding the "Jardin Mabille," the "Chauteau des Fleurs," and

the "Palace de l' Imperatrice," are cafes, music-halls, elegant fountains, and marbles. Its grand avenue, stretching away to the "Arc de Triomphe de l' Etoile," passes midway the six beautiful fountains of the Round Point. The Triumphal Arch is superbly grand, erected by the great Napoleon I., to commemorate his victories. It is one hundred and fifty-two feet high, one hundred and thirty-seven feet broad, and sixty-eight feet deep. The height of its principal arch is ninety feet. Costing more than two million of dollars and thirty years' labor. Twelve Boulevards diverge from this magnificent monument. We passed through that of L' Imperatrice, still westward, to the Bois de Bologne, a marvelous wilderness of beauties like those which Faerie Spenser saw.

"Fresh shadows fit to shroud from summer ray,
 Fair lawns to take the sun in season due,
 Sweet springs in which a thousand nymphs might play,
 Soft rumbling brooks that gentle slumber drew,
 High-reared monuments the land about to view,
 Low looking dales removed from common gaze,
 Delightful bowers to solace lovers true,
 False labyrinths fond runners' eyes to daze,
 All which, if nature made, must nature's self amaze."

"For all that nature by her mother wit
 Could frame in earth and form of substance base,
 Was there; and all that nature did omit,
 Art, playing nature's second part, supplied it."

.

No tree that is of count in green wood groves,
 From lowest juniper to cedar tall;
 No flower in field, that dainty odor throws,
 And decks his branch with blossoms over all,

But there was planted, or grew natural;
Nor sense of man, so coy and curious nice,
But their mote find to please itself withal;
Nor heart could wish for any quaint device,
But there it was, and did frail sense entice."

Good night, dear, dearest Janet, one must stop some time. I will tell you more another time; as I am determined you shall have some share in our pleasures. I write on and on until I am actually exhausted.

Ever fondly,

THERESE.

XLV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *October 28th.*

Look, dearest Janet, at your plat of Paris, and you will see, north of the Seine and the Rue Rivoli, in the very heart of the city, the grand semi-circle of the Boulevard Interior—its different divisions having different names. Looking north of the "Place de la Concorde," you can see the "Madeleine," a grand edifice of modern architecture, modeled after the classic Parthenon at Athens, begun by Louis XV., in 1764, and only finished during the reign of Louis Phillippe. I was too distracted by its splendors to think of worship. Its exterior is very imposing, standing on a platform 328 feet long and 138 wide, surrounded by fifty-two Corinthian columns, each 50 feet high and more than 15 feet in circumference at the base. We mounted the grand flight of marble steps—extending the whole width of the front—when we were tired of

gazing at the rich sculpture of the entablature, columns and entrance way, entering the magnificent bronze doors—those of St. Peter only excepted, the largest in the world.

The light pours in from the three domes of the roof. There is not a space, unfilled with marble or gilding, that is not enriched with the most gorgeous paintings of the greatest artists. The altar, the choir, the walls, the ceiling, teeming with men and angels!

From the Place de la Madeleine, starts the Boulevard of the same name; upon it, and the adjoining squares are the most superb shops. Boulevard Capucines brings you to the Boulevard Italiens. It has been said that “France is the center of civilized nations,” that “Paris is the center of France, and the Boulevard des Italiens the center of Paris.” How fashion crowds and throngs here by day and by night, when the glittering lights present a brilliant spectacle of more than oriental splendor! Eastward, beyond this, is the Boulevard Montmartre, with its gorgeous cafés; then Poissoniere and Nouvelle—here the grand Boulevard Sebastopol intersects it at right angles. It is absurd to try to tell you, there is too much; by day and by night it is one gorgeous, glittering revel on these miles upon miles of Boulevards, most of them an hundred yards wide, planted on either side with beautiful rows of trees, and beyond the sidewalks, countless stores, restaurants, gardens and parks, wherever grand buildings or monuments do not take up all the space. I do not wonder that the present Emperor has been tempted to do so much.

When one begins such improvements on such a scale, can command the means, and the people seem so thoroughly to enjoy it, it is not strange that a monarch thus seeks to glorify himself and to add to the magnificence of his capital.

The Boulevard Sebastopol alone, the continuation of which crosses the Seine and the Isle of Paris at right angles, running through the heart of the city—from north to south—cost, it is said, \$25,000,000; La Rue Rivoli having cost \$30,000,000. Both are the work of Napoleon III. Paris is greatly indebted to him for numberless magnificent improvements.

The quays along the Seine are planted with trees and handsomely improved; fine bridges crossing every little way, and are favorite places of public resort. I weary myself, and you too, perhaps, in running on, almost breathlessly—my very pen is weary in slipping these poor meager accounts on the listless paper. It would take years to see Paris, and a life-time to tell it all.

Good night, fondly,

THERESA.

XLVI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *October 31st.*

DEAREST JANET:

We have a little romance of Grace that will interest you. She told you of her visit to the Louvre. A few days afterward, Uncle Jean came in and asked her if she did not want to go to see Murillo's "Con-

ception" again. She was eager to do so, for she had greatly enjoyed it before. While she was preparing to start, I saw some sly twinkling of his eye, and begged him to let me into the secret, if there was one. "Ah" said he, "there is an artist, who was at work there, copying the picture, the day Grace sat alone so absorbed in looking at it. Her lovely expression touched his heart—as the face of the virgin grew upon the canvas, it proved a likeness of *her*. Yesterday, M. Rouille (one of our Paris friends) chanced to see it, and exclaimed at once, 'it is the very image of our Island Lily.' The artist approached him and asked if he were so fortunate as to know her whose image it was. Replying in the affirmative, the artist asked so anxiously, 'Will she come again?' that Rouille said he would do what he could. 'I do not ask to speak to her,' the artist said, 'but just to look once more upon her face.' Rouille has but just told me, and I am impatient to see the artist's work—not a word to Grace." That would have spoiled it all had it been anybody but our Grace. How we did enjoy her unconsciousness—gazing up at the picture with the tenderest interest; never once observing how, from time to time, the artist gazed upon her as he worked, finishing exquisitely a perfect likeness. I covet it—I wish we had it in our home parlor—the head, I mean, of course; the picture would be to us like the Vicar of Wakefield's—we would have to tear the house down to get the great canvas in.

And now, Janet, you want to know what manner of man that artist is? It was my first

thought. I saw him at once—a pale, fair-haired, delicate, intellectual and melancholy looking man—my ideal of an artist that would thus take such a fancy to Grace. Imagine my surprise and disappointment—a black-haired, bearded, almost stalwart man, apparently as frank and free as a prince, sat working intently as we entered. He did not betray any especial interest—worked at his picture until Grace seemed taken up with Murillo, then quietly shifted his position to have a better view of her, and worked as though he did not want to lose an instant. We sauntered away. By and by Uncle Jean thought Grace had done penance long enough, and went to her, insisting upon her looking at some other paintings. The artist then arose, approached M. Rouille, who was near him, thanking him most cordially, and giving him his card. “The American Minister will tell you who I am if you care to know; I thank you again most sincerely for your kindness.” Bowing again, he was about to return to his work, when M. Rouille extended his hand. “Your pictures are well known in Paris. The name of Charles Windemere is guarantee enough. I am most happy to know you. Madame Rouille, permit me to present Mr. Windemere to you.” And as Uncle Jean returned, he was presented to us all. He is to call upon us. We have seen so few Americans, I shall be very glad to talk with him.

Adieu, au revoir, yours, dear Janet,

THERESA.

XLVII.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA AND GRACE.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *October 30, 18—.*

MY DEAR GIRLS:

Your letters have been read and re-read with the greatest enthusiasm and delight. I feel that I have nothing to tell you, every thing seems so dull and common-place. Indeed, I am most of the time in Paris with you. Thanks for the beautiful plat, it enables me to follow you as no words could. I go with you every-where—through the Boulevards and parks—look at the buildings and shops, and try to imagine the noble and beautiful works of art. If I could but just get a glimpse of them, now and then, with these longing eyes of mine, what a help it would be in setting my imaginations right! Ah, what wonderful things eyes are! I am glad Dr. Berenger has been detained. You must be delighted, and will, too, be able to get some pretty things which you both need. Do not be afraid that I shall take exception to any thing sensible. After all these long years of industry and quiet, we may indulge ourselves a little without any risk. I have gotten over my anxiety lest we might some day have to live backwards. There is a larger balance in our favor than I supposed, and Mr. Watson assured me that both the property in W—— and the stocks are rapidly increasing in value. I tell you this, that you may feel perfectly free; it is so disagreeable to feel any anxiety or stint in spending when abroad.

Madeline is at school daily, Aunt Rachel busy with her charity class and rural occupations. She misses Grace sadly in the school, which she thought it best, however, to begin at once. The children miss you, dearest Grace, more than Aunt I dare say; when you were sick there was scarcely a day that they did not bring nosegays for "Miss Grace." How glad I am that you are gaining strength and are able to enjoy every thing so much. I know Theresa is careful for you. Our old doctor said this morning: "Caution Grace against the night air—out all day, that is right—plenty of fresh air—not too tired to sleep well—go to bed with the chickens." Imagine chickens in Paris! "No excitement to spoil sleep—plenty of sleep—plenty of warm, pure, fresh air. Theresa must see to it!"

Do write as often as you can, without feeling it a tax. Next to being with you, nothing can give me so much pleasure. Grace, darling, you are so gentle and yielding, that I am sure you will not do any thing that might do you harm; always remember how precious you are to us.

I am vexed that you have met Aunt Lisle; she certainly will not add to your pleasures. Thank Dr. Berenger, with my love for his goodness to you.

Yours, ever affectionately,

JANET.

XLVIII.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

PINKERTON PLACE, *Oct. 25th*

MY PRECIOUS THERESA :

We have had so much company, and knowing your care for Grace occupied all your time, I have not written for so long. But, only to think that you are in Paris ! I can not help writing to beg you to tell me if you have seen or heard any thing of Edwin. It has been so long since any news from him has come to me. He dare not write. And who else in all France cares for me but you ? My poor heart keeps very quiet and still now, perhaps buds a little in this home of love, but waits for the sunshine of his love to make it bloom. And yet I am not sad. No, no, all is too pure and lovely here for that, I have never been so happy since I was a little child ! I feel like, and am almost, a school-girl here. Read history with Mr. Pinkerton every day, practice music, and drawing, and French with Mrs. Genau. She is very kind and very lovely, teaching me in many ways. The De Montaines are her dear friends, and, with a few others, form a nice social circle. They speak very kindly of you, which pleases me, you may be sure. We would so love to have you come here for a visit when you come home again from France. Is it not good in these two dear friends to have taken a foolish little body like me to their home and hearts ? It is surely the least I can do to be bright and cheerful that I may cheer and comfort them. Mr. Pinkerton

calls me "Sunbeam," and Aunty Genau puts her arms around me and presses me to her breast. Her kisses are so warm and mother-like that I sometimes hide my face in her bosom and let the tears come. Oh, Theresa, darling, no one but a motherless child who has so long been unloved can know what a blessing it is! If every woman God puts over a motherless child could know how much good it would do, how much better that child would be if it were loved, and petted, kissed, and made much of, and felt that it was loved, just a little, as if it were her very own, there would be no need of scolding and fretting and vexation. It would grow up, if the *patience* of real love would let it, naturally, healthy, free—a blessing to her who had so blest it, and a blessing to itself and to the world. I sometimes think I would never have given my hungry heart to Edwin if he had not been my only friend through years and years, giving me his toys from the first and sharing with me the nice things which Aunt Lisle meant for him alone—always having a word of pity or help, or love when I was sad, or sick, or hurt—always warm and kind when everybody else was cold, and cross, and stern.

I send you my darling brother's letter, written in answer to the one I wrote when you were with me in those fearful days. How much we might have helped each other had we been together through these years past. It seems so strange that we should have been left in this cold, cruel world to suffer so much. I do pray for your faith in the things that are above, but do not seem to learn. Your prayers will do me more

good than my own. Do not forget me. One thing I do feel I can do no good thing of myself. I am afraid I shall always be just a foolish, giddy child.

Do tell me about Edwin. Tell him how dearly I love him. I shall never, *never*, NEVER forget him! Beg him to write to me—to come to see me. My birth-day has just past. To think of my being eighteen years old! I can scarcely believe it myself. I feel dreadfully old in years, but in sense wee enough! Mr. Pinkerton gave me a lovely blue enameled brooch, earrings and necklace. I wish you could see them. He is going to take me to London. Will it not be splendid? Sir Henry Edgerton was here a fortnight ago, and invited me to visit his daughters. Mrs. Genau scolds about it, wanting me to wait another year, at least. She said this morning, “This child is as inexperienced in the ways of the world as a girl of fifteen. If she must go into that whirlpool of dissipation, child as she is, take her in the early summer time, when she will see both city and society at their best.” Mr. Pinkerton smiled. “My good sister has not forgotten the pride of her early days. It might be best on some accounts, but engagements are then so pressing. Sir Henry insists upon having her now, as they remain this season in the city. I think she will find enough in London to entertain her, even at the dullest time. She must see something of the world. Now, when I can be with her, is the fittest time. Who will there be—when I am gone?” His words brought the tears to my eyes. Is he not good to me? I did not mean to write so

much. Do write to me. How often I long for you,
Theresa, darling. What a friend you have been to
Your ever grateful, loving,

VIOLET.

XLIX.

CAPTAIN HAUGHTON TO VIOLET.

PORT P., INDIA, *Aug. 6th.*

I am deeply in your debt in an epistolary way, my darling Vie, and can only now and then make you a partial payment by way of showing my devotion. It was best that I was not within reach when your letter came telling of your distress. I should have been sorely tempted to throw up my commission and rush back to England. Your second letter was forwarded here with the other—we being out on an expedition—so that my commiseration was no sooner excited than it was relieved of present anxiety about you. I wish I had Uncle Lisle by the throat. I grit my teeth every time I think of his miserable tyranny; and as to his wife, she always was a silly, selfish woman, wholly unworthy any body's confidence, and has proved herself a knave! You poor, darling, abused, little sister! Not a living soul to love and cherish you but your renegade Will—and he thousands of miles away!

You might as well have no brother. In my vexation I make myself believe they got me out of the way that they might persecute you. However, as far as I am concerned, I am well enough off. The climate is hard on us, but, thus far, the officers have

kept pretty well. If I could only be where I might help you. Write often, and in time. If you need me I'd throw up the best commission the royal seal was ever set to to come and fight for you, my darling birdie. I wish I had you in my arms!

I have written to Mr. Pinkerton to thank him for his kindness to you. You can trust him, Vie. Father trusted him beyond any other friend, and had left you to his care had he been a married man. Now that his sister is with him it is blessed to think of you there. Keep up a good heart, and, bye and bye, I shall have a little nest somewhere, and will take my little birdie under my own wing. Unless, indeed, she finds some warm-hearted mate to help her to make a nest of her own. Yet I would beg you wait awhile, little bird. I can not realize that you are old enough for that. Nor can little women learn really to know men—we find each other out—and I want to know the man you put your trust in. I was surprised that you did not stay longer with Louise, but I understand it now. I was sorry you did not tell her every thing. As it is, it has turned out for the best. There is some talk of our being recalled in another year—won't that be jolly! When I think of how some of these regiments have been here half a life-time it seems a very little time to wait. When I think of many other things—a year, a whole year to wait—makes it seem very far off and uncertain.

Notwithstanding the general suspense abroad, the anxiety of friends, and the important issues that hang on the result of military operations here, I sit quietly in my tent with every thing as peaceful and placid as

though it was pitched on the bank of the Thames. For once, fortune has favored us. No night alarms, no digging of intrenchments, no assassination of pickets, no sleeping in arms or useless skirmishing, as the regiments have that form the advance of our expedition. If there should be an engagement, the fighting may be half over before we are ordered to participate; but where we are allowed to move into action, we are expected to do wonders—to turn the fortunes of the day, should they be against us—to strengthen the wing that is wavering—to restore confidence in a panic, and finally, to pursue the flying foe, if he will only be kind enough to adopt that discreet mode of warfare. Then will it not be grand to have the historian say that Haughton's splendid company rushed into the field when all was hopeless, and bearing down all opposition, saved the center and bore off the honors and victory! This is only a soldier's dream, you know—but who would be a soldier did he not expect to be a hero?

I hope to see your valiant friend, Miss Lamark, and shall certainly express my personal obligations for the service she has rendered you—a friend in need is a friend indeed. It is getting hotter and hotter every minute; I began in the cool of the morning. I often long for the bracing air of my native land and the sweet solace of the few friends who are dear to me there. Do n't forget, darling girl, that you *have* a brother, who pledges his right arm to your service, call him when you will.

Ever, with a true, hearty embrace,

You devoted brother,

WILL.

L.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *November 2d.*

Aunt and Uncle Lisle have been to see us, Sister, dear! Tesa came in with a peculiar expression—sort of surprised and amused, yet a little vexed, too.

I laughed, but felt a little nervous when she said, “Aunt Lisle sends her compliments, ‘Uncle Lisle and I must know dear Grace, it will be such happiness in a foreign land.’” “There, that will do—just sit where you are and let Aunt Lisle talk, she will enjoy that, and I will come again before you are weary,” Tesa said, with a kiss, and presently ushered them in. Why did you never tell me what sort of people they were? I thought of dear, sweet mother, and my heart beat quick at the thought of meeting Uncle Lisle. You remember how we always wished for a brother, to stand between us and the world.

Was Uncle Lisle ever much comfort to mother? He was cold and stiff; my heart was quiet enough before he went away. Perhaps it was because Aunt Lisle was so fussy. I followed Tesa’s advice, and she talked away. “Why, my child, have n’t you seen this, and have n’t you seen that? We must take you in charge—so delightful—so charming. I should never weary of Paris. Edwin would be so delighted. When shall we come for you? What a pity; no, you do not look strong! Dear Theresa ran away from us because of your illness. I shall not rest a moment.

Your uncle talks of home. I am miserable at the thought—to leave dear Paris—it overcomes me. The Louvre is so interesting—art is fascinating me here. We English are so behind. Do n't fail to see every thing—one can afford to be tired in Paris—anywhere else one can rest when Paris must be left behind."

I was glad when Tesa came. "I hope you are not tired of my little sister," she said, pleasantly. "No, indeed," said Aunt Lisle. "Grace is charming!" "Charming girl!" grunted Uncle Lisle, and I opened my eyes wide. "Was Edwin agreeable, my dear, Theresa?" Aunt went on, "He is a wild fellow—quite accomplished. The continent is the place to polish young men; I can not think of him leaving this yet, though his father will talk about the counting-house. That would be too bad—he has had such a fine start—it will take a year or two to finish him." "I am only afraid it *will* finish him," Uncle Lisle said with astonishing energy. "The less a young man sees of Paris, the better—you ought never to have brought *me* here; Paris is no place for an Englishman." "You had better let Uncle Lisle have his way," said Tesa. "We shall see you very often—so fortunate to have found you." And Aunt went on so that nobody had a chance to speak again.

How glad I was when it was over. What a queer world this is!

I have not told you of our visit to Luxembourg Palace, darling Sister. It is beautifully grand. Its interior is very interesting. The senate sits here, in a beautiful hall, ninety feet in diameter—a semi-circle, with the seats rising one above another, and

beautifully and appropriately decorated. There is here a gallery of the works of living French artists; as soon as one dies, his paintings are at once transferred to the Louvre—so that the collection is constantly changing. Besides the library, chapel and bed-chamber of Maria de Medici, who built this palace two hundred years ago, here is the gorgecus throne room, where the first emperor was crowned—upon the throne is the chair in which he sat, and it is magnificent! The walls of the room are covered with beautiful paintings by the first masters; the whole room is said to be the very grandest—the most superb room in Paris; it is certainly very gaudy and showy. The gardens almost equal those of the Tuileries—fountains, statuary, grand avenues, exquisite flowers. Sister, dear, it all seems like fairy land—and so immense, yet so unreal and unsatisfying, making one sorry that they need ever shut their eyes or that they will so soon get tired out with the very excess of it.

Adieu. Ever your loving

GRACE.

LI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *November 2d.*

DEAREST JANET :

What does this mean? Aunt Lisle has outwitted me this time. She and Uncle Lisle came to see us this afternoon in the most lovely mood—insisting upon going to our room “to sit a while with Grace, while Edwin has a little talk with you!” Is it not a little

curious, to say the least of it? Edwin does not improve upon acquaintance. I did not intend to tell, how Violet thought of him night and day, and how devotedly she loved, or what a hero she thought him—and did not say one word about her letter. His light, Parisian gossip was very distasteful to me, particularly about women, and the way he talked about Violet. “Vie was a charming little girl—still quite a child—such a want of style—but a nice little country sweet-heart that no man expects to marry.” I expressed some surprise. “A man can hardly help feeling all this in Paris. By Jupiter, I once thought I was ready to die for the little woman, and could never love any body else; but when a man gets abroad in the world, these little affairs seem quite boyish!”

“I did feel angry and indignant when I heard that father and mother had tyrannized over the little girl, and had been deceiving me for months and months; but then you know, it’s natural—they expect great things of me—one can’t blame this sort of thing. It would be rather slow for Vie and me to settle down together—quite silly, when one can make a tip-top match. By Jupiter, Paris never seemed so charming as it seems this very day, my charming Coz!” I was vexed and indignant. “You are the very man who ought not to be in Paris,” I said. “One so fickle and ready to run after novelties, had better be elsewhere.” Thinking of Violet, and that it might not be too late, perhaps, to make one plea to save him from this whirlpool of dissipation, “Violet loves you devotedly—you are the impersonation of goodness and purity, in her eyes—as true and faithful as she is her-

self. If you want to be a happy man, you had better turn your back on Paris and marry her—she will have you, I dare say, though she is worth a dozen of you—and settle down to some useful pursuit, as an English gentleman should.” “Cousin Theresa, if I had such a mentor always by my side it would be easy, perhaps, but here in Paris, I have been turned out to scores of jolly fellows to keep up my spirits, and pretty women to keep up theirs. Mother is bent on my being a full-fledged Parisian. Father growls, but we get the one thing needful. After all, one might as well float with the tide; this life of pleasure is charming, and one’s conscience ceases to be troublesome by and by.” “The more pity,” I said. “I should think better of you if you encouraged it to keep you in the right way.”

I do feel sorry, Janet. He is a fine looking young fellow—graceful in manners, talks well; but for his *yas*, and a sort of drawling, affected by young men here; rather foppish in dress, but on the whole, has the making of a clever man, if he had a sensible mother. I wish either they or we were a thousand miles away. Aunt Lisle insists upon seeing Dr. Berenger, to beg that she may have us for a few days. I would rather be put in the Conciergerie. I am really ashamed for Uncle Jean to meet her. She is grosser than ever, in her Paris finery, and I hope my young hopeful will never be in the way of being introduced to any of the scholarly professors and enthusiastic students, who frequent our *salôn* at such hours as they are not in attendance upon the lectures at the academies. I mean to tell Aunt Lisle that I

think she will be sorry all her life if she leaves Edwin to run the risk of the life he has already entered upon here. But enough of this. Write us here again, we will have letters forwarded, if any come after we go.

Love to all, from your fond

THERESA.

LII.

THERESA TO VIOLET.

Nov. 2d.

Your letter has reached me, dearest Violet, and I can tell you in reply that I have seen your hero—Edwin Lisle. I think he is a good deal spoiled by false education at home and abroad. If I were you I would be as happy as possible, and as indifferent as possible. When you are both more mature, you will probably meet, and then you will know how much you love each other. I must say, frankly—and you certainly can not take offense at it—that I like *you* a great deal the best, and would like to see your heart in the keeping of some better man. If you improve your opportunity, as you should, you will be too old for Edwin in six months. Aunt Lisle is more execrable than ever. I admire her son for his kindness to her and his patience with her foibles. It is his duty, and the best thing I have seen about him. Let her have him! Just wait cheerfully and patiently the issue of events. God has some good plan for you. Trust in Him, my dear little Violet. When some good, true man claims your heart you will likely find it garnished and free from this old rubbish,

ready for some new, undreamed of happiness. I wish you were here with us. Mr. De Montaine will bring you the latest accounts of us, and tell you of Paris, the city of wonders. I should not know where to begin. Be sure to write to me often and freely.

With love, yours,

THERESA.

LIII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

PARIS, *November 3d.*

I come to you with open arms and a heart full of love, my own dear sister, to thank you for your precious letter received a few days ago, so welcome, filling our hearts with joy. How sweet a home letter is in a foreign land none can know but one who feels it. Yet my poor heart cries out, I wish so much I was with you. The tears would come as I read your dear words of love—deep, yearning, grateful love—welling up from my inmost soul with every drop. I just wanted to have my arms around your neck, and to tell you how precious the old home is, and how precious the thought of it, in the midst of every thing here. I dreamed last night we were all together on the porch, with the quiet fields all around us, and the blessed little chapel's soft chime was calling us to worship.

There is no Sabbath here. Yesterday it seemed like some great gala day—more festive, more Babel-like, and pleasure-seeking than all the week, if that were possible. Theresa told Uncle Jean he must ex-

cuse us, and beg his friends to do so, that we must have our Sabbath. Mr. De Montaine took us to the English Chapel. Our own precious service always falls like dew upon the heart. It seems a sort of heavenly portal, where the light comes down, and our souls can rise without impediment even with this atmosphere of dissipation about us. It did us good—though memory recalled some sad, miserable thoughts—such sadness as we love to cherish. How I would love to fly to you and tell you what happiness those little missives brought to your loving sisters way over the waters. And all this while our ever good, patient sister has not once thought of her own care and loneliness. Oh, sister dear, I want so much to be like you—you are so kind and dear to me, cheering me with your loving, sweet words, yet I am not deserving. Not a day passes but I do so many things I am sorry for. I try to be careful, but my conscience gave me a hard prick as I read your words of praise. Did you ever think how hard it is to be gentle and yielding at one time and proof against temptation and importunity at another? I can't help wishing I was more like Tesa. If it was not for her I should be dragged from one end of Paris to the other. It is so hard to say *no*—for me I mean. Tesa says it so gaily and decidedly: “No, *no*. Grace has seen enough for to-day. She can not go out to-night. We will stay at home; but may we not have the pleasure of seeing you here?” And what can we do but let our friends come and make it very pleasant. I shall be strong and well soon, I hope, and then I

mean to be a real help and comfort to you both, and to return a little tithe of the great debt I owe you—pay it I never can.

I wanted to write you of our visit to Notre Dame, but it is too late now. I could not feel the spirit of worship amid its gorgeous decorations and embellishments. It is fitting, perhaps, that every thing grand and beautiful and costly should add to the magnificence and splendor of temples that are dedicated to God, but it is so different from the purity of the soft tinted walls and ceiling of our own little chapel where the spirit can go right through, unattracted by any show or glitter, which seem to absorb every sense here. I felt deeply, for the first time, “how the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal.” One gets nearer to God by faith than sense.

Fondest love and kisses to all. My heart is brimming over with love. I just long to be with you all again! How much good it does one to go away from home. I never appreciated dear Blueberry before.

Fondest embrace, from your devoted

GRACE.

LIV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

November 5th.

Janet, I sit down to write in a perfect fever of disgust and indignation. Edwin Lisle has absolutely persecuted me for two or three days; he is here before we are ready to go out in the morning, comes

to dine, and intrudes upon us in the evening. I have pleaded engagements, tried in every civil way to let him see it was not agreeable, but he has been too stupid or impertinent to understand me. I can not tell you how vexed and annoyed I have been. Yesterday he came for us to drive—we were just setting out. Uncle Jean, who saw my annoyance, though I did not mean that he should, abruptly begged to be excused, and ordered our coachman to drive off, when the young gentleman dismissed his carriage for a saddle horse, and rode near us wherever we went, passing and repassing at every turn. To-day I have not only declined to see him, but have returned the silliest note I ever read—a declaration of love from Edwin Lisle to me! Did you ever know of any thing so preposterous? Well, words are inadequate! If I did not know how conceited and vain he is, I should pat him on the head, and say, “Poor little fellow!” But even then I should be afraid he would think me enamored, as he thinks half the women in Paris are ready to die for him.

Interrupted by a visitor—Aunt Lisle! She begs me to give Edwin a little comfort! I absolutely stared at her. “Don’t you see, child, it is the very thing,” she ran on—“He fell in love with you the first time he saw you—forgot all about the troubles of Amanda Viola. If you give him a little encouragement he will be as happy as a prince—by and by you will refuse him, of course. He is, though very clever, too young for you. After loving a woman like you, Vie will be too insipid for him. These affairs are never very serious, especially in

Paris. He will get over it after you go away. He will make some brilliant match, by and by—he will be a fine man—only make it right pleasant for him as long as you can.”

“Aunt Lisle, this miserable, contemptible folly is unbearable; Edwin will be destroyed by it, body and soul. Can you fill his head with nonsense and deaden and corrode his heart by thus trifling with the noblest and purest of human passions, lead him to the top of a precipice, push him over, and not expect him to fall? Make no cat’s-paw of me in your scheming—I thought one trial of that had been enough. I shall see Edwin again; I will help him if I can, beg him to follow his father’s counsel, and then he must never speak to me again. Nor you, Aunt Lisle, *not once*—I never want to see you again; I hate deception, I hate this mischievous manœuvring.” She extended her hand and tried to mollify me. “You are such a queer creature, one can never understand you; I see no necessity for all this indignation. Can I see Grace?” I said, “Yes, but not a word of this,” and led the way to our apartment, where, leaving her with Grace, I seized my portfolio and ran away to pour it all in your ear. Is it not abominable? I despise her and pity Edwin the more. Do you believe I can do him any good? It might be possible; I might have some influence over him. I shall think over it and pray over it, and be of use to him if I can. Did you ever think such a thing could be?

Uncle Jean has had a letter from Aunt Theresa, who is very impatient for us to hurry to her; but for the illness of one of her household, she had joined

us. She says, "it is always so, I really can not trust you in Paris, without me, dearie; you stay one day after another, for this or that, and never think how the time flies for you and how it drags with me without you. There are, too, the dear girls, without a chaperone, and you, immersed in the academies; where is your sense of propriety and consideration? Come, now, you must not stay any longer. I shall certainly expect you before the last of the week."

Uncle says, "Now, you see we must give up Paris, it is not fair. I am not surprised—she would be more impatient still, if she knew how charming the poor, dear girls are; but I have not neglected you, have I, my darlings? Now tell me, honestly, have I taken good care of you?" "Who can doubt it," I cried, "with Madame Fournay, next door, for counsel, Madame Drouillard, Madame Romaine, Madame Detonier and Aunt Lisle! Who can say we have wanted for chaperones? And as for escorts, Uncle Jean has been a host in himself. Auntie will applaud your gallantry when I tell her 'all about it.'" "There has been a host besides himself, too. Ah, you silver tongue, I am really afraid of the consequences when the time comes to start—no wonder their eyes and ears are bewitched." "Come, Grace, now tell me true, what do you think of le grand American? or is it that young Araldine, who is burning the midnight oil until he looks as pale and pure as yourself? He takes the first honors every year! He is my choice—unless our Cousin Victor wins the day—he is a royal youth; he may have you if you will spend half of every year at Provence." "We English girls

are very deliberate in these things; you shall certainly know when I have fully made up my mind," Grace replied. "I think we will go to-morrow, if we stay as long again, there will still be a hundred temptations to keep me longer. Well, when Grace is stronger and better able to enjoy it all, Auntie will come with us, and you shall be presented to the Empress, and see something of the best society in the world. Can you be ready to-morrow? No modistes to keep you waiting. Every thing ready? Well, then, we will go. Let us slip off quietly, or there will be a great ado."

So farewell, Janet, until we get to Provence.

Yours truly,

THERESA.

P. S.—Farewell Paris. I add a few lines. We are just starting. I send you a package by Mr. De Montaine, who returns to England this evening, and is determined to go to see you. You will be delighted with him, Janet. I am vexed with myself for some reasons—that I do n't love him with all the strength that I have—but I do n't, and there is the end of it. He is so accomplished and refined—so intellectual and agreeable. Why are we women so perverse? He takes you a note of introduction from me. The cap, for Aunt, tell her it is the latest Parisian style. The scarfs are for Madeline, the barbs and laces for yourself. If I had known there would be such an opportunity to send you some souvenirs of Paris, I should have much enlarged the package; however, I will not forget you when I come back. I return the let-

ters you sent, with a copy of the note I sent to Edwin Lisle.

Mr. De Montaine will tell you how well Grace has been. I am glad, on the whole, that you will see him. I have written to Violet, who wrote to ask me of Edwin Lisle. I did not want to give her pain by abusing him, as I felt inclined to. She will outgrow her love for him where she is. Now, the truth would almost break her poor, weak, foolish little heart. Time will make it all right, when some handsome, ardent lover begins to teach her how a man ought to love the woman he wants to marry.

Yours fondly,

THERESA.

LV.

THERESA TO EDWIN LISLE.

COUSIN EDWIN:

You were too angry and unreasonable to comprehend any thing I said to you last night, and I now write in as plain English as I can command, that there may be no misunderstanding between us. It is absurd for you to talk of love to me—such love as men and women feel who expect to marry. I was too old for a man like you, ten years ago. I can not listen, with patience, to any expression of love from you—it is the sheerest folly in the world, and yet every woman does feel an especial interest in those who are attracted to her. I would like to respect you—to esteem you—or at least to help you to escape the Scylla or Charybdis that threatens to destroy you—go which

way you will. Now, throw this paper in the fire if you choose. I know men hate this sort of talk, and you can heed or not, just as you please. If you want to be respected, you can be; it depends entirely on yourself. You can waste your talent and your time, your money and health—be a namby pamby, drawling, English, Parisian fop—or worse—a bye-word—a shame to your friends; or you can be a well-educated, useful, happy, Christian gentleman, making the world better and wiser because you live in it—you can be respected and beloved by all who know you. You have a warm, good heart, a bright mind, and handsome person. By well-directed culture you would be a pride to your friends and a cousin whom I should admire and esteem, and welcome cordially wherever I might be. You have only to go earnestly to work. Choose your place—a profession or mercantile life—whatever your taste inclines you to, and when you have made up your mind, go at it with a will. You can do it in Paris, though it might be easier in England, at your old home, away from all this turmoil of pleasure and excitement—but you can do it right where you are if you have *resolution* enough. Where else are there such splendid opportunities? Where is there such intellectual activity? Where is there such glorious encouragement to achievements? You must determine to excel, with a manly earnestness that will overcome every temptation and obstacle—nay, use them as stepping stones to rise on! Is it not worth trying for—trying hard for—making sacrifices for? How strange it is that men so often heedlessly throw their lives away. I should think their very selfish-

ness would make them choose the better way. Edwin, stop and think over it—pray over it—if you never prayed before. I will pray for you that, God may bless you. That is really the most valuable of treasures—God's blessing. Those only who strive to lead pure, faithful lives as Jesus taught—following his commandments, can hope for His blessing. Edwin, my cousin, will you not be one of these?

Yours, sincerely,

THERESA LAMARK.

PARIS, *November 4th.*

LVI.

PARIS, *Nov. 5, 18—.*

THERESA LAMARK:

You have made me furious, but you have *made* me think. I can not tell how it is—what angry passions flamed out—until a spirit of deep resolve seemed to awaken in my heart and to extinguish every bitter thought. Will you see me again? Would to Heaven I had always had such an outspoken friend. With God's help you will not henceforth be ashamed of your cousin,

EDWIN LISLE.

LVII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE, PROVENCE, FRANCE,
Nov. 10th, 18—.

Dearest Janet, here we are, Grace and I, in Provence! Who would have dreamed of such a thing a few months ago! We enjoyed the trip from Paris greatly. Saw many lovely and some grand views—most of all the mountains are beyond mere words. Yet there is something provoking in railroad travel—to have the landscape shut out from the eye every instant by some homely near object, just when one is most interested. Stations are stations every-where, and, saving local peculiarities, strange costumes, and signs, and vehicles, railway travel is extremely matter-of-fact.

To have followed the Saone and the Rhone nearly to the sea is something worth remembering, but the Rhone, like every thing else in the world, passes some dismal places as well as some very grand and lovely ones, and I am too tired to stop now to tell you more of our journey down. I am glad we are here. You can not imagine what a charming place it is! *Au revoir!*

Do not ever call me a dreamer again. This home proves that my dreams might all be realized under favorable circumstances. Here we are, for an hour's rest before dinner, in our chamber! Grace is lying upon a pretty, rose-colored, chintz lounge, and the

daintiest pink and white curtains shade our windows ; a flood of sunlight is half shaded out of the south windows by a lattice covered with vines ; their perfume pervades the air. The delicate pink and white is every-where—in frills upon the book-shelves, in soft folds about the bed and dressing-table, in cushions and mats, and Bohemian and Chevres vases, in the soft carpet, and on the walls.

There is a vase of cut-flowers on the little table, a lovely crape-myrtle is in full bloom at the window. Such exquisite harmony in every thing that meets the eye. Now, Janet, do you wonder that I am delighted with this beautiful taste, so varied all over the house—yet equally perfect in the library, the drawing-room, dining-hall, every-where—adorned with curious specimens of minerals, shells, flowers, curious things from every part of the world, indicating cultivation and refinement and knowledge. Our visit will be as profitable as delightful. You will never talk about my unfortunate ideality again. I always knew such things might be, now I see that *they are*. I will certainly take some of the primness out of Blueberry when I get home, and you will see what pleasant changes busy hands can make without any extravagant outlay. Oh, Janet, I am so grateful to you for sending me where there is so much to enjoy. Grace stood the journey very well. Uncle Jean was very kind. He has a singular eye to effect for a man, and was determined to surprise Auntie by coming upon her just at the happiest hour.

Therefore we passed the night at the nearest village. In the morning, after our refreshing rest, re-

moving all the dust of travel, we drove along the Durance, in the cool morning air, as calm and fresh and bright as though we were taking our morning drive at home. The grand mountains in the distance, the river, which takes its rise in Mt. Genevre, flowing down, with all the life and changefulness of water, in the light and shade of the bright morning sunshine, the brown vines, all stripped of their foliage, loaded down with purple fruit, on the hillsides; here and there rows of olives, lemons, and orange-trees, birds singing, every thing telling of the sunny south. Turning an angle, passing a grove where oak, birch, elm, reminded me of our native forests, and the Chateau lay full in view—a handsome though not pretentious building, with great chestnut and mulberry-trees not screening but shading it. As we drew near, the fig and myrtle in the open air, and the rich pomegranates, told of the southern clime. The porches were covered with delicate vines. “What a charming place!” I cried. “The grand mountains seem to give such repose to every thing near them,” Grace added, happily. “Ah!” said Uncle Jean, greatly pleased that we knew how to admire the beauties of La Belle Monte, a tribute to his taste, “how happy I am to have brought you to our home.” We alighted at the porch *de cochere*. “Ah! there she is.” And as Aunt Theresa emerged from the door, he caught her in his strong arms and almost smothered her with his great beard. “How happy I am that you are come at last, dear girls,” she said, with a soft, sweet voice and tender caress. “It is perhaps too cool to rest here. Ah, this is better. Here Grace, dear, rest in this easy-chair.

Ah, Jean, this has been a great treat to you to have these fair young demoiselles under your wing!" "I have been an enviable man, but am thankful they are safely here, for it was a dangerous undertaking. I was constantly fearful lest some one should try to carry off one or the other. Now you are responsible. Our Provençal knights are dangerous fellows. So be wary. But we will not be ready for dinner!" Adieu. Let us hear from you often, dear Janet. Tell Madeline to give you a hundred embraces. Grace says "a mutual remembrance."

With love to Aunt R., ever

THERESE.

LVIII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

November 12, 18—.

I have been sitting at the window, Sister dear, looking toward the west until the sun has gone down. There is a strange, purple light in the air which recalls to my mind many sad thoughts. Just such a Sabbath evening, a year ago, we sat upon our own home porch, watching the sunset and the purple light, which has been somewhere in my heart ever since—Theresa with Madeline's head on her lap—you and I—my hand between your two.

The soft-toned bells of the chapel, sounding sweetly in harmony with the far-off village chimes, were the only sounds that fell upon the silent air; every thing was calm and peaceful and very lovely. Presently,

Mr. Lacy came along, on his way to the evening service, and waited, talking to Theresa and Madeline, for you and me to join him; you lingered for Aunt Rachel, and he and I walked on toward the purple light, where the little church stood. He tried to teach me something true and useful in that little walk, which I have not forgotten; I could not learn it then, but I have learned it since. Can it be possible that it was only one year ago? The words had made me sad from other lips than his—of the sufferings of Christ, and how we could never love Him as we should, until we, too, had suffered and borne some sad cross, and he would have reproached you and Theresa for never having let me suffer any of the petty cares and sorrows of life—but I would not listen; I was sorry for his sadness, but my heart could not be cast down. “Does not His love and His present glory belong to us as well,” I urged. “Yes,” he answered, “but the story of His love is a story of earth—a story of great sorrow; and His glory is the glory of heaven. We must not hope for lasting joy or continuous peace in this changeful world. In the Divine life is joy—in the human, sorrow. As a faithful pastor, I must teach you to mistrust every thing in life but your faith in Christ and in heaven!” “And my faith in you,” I added, smiling; he smiled not in return. “Nay,” said he, “mistrust me, too.” I was touched by his sad humility, and revered him for it—it all fell on my heart in the purple light! The experience of an hour is worth a volume of words. I have found my cross—I pray it may teach me to love my Heavenly Master more. In my human life, sad-

ness, but then, Janet, when this is past—joy, glory, forevermore! I almost wonder I did not go in the summer-time, I thought I should surely go—it seems to me that would have been best—but then I would not have learned some things this cross is teaching me. God knows best. I am not impatient, but I do not think it will be long.

I am weary, dearest, good night. I will write more another time. “God bless us, every one,” as little Tim used to say.

Good night—good night. Your weary

GRACE.

LIX.

MADAME BERENGER TO JEANNETTE.

CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

November 15, 18—.

MY DEAR NIECE :

Theresa has gone to ride with our Cousin Romaine, and Grace has retired to her chamber, so that I shall be scribe to-day. How can I ever thank you enough for sending me these dear, beautiful girls. I had almost expected to be disappointed, as my anticipations were high; but when I looked upon them, and Theresa said, “Why, Auntie! how lovely every thing is!” I thought I had never seen any one so beautiful. The golden light on the waves of her auburn hair, the bright flush on her cheeks, the soul that beamed forth from her shining, ever-changing, incomparable eyes—the exquisite poise of her beautiful head—her beautiful form—words can not

express it! And Grace, there beside her, a very angel, pure and almost radiant. The picture was perfect—the contrast enhanced the beauty of each. I did not wonder at the triumphant look my husband cast upon me, when he saw my surprise and delight. “I have brought an English rose and lily for your bower,” he said. “Nay,” said I, “rather two fairies from old Fairy Land,” they seemingly so unconscious of all this admiration, yet I know Theresa is too clever not to be aware of it. Ah! it is well they have not been far from Blueberry Hall, or they had surely been spoiled by adulation.

The Chateau has already become the center of attraction for the whole neighborhood, and I am afraid many hearts will have to suffer. Grace seems to shrink from attention—Theresa to enjoy it; indeed, I tell her she is almost cruel, or at least, will have to be, in the end. Her French is excellent, and she can engage a half dozen in conversation without effort, apparently. With those who understand her English, she is even more fascinating. You must imagine how I enjoy all this; I sometimes feel that I am living my own youth over again. If Grace were only able to enter into all the gaieties, I fear we would all be carried away, for Dr. Berenger takes as much interest in the young people as I do.

You must not think, for a moment, that Theresa is selfish or inconsiderate; her devotion to Grace is touching—her first thought is always for her sister, and nothing is neglected that can contribute to her health or happiness.

I know you will never get any of this from the

girls, themselves, so I am determined to tell you, though it does sound like exaggeration. I am full of the pride that they belong to us—and all my love of kith and kin is centered on them.

Our excursions will depend entirely upon how fast Grace improves, and the weather; for any one with delicate lungs can not bear the chill winds that occasionally drive down upon us from the frozen summit of the mountains; however, it will be some time before we will need to fear them—we may have some weeks of favorable weather, and can safely venture as far as Vaucluse, in a close carriage. There are many, many objects of interest all around us—old Roman antiquities every-where—and they must see Marseilles, Toulon and Nice, and all the most notable things of Provence before they shall think of Italy or home.

I think Grace is better; her cough is almost well. Every thing that the tenderest affection or that medical skill can suggest—always under Dr. Berenger's experienced hand—will be done to restore her to perfect health. She seems to enjoy every thing, in her sweet, gentle way—though never gay, she is always apparently serene and contented.

Ever, dear Janet, your Aunt

THERESA.

LX.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA AND GRACE.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *Nov. 18th, 18—.*

MY DARLING GIRLS :

I have waited to hear from you before writing. Indeed I shall have so little to tell you, now that we are left to ourselves, that it seems scarcely worth while to write. Yet I know home-letters are always welcome. We miss you sadly. The house is so still and lonely that I have taken Madeline from school. I will try to rejuvenate myself by making a companion of her. We will abandon the house and be out of doors as much as the weather will permit—thus we will be less constantly reminded of you.

I am rejoiced at the kind reception you have met with, and that all your surroundings are so delightful. Pray don't be too much carried away with them. Remember "the hearts aye, and the parts aye," if you can keep surroundings in their right place and not let them assume undue importance. It is all very well, and I shall be well pleased to see Blueberry freshened up, but whenever I find that you are disposed to think that rose-colored frills, and vases, and brackets, and book-bindings are the *great things* in life, then I shall demur; for *then* the love of the things of this world will "choke the good seed," and all true happiness in the enjoyment of the good things God has given us will go by the board. Going into raptures over a beautifully bound book always provokes me, you know. The gems of thought, the

pearls of great price, that are scattered over its pages, are nothing to some people in comparison to the filagree of gold on the Russian calf of the outside. It is worse than childish. I can enjoy beautiful things. I think I am not deficient in matters of taste, and am truly glad my dear Theresa has been able to realize some of her ideals, but this happy experience will do her more harm than good, if she is not very *wise*—wiser than most people ever are.

There is nothing new with us, excepting Mr. De Montaine's visit. Theresa, I almost wish you would be sensible for once and fall desperately in love. He is a charming man? It seems to me quite your *beau ideal*. Nay, scarcely either, lacking, as he does, the one thing needful. When I discovered that he could have no sympathy with you in the deepest, most precious experience of life, I reversed my judgment, but from a worldly point of view he seemed unexceptionable. He was here but a few hours. Many thanks for the pretty things—the barbs are exquisite. I don't think Aunt will ever venture to wear that cap. It is almost too much for her to have it in its box! She takes it out daily and looks at it; but unless she goes to a court presentation I don't think she can ever be induced to keep it on over five minutes.

Write very often of every thing you see. If you tell us how things look to you, that will be next best to seeing them ourselves. Don't put us off by saying you will tell us this or that another time, "when you come home again," then we won't thank you. Whoever fulfilled such a promise?

It will rest you to write, dear Grace. When Theresa

is engaged, I expect we will have to look to you to be the principal scribe, now that she is so carried away with the novelty of her new surroundings. Let me know just how you feel. Your tender reflections touched my heart. I have not forgotten that sweet Sabbath evening. I hope we will have many more like it. It did me good that you recalled it so vividly. When your thoughts and feelings come to me thus naturally, I feel as I did that twilight, with your hand between my two. It brings us very near to each other, darling little sister. It does my heart good. Always remember how dear you are to me.

Thank Aunt for her delightful letter just received. A bulletin from her now and then will enlighten me greatly. I hope she will always be able to send me such gratifying reports. Thank her and Dr. Berrenger, for their great kindness to you, with my love.

Madeline wants to write, but I have begged off for this time. Aunt says, "Don't fall in love with any Frenchman. Remember you are English, and should be Englishmen's wives."

Your anxious and affectionate sister,

JEANNETTE.

LXI.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

November 19, 18—.

Theresa and I have been trying not to forget our Christianity to-day, dearest Sister Janet, but it has not been easy. Sunday is an especial holiday here,

and the house has been thronged with guests all day long. My recent illness has, happily, given me an excuse for retiring whenever I feel like being alone, and I have taken advantage of it to-day to enjoy a Sabbath, in spite of these mirth-loving people. Theresa has just gone down to the drawing-room. She had spent most of the day with me, but feared her friends might think she was casting some reflections upon their habits, which she wished to avoid. I did not gainsay her conclusions, for I know they are always impatient of her absence—she is the life of every gathering. I do not wonder Blueberry was often so dull to her, when I see what a favorite she is. The consciousness of her power to please has brought out all her sprightliness; she is captivating all around her. I do not wonder at it—she is sometimes very beautiful, and always brilliant when excited by conversation. Yet, though it gratifies my sisterly pride, it makes me sad, for it seems heartless—she is winning many hearts and she can never bless but one, and declares to me her actual indifference to all. Do you think it is right? She says it is nonsense to think it means *love*. There is no love about it, only the social enjoyment of a passing acquaintance. Theresa always was a mystery to me; I know she is far wiser in the ways of the world than I am, but it can not be right, and I do wish, Sister, you would caution her, and beg her not to be so heedless for others. We have been out in the open air daily. I think I am stronger. Next month, if the weather is fine, we will leave here and spend a week or two in visiting interesting localities in the adjoining departments. Aunt Theresa

seems to have friends every-where. We will take our time—it will be very pleasant, for there are a great many antiquities, and much that is new and interesting to us.

I strive to take an interest, and not to mar the happiness of others by my sadness or weakness, but sometimes it is quite an effort, and I long for our quiet home, where you always let me do just as I please; perhaps such self-indulgence would not be best for me now.

The necessity of exerting myself helps me. Dr. Berenger seems to know it, and always has some kind plan to propose for my especial benefit, which I can not decline.

Theresa is very kind and considerate; when any thing is proposed, she always says, “Certainly, we will go to-morrow, if Grace is well enough,” and when Aunt adds “Ah, she will be quite bright, never fear,” what can I do but be pleased, and go wherever they will. When I get weary, I just look beyond it all—over the beautiful views and wild scenery, and old ruins, far off. Some times wandering through the familiar home places, along the beck, through the meadow and the woods, into the chapel, or through the church-yard. How free the mind is! Some times as far as Heaven, I am soaring, when they are all talking about the grand arch or monument—that is all they see. How dull and uninteresting in comparison with the things I hope for hereafter—and see, even now—by faith. Every thing is so different here from home; I feel it particularly on these Sabbath days. In religion there is so much form. Those

who can not thus participate do not seem to have any religion at all; perhaps it is not just to say, it is all form or nothing, but it seems so. All the week we are making ourselves tired, or resting; when the Sabbath comes we decline all invitations, though many come here, we go nowhere. I will not be tempted from my seclusion, nor Theresa either, until we have spent many quiet hours, when the day is almost past. I love to write to you and think of home and the past and future, indulging myself in the pleasures of contemplation. We are getting impatient to hear from you. I hope you have already written.

Farewell, with kisses for Aunt Rachel and Madeline, and your dear, good self,

From your loving

GRACE.

LXII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

CHATEAU DE LA BELLE MONTE,

November 25, 18—.

DEAR JANET:

We are having such a delightful time at this beautiful place, that I can not help wishing, sometimes, that you and Madeline were both here, and that we were never going away again. But my heart tells me this is hardly true, for I should want Aunty and the old place with all its happy associations transplanted here, and then the little church-yard, and chapel and ever so many other things—no, it is not true. I am very full of life and enjoyment here, happier than I

ever expected to be, but I am glad to think I shall one day be back among the familiar things of *home*. What strange creatures we are, how real and yet how unreal every thing is! What is the mind but a store-house of images? Those things that belong to the past, and have no longer any real existence, are ranged side by side with those that have—one as tangible as the other. I never could get at the bottom of that idea of home, and of all that goes to make it so dear to the human heart; I shall be beside myself if I attempt to fathom the mystery, and will return to the outside of the world we live in.

Grace seems much better than she did; I tell her I can understand that sad, far-off look in her blue eyes, now that she is so far from you. She seems to have little heart for our present gaieties, and slips away to the garden, or library, or even to her own room, whenever she thinks she will not be missed. I often think those around us look upon her with a sort of veneration, she is so fair and quiet, and seems pained by any special attention.

Louis Arnaud, who is indeed quite in love with her, she is almost rude to—almost runs away whenever he approaches her. She said to me a few nights ago, “Theresa, you are so clever, pray never let any one tell me they love me.” I turned toward her and smiled, “How can I help it, my little sister should not be so lovely.” “Do not mock me,” she said, tears starting from her eyes. “It is too sad to love and not be loved in return.” “Dear Grace, I wish you would not feel so sadly,” I said. “Love is often but a pastime with men; you need not fear giving them any

lasting pangs." She spoke not, but the far-off look in her eyes was so sad that I put my arms around her and begged her to open her heart to me.

She shook her head, and when she at length found words, said, "It is a foolish weakness. I shall be stronger, by and by. You have done every thing possible. I can bear this best alone. I am grateful that you have spared me *words*." I kissed her and said, "It shall be as you will, my darling." And so we lay a long, long time awake—my arms around her, but my heart faint with a sense of utter inability to help her. Once I spoke of our home. "What a happy home it has always been to me! And it is lovely here; the earth is beautiful, but the heart loses its fitness to enjoy. It will not be so in Heaven, dear Tesa. There will this strange unrest be satisfied; there will be perfect rest and peace!" Oh, Janet, I felt like pouring out my grief and indignation, but there is a sort of sanctity in such sorrow that I dare not impair by intruding upon. We must just bear our share of her disappointment, and see her suffer, without relieving her one iota. There is no help but in God. It is so fortunate that we have fallen on these dear, kind friends. Their tenderness to Grace warms my heart far more than their kindness to me. When I think of my last summer's experience at D——, I can not help contrasting this and that. There is as much difference between Aunt Lisle and Aunt Theresa as there is between the merchant town of D—— and the mountains! I don't think people could be mean or cringing in the presence of these free and glorious scenes. But the trading and bargaining, selling and

buying, the striving for money and petty advantages, between the close, screening walls, seems to grind men's souls to dust. Grand forests, grand mountains, grand rivers! No wonder the ancient Germans were so valiant and virtuous! Where the snow-capped mountains raise their pure summits, man can not mar nature. They may plant and build about their bases, and vex their souls with earthly things, but whenever they look up there will be an influence that will elevate and refine. The English ought to be pure and noble with the waves of the great ocean around them on every side, but their great commerce has spoiled it all. They only think how it serves the ships to come and go; the ships have become a great thing, and the ocean is well nigh forgotten!

I will try not to be miserable because I can not take all the luxuries of La Belle Monte back to Blueberry! Your words of caution are, however, timely. I will not be carried away, though I am not sorry that these things seem of more importance to me than they do to you. You have full permission to demur whenever you see I am getting beyond the bounds of common sense. That we can guess before hand about how things are with you all, does not make your letters any the less longed for.

A hug for Madeline, which she can bestow in return upon Aunt R., from Grace and your fond

Theresa.

LXIII.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

PINKERTON PLACE, *November 26th.*

DEAR, PRECIOUS THERESA :

I have never thanked you for the letter you wrote me from Paris. I felt heart-sick and sorrowful at first, and did not feel like writing, knowing well that another letter would not reach you there. Then, other things transpired to take up my time, and nothing happened really worth telling you about. Now, I have some news, glorious news! My brother Will is coming home! Only to think of it—he has been three years way off in India, and now he is to have a whole year's leave, and will perhaps resign. Did I tell you he was engaged, when he left home, to Louise M——? She is a very sweet girl—the one I was visiting when Aunt Lisle sent for me to come home to marry Mr. Pinkerton. Her father was opposed to her marrying into the army, as she was his only child, and there seemed little hope of their marriage. Will could not leave the army without being dependent upon Mr. M——, and this, his pride would not let him do. Now, however, Mr. M—— has not only given his full consent, but being in very delicate health, he is extremely anxious for Will to come home, that he may see his daughter happily settled in life, with a man whom he has always respected, and to whom he seems willing to intrust the care of her large fortune. Louise is very happy that Will's independence and manly perseverance in his line of duty

have won her father's regard, though the thought must be very painful to her that he has delayed until he can scarcely hope to survive more than a few months, and her happiness must so soon be clouded by the sad affliction of a father's death.

I hope Will may feel it his duty to resign and stay near us the rest of his days. He is so noble and whole-souled. Dear me, how I do love him! I wish you knew him, and you shall, for I will take him to Blueberry myself, if you will let me, and show you what a grand brother I have.

Mr. De Montaine and I are very warm friends—you are the bond of especial interest. He never gets tired hearing me praise you, and I like him best when he talks about my darling friend. Mrs. Genau seems to think me such a flighty little body that she will never trust me with the youngsters, who naturally seek my society, and is best pleased when I am with some one she knows is trustworthy; so she is always ready to let Mrs. De Montaine chaperone me, knowing Isabel is very quiet and refined, and Mr. De Montaine a model of propriety.

Is Edwin ever going to write to me again? I have hoped you might have urged him to, but no letter has come. I wonder at myself, but I can't forget him. Do write to me, dear, precious Theresa. If I could only see you, now that you have seen Edwin. It has been so long—more than two years since I saw him last—he is surely forgetting me. I am ashamed to say so much, for I know you think me very weak and foolish, but I never speak of him to anybody else, and when I write to you my heart just cries out.

Did I tell you Mr. Pinkerton is going to take me to London as soon as Lady Edgerton returns to the city. I am so glad. I do want to go. I long for a change. Suppose I should meet Edwin there! Good bye. All send love. Do you know Isabel De Montaine never speaks of you? What is the reason? I had a mind to ask her, but did not dare to.

Ever, your loving

VIOLET.

LXIV.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY, *November 26, 18—.*

I have just had a visit from Mr. Lacy. He did not know you were away; having heard of Grace's illness, he came to inquire for her and to see you especially! He must have seen my embarrassment, for I did not mean to treat him kindly; but, Theresa, he looked so pale and sad, and was so calm and self-possessed, that there was no excuse for any foolishness on my part.

After the ordinary topics of conversation were exhausted, as he expressed his grief that Grace had been so ill, the tears started in his eyes, and he concealed his emotion with difficulty. He must know, for he delicately avoided saying any thing more about her, and went on to speak of you. He has been deeply hurt by your unkindness and want of frankness—your determination to avoid him, and yet he feels that he is not an object of entire indifference to you. I did pity him, he seems so very unhappy;

Our troubles we have brought on ourselves—he is not really to blame for any thing. I was acting in the light of all I knew, but I can see my mistake plainly enough now, and fear from what he has said, that you know more than you have ever told me. I told him I did believe you had confided your feeling to me, and that you had gone away in the first place because you thought it best for Grace and best for him.

I wish you could have seen him when I said it, Theresa! He flushed deeply. “Child’s play,” he said, bitterly. “Will Theresa ever cease this folly? A heart is but a bubble before her breath. She has done a great, cruel wrong, a deep, lasting injustice, to at least one that she loves, if not more than one; and yet—will she receive a letter from me?” “I can not tell you,” I replied. “I can not give you her address, but if you will trust me with one I will send it to her—it can do no harm. Yes, yes, it might,” I cried, upon a second thought. “It were best not. It might give Grace pain.” I looked at him keenly when I said it. He leaned his head low down upon the table and I believe he wept—yes, wept! Oh, Theresa, how it pains to see a man so deeply moved and hurt! When he grew calm enough for words he said, “I dared not say *that*. I dared not think it. I am bewildered, and have been for months past. I have striven to serve my Master with a serene mind, and might quell the yearnings of my heart did I not fear to do still another wrong.

“As a father loves a fair child, as a brother a fond sister, I would have made any sacrifice to have made the purest being I ever knew happy, but I could not,

dared not, act or speak a lie, and have been willfully forced to be indelicate and unkind, or to do violence to every sentiment of my heart.

“There was no choice. I would never have sought Theresa again. I would have crushed my love for her though my heart had in the same hour been crushed. But I believe all this is a bit of unselfish romance on her part; and, with all its wrongs and folly, I believe that she loves me, and I love her more passionately than ever for this evidence of self-denial, and can not, will not, disappoint her love, for I know her better than she knows herself. I must speak to her this once again, for the last time, leaving with her the responsibility as to what shall be. Can I be here an hour alone?”

I gave him my writing-desk, and scarcely know what to think. I do wish you were here! Our plan was grand—a beautiful scheme to make people miserable! Oh, if we had only learned our lesson a little sooner!

He gave me his letter—a noble letter, such as he only could write—and went out, leaving me to read it. When he came back again I said, “I can not send this. I will keep it till she comes home.” “Then let me have my letter. It may be a long, long time. You may tell her what I have said. I can not wait. I must hear from her now. I can bear any thing better than this weary uncertainty. Can you not copy my letter and send it? I must hear from her. Justice to her, no less than myself, makes it imperative.” I said, “Yes, that I can do.” Then he took my hand and said, “Tell her—impress upon her if you

can—how solemnly earnest is every word, and how solemnly I shall take her answer.” He has gone, and this I send to you. All this seems unnatural in you. Are you indeed insincere, and heartless, and frivolous? I can not believe it, nor can he. How faithful and upright and patient he has been. My woman’s heart is won. For your own sake, and in the fear of God, do not trifle. If you have ever done so, do it no more. Your motives may excuse you to yourself, but do not alter the effect your actions have upon others. Answer at once, and let your reply be yea or nay, once for all.

I send a letter for Grace by the same mail, that she may feel no curiosity to read this.

Yours, with doubts for the first time,

JANET.

LXV.

REV. EDWARD LACY TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, Nov. 26th, 18—.

MY DEAR THERESA :

You will doubtless be surprised to receive a letter from me from Blueberry. I am at your sister’s desk. I came here to see you and Grace, of whose serious illness I had just heard. I find you are both in Provence—she much better, with encouraging hopes of entire recovery.

I can not express to you how grateful I feel at this cheering intelligence. I do trust and pray she may yet

be strong and well; a consummation I had scarcely dared to hope for.

In her the Divine seemed to me always to beam through the human, mortality to be swallowed up of life—corruption to *have* put on incorruption, and the angel to supersede the human. As she grew to maturity I have almost fancied I would see her wings expand, bearing her away to the Heavenly Home, as to her native habitat.

And now, my dear Theresa, I must have a frank talk with you. I have long been troubled and perplexed, as you must know, at the course you have seen fit to pursue toward me. To say that I am tired of it, would but faintly express my state of mind. I left my home and beloved parishioners, *as you know*, if no one else does, solely because your strange hallucination of romantic self-sacrifice placed me in a position from which it was impossible to extricate myself in any other way, without wounding the feelings of one very dear to me, but who could not take the place in my heart which long had been yours alone.

From this very circumstance—which, to others who know you less thoroughly than I do, might appear to indicate indifference to me, and from many other acts which have seemed to me constantly to prove your words, if not insincere, certainly not frank—I am constrained to feel that you are not irresponsible to my affection.

To me you are dearer than life. I have for more than three years loved you with a devotion that words

can not express, nor time diminish, nor circumstances change. You know this by word and deed. I have declared it, and you have never yet *once* frankly responded to my suit. Neither have you at any time so repelled it as to make me feel it to be hopeless. On the contrary, I have believed, and now believe, that your heart is mine. You can not evade me now. I am determined to speak the whole truth, and leave to you the responsibility of deciding whether you will yield to the honest dictates of your own heart, if not to the pleadings of mine; and I earnestly beseech you not to do violence to your own pure and noble nature, or to jeopardize your own happiness, however I may suffer by your final decision.

I know you always seem to have had a large measure of what the world calls pride and ambition—doubtless the outgrowth of the rare attractions and faculties with which God has blessed you, and is incident to the exuberance and hope of youth—but you will realize some time, as I have long since, that all that has nothing to do with the source of real lasting happiness in life. The test may come when you least expect it; when, freed from exaggerated and vain imaginings, your own independence of mind and good sense will emancipate your true woman's heart from all such trammels.

I shall never intrude upon you again if you frankly tell me that you do not wish me to. I will serve my Master in the future, as I have in the past, in ministering to His people and to all He died to save,

better and more faithfully for having known and loved Theresa Lamark !

Do not, therefore, allow any thought of possible suffering for me to influence your decision. You will still ever be to me a joy and an inspiration—my own heart's true and exalted love. Nothing that can transpire in the future can rob me of the past; that at least is secure. Its hallowed associations make even its sufferings dear to me. You will not think that I accuse you of insincerity? No, you have been from the first seeking to *avoid* being insincere. You have sought to withhold every expression of affection, lest in the future you might disappoint the love that trusted you implicitly.

Your self-testing has already gone too far. If you do not know me and yourself well enough now to come to a decision, you never will, and I *demand* it *now*? It is my right; and whatever it may be I will accept it, still with undiminished love, as final and irrevocable.

Yours, with ever-living and growing devotion,

EDWARD LACY.

LXVI.

JEANNETTE TO GRACE.

BLUEBERRY, Nov. 27th.

I send you an especial note, my darling Grace, with one to Theresa, by the same mail, so that each of you may be content with your own share of home-news. I would caution you, particularly, in regard

to your wardrobe in going upon the excursion, of which you wrote. Take plenty of warm clothing, even if the weather be very mild when you start. Your clothing you must constantly change to suit the weather. If you are too warmly clad, the pores of the skin will be relaxed, and be extremely sensitive to the least cold. You will have to exercise extreme caution. Your own feelings will be the best guide. If you are not very careful and watchful, with the hot winds from the African coast, and the cold winds that come down from the frozen Alps, there must be very dangerous changes.

We are all well, but are sorry that the leaves are beginning to fall. Vegetation has not changed much—some few flowers are left—but when the first leaves fall we know it will not be long before they fall faster and faster, thicker and thicker, till the trees are all bare. I am glad you are among the buds and blooming flowers; in the spring-time you must follow them back again to us. Will it not be a happy time?

Many friends inquire after you, and would write if they thought you cared to have any other than home correspondence. Let it be as you wish, I will deliver any messages you send. Aunt wants to send you further words of caution, but I think I have said enough. Madeline says, "Tell Gracie it was bad enough when Mamatesa was away, but this is ever so much worse. The house is as still as an empty church." God bless you, darling.

Ever, devotedly, your Sister,

JANET.

LXVII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

LA BELLE MONTE, *Dec. 2d*, 18—

DEAR JANET :

We are about starting upon our excursion. The weather is fine. Grace seems quite happy, and we all anticipate much pleasure. A number of friends will accompany us. We will travel by private conveyance, for the most part, and take as much time as will be agreeable. We will go first up the Durance to Sisteron, if all things are propitious; thence to Digna. If we get tired there before Uncle Jean does, we will go about the neighborhood, perhaps even as far as Riez, while he is making collections for his cabinet. We will go to Castellane and see the great salt springs there; to Grasse, and, possibly, to Nice. Grasse is said to be a beautiful place. Uncle Jean has relations there as well as on the borders of the lovely vale of Calame, near Brignolla. Thence we will go to Toulon, and along the sea to Marseilles, to Aix, a place of great interest, to Avignon, which we scarcely saw in our haste to get here, and, last of all, to the famous fountain of Vaucluse, and home again. Will it not be charming?

If the weather only continues fine until we get home, it may storm as it will about this bright, beautiful place where there is so much to learn and enjoy. Will it not be delightful? Grace and I are provided with journals and portfolios. We will both try to write daily—Grace for you, and my journal shall be

for Madeline. It will be written in French. So she must study hard, or she will never be able to read it. And I will make some famous sketches for her that she can look at until she is able to read what is written.

You will probably not hear from us until after our return—it will be at least a fortnight, and perhaps a month. Aunty has friends every-where, so we are in no hurry.

The Greeks, who first settled this region, have left traces of their civilization, but the ruins are comparatively rare and hard to identify, for the Romans, who succeeded them, wrought up every thing after their manner, and their works can be pointed out everywhere—and grand they often are. There is some interesting modern architecture. The old and the new commingling add interest to each other. I am full of enthusiasm, and expect great profit and pleasure from our tour. Greeks, Romans, ancient Gauls and modern French! And how many countless wayfarers have enjoyed the same prospects and breathed the same soft air, through two thousand years and more! We hope to hear from you before we start.

Ever, fondly,

THERESA.

LXVIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

LA BELLE MONTE, *Dec. 4th.*

DEAR JANET:

I am shocked at your temerity in sending this letter here! It is a marvel that it did not fall into Grace's

hands. It is safe now in ashes, given to the wind, and happily carried away, for aught I know, as far as Vaucuse, to mingle with classic dust. As to your doubts, I can soon dissolve them, but it shall be done when I can do it verbally. You may tell Mr. Lacy that he shall see me if he so wishes. I had said in half a year—for until Grace is well in the spring, I *do not want to see him*—but when four moons have waxed and waned, if all goes as we hope for, we may be well and happy at Blueberry, then he may come. I am glad you are his friend and have set me so good an example of forgiveness. Tell him, “the fourth of April” he may come—he will understand.

We are all ready to start to-morrow. Do not be anxious, we will watch over Grace every moment. I sent a letter yesterday. Grace seems brighter than usual. Thanks for your letter, she will write before we go, or at our first stopping place.

When we return from our long travel we will send our journals, to make amends for our long silence. We will get no letter from you until we return. If it is very important that we should hear, send a letter and order to be forwarded. Dr. Berenger will leave word about it.

Hoping I am not the wretch you think me,

Yours, ever,

THERESA.

LXXI.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

SISTERON, *December 7, 18—*.

I can not think that it is winter at home, it is so lovely here. I write you a letter, dear, good Sister, while they have all gone for another walk, because I did not write before starting. I have enjoyed the morning greatly.

The river Buech enters the Durance here, hemmed in on both sides by great natural rocks; the united rivers run foaming beneath a lofty arcade, on which stands the fortress of La Baume. It must be very grand when the river is at flood height; at this season it is quite low, yet it is very grand and picturesque, even now. There are Roman inscriptions here; the cathedral is worth visiting, and there are other things of interest. Albertes, one of the Provencal poets, was born here. He, too, loved a Laura—the beautiful Marchioness of Malespine. He is considered more unfortunate than Petrarch, for he died of love. Those only who never loved, must have reflected thus—was not Petrarch most unfortunate in *not* being able to die? If he could have died and gone, as Dante did in his glorious vision, through the celestial paradise with his Beatrice—would it not have been joy to him? And even if poor Petarch must have gone and left his Laura in this world, how soon his free spirit would have found some thing worthier there to love. Ah! his life-long hopeless devotion is most to be commiserated!

You must not think me sad, dearest Janet; I am happy enough, and could not be otherwise to-day, for I had such a beautiful dream last night. Do you remember my telling you I should love to die when the flowers were blooming, when the air was full of perfume and melody, and all the fields and woods green and bright in the sunlight? Now, I have another wish; last night I retired very early, the murmur of the water was music to my ear, I had watched the sunset, I had turned to look upon the snow-capped mountains; my heart was full of their beauty and purity; the air was soft and sweet, and as I lay awake, the moonlight fell first on the white curtains and then on the couch; I raised my hand and felt almost as though I touched the light. It seemed to grow brighter—I looked up and mother's beautiful face was smiling over me. She looked as I remember her from my childhood, but so fresh and shining (once I saw her thus—last summer when I lay ill)—her robe was long and white and lustrous. She took my hand—"Come, darling, I have waited so long, now you may come." I felt my mother's hand clasped tenderly, and as I turned I saw my father; had it not been for his dear eyes I would not have known him, for I remembered him pale and wan and suffering. Oh, what a glorious change—this was perfected beauty and vigor—golden wings, like those the Greeks gave Mercury, were upon his feet; a golden halo shone about him, its radiance mingled with the cloud-like folds of my mother's robe. I heard the murmur of the water, I saw the moonlight, bright as sunshine now, I felt delicious motion—onward, onward, onward, and

then we slowly seemed descending, and alighted on the snow in our own church-yard! I would have turned toward the graves but they led me into the chapel; it was filled with the dear home friends, and green and fragrant with Christmas cedar and holly. "Why are they all so sad and weeping? Ah! some one is dead," I murmured. "Look on the dead," my father said, and Janet, dear, dear Sister, it was *me*! it was your own, poor Grace—it was this poor feeble body I live in now, and Auntie and Aunt Rachel and you and Madeline, Tesa and——Mr. Lacy, with many more, a little separate, stood weeping sadly.

A stranger at the desk, who spake sweet words of truth, of peace, of hope. And then there was no sound but sobs. I thought you must have seen me, and I was moved to words. "Why must this be?" I cried. "Behold me, here am I!" You could not hear or see. "Why do you stand weeping over that which is no longer her you love?" I put my white arms close around your neck, my sister. I stood before Theresa, with a cry of joy. I put my hand on Madeline's head, and blessed her, but you could not hear, nor see, nor feel. Then I, too, wept, and turned to where my parents were. "Speak! They will listen to you! Father! Mother! Touch their eyes that they may see! Do not let them grieve. Why need it be!" "If they had faith, the Master's words would be enough. They would not sorrow thus. They will not hear His voice, nor mine, nor thine. The world is growing wiser—spirit life is drawing nearer earth. It will, ere long, make itself seen, and heard, and felt," my father said. The sweet, familiar voices rose in

dear, familiar words. I would fain have lingered, but they bade me, "Come, come, Heaven awaits thee! Why delay?" Upward and onward. Upward and onward, through the peopled space. More beautiful scenes, more beautiful music, more glorious brightness, in the glow of rapture, the buoyancy of perfect health and strength.

Oh, Janet, if you could but know what a Heaven it was! There was a sudden darkness. I started, dismayed and appalled. Tesa said, "What is it, darling? I have just put out the light to come to you. You have had a sweet dream. I saw the smiles—would I had shared the brightness!" "I was in Heaven, dear Tesa. I wish you had been there. Oh, it was wonderful! Can it be it was but a dream? I would gladly sleep and dream this dream forever and forever." She kissed me tenderly, and we slept, but I did not reach my Heaven again.

Oh, my sister, will it not be sweet when it shall be *reality* to me. Listen to me, dear. Then I can not make you hear. You must not weep nor wear that mourning garb. I will not have it so. *It is wrong.* You could spare me to live here for years, if you knew I would be strong, and well and happy—and now in Heaven I shall be perfectly well, perfectly happy, and perfectly blessed beyond your conception. I shall be with those I love, with those who love me—my father and my mother. We will come to you. We will watch over you, though you can not see us—for hath He not said, "He will make his angels ministering spirits"—and you will soon come to us.

Why will Christian men and women, who know there is no way to Heaven but death, why will they grieve?

Your sorrow was the only sorrow of my angel vision. I shall be there, my darlings, and if you weep I shall weep, too—that you will thus weakly dishonor the Master by want of faith in His Heaven. Now I hope it will be in the time of snow—when the beautiful, pure snow is every-where. The tender sounds and sighs of summer might tempt me to linger.

I did not think to write so much—they are coming. Tesa seems troubled since we left Belle Monte. I believe Blueberry is dearer to her than ever before. Love to Aunt and Madeline.

Dear sister, forever your

GRACE.

LXX.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NICE, *December 24th*, 18—.

DEAR, DEAR JANET :

Are all our bright hopes of earthly happiness at an end? Thank God our Heaven lies beyond! Dear, darling, precious Grace is almost There! I can not weep. Some times I think I can not realize it! We had had such a beautiful journey. She seemed so well and happy. It was the last week of our absence. A few days more, and we would have been safely lodged in the Chateau. There came a sudden change—a cool, north wind, with rain—the wind

shifted to the east. It grew colder. Then came a little gust of snow, and she took cold. Her cough became suddenly distressing. I shudder to think of it—how long we have feared it! Wasting her precious life away with every drop! It did not last long. She seems better, but, dear Janet, I fear there is not much hope! Will you come to us, or shall we take her to you?

Dr. Berenger begs me not to be so anxious, assuring me that her case is not by any means hopeless: but I do feel painfully anxious, strengthened only by the bright hope of everlasting joy that lies before her; but for this life, hope seems to have died within me. Darling Grace is so strangely—not strangely either—it is not strange that He fulfills His precious promises—so wonderfully supported! I never saw her happier in her happiest days—she comforts us all. The sad longing has given place to the heavenly radiance of immortality. “Oh, Tesa, darling, is it not kindly done? So painless. I thought I was falling asleep—not to dream of my Heaven, but to awaken there, forever and forever. I thought it was surely God’s time, but He knows best!” Murmuring, “Sister will be glad to see me,” she fell asleep. May He who knows our need have mercy upon us and help us. We will do our best until we hear from you. I will write again to-morrow.

Fondly, and anxiously,

THERESA.

LXXI.

MADAME BERENGER TO JEANNETTE.

NICE, *December 28th.*

Theresa is lying down, my dear Niece. I persuaded her to do so with difficulty, promising not to leave dear Grace for a moment, and to write you as to her condition. She is certainly better—has taken nourishment, and were she less angelic, I do not think we should feel seriously alarmed. Dr. Berenger and Dr. Campbell, with whom he has consulted, both say that they have seen far worse cases restored to comfortable and even robust health.

Grace is pure and lovely as an angel. There must be a Heaven for such as she, I can not doubt it. The Great Ruler of the universe could not disregard, much less deceive such beautiful faith and hope. Dr. Berenger said to her this morning, “Dear Grace, I am glad to see you so bright and free from pain, and to tell you you are quite out of danger.” “Uncle Jean, do not say that; do you mean out of danger of going to Heaven? Oh, that will be joy,” she whispered. “I never felt before as I do now, how good God is. I can not tell you how grateful I am, and how sweet it will be to go to Him. When I am awake I think of Heaven and of all that awaits me there. When I sleep, I see it all even more clearly in dreams; sometimes my Savior comes. ‘Jesus, the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my breast.’ Sometimes my father, sometimes my mother. This morning, before dawn, the chamber was bright; a beautiful youth

and maiden stood there where you stand now. I thought they looked like you and Auntie, and I said, 'I am so glad, I had not hoped for this so soon.' Then the maiden shook her head and said, 'We were but babes on earth. Tell them about the Christ; tell them what we are now, and bid them come—our mother—our father.'” Uncle Jean found words to say, “The Kingdom of Heaven has surely come near to us, sweet Grace,” and kissing her with emotion, hurried from the room. I followed him in tears. He clasped me in his arms; and, deeply touched, we shed the tenderest tears our eyes have wept since we buried—Jean and I—two babes, a boy and a girl, in the first years of our marriage; had they lived, they might have been as old as Grace is now. Was it not strange? Do you think she could have *seen* them—*our children*? Did you ever hear of them? We have never spoken of them—Jean nor I. You can not imagine what strange emotions this little circumstance has awakened in our childless hearts—that those darlings may yet live! Janet, I know it is wicked, but we have never loved or believed much in God since we lost them! If God has indeed taken our treasures there, I pray that our hearts may learn how to get there too, and I can but feel the light and warmth of something in my soul that has been dark and cold those many, many years, until I found you all. Oh, could I but believe they live, and I might go to them, then I too, might yearn for Heaven, and have faith in God and His religion for the good of man. How much good these good girls have done me! Are you coming to us? Do not let Theresa’s anxiety make

you over-anxious. You shall know immediately if there is any change for the worse, by telegraph.

This was to have been a glorious gala day at the Chateau, the time fixed for our return, and we are greatly disappointed. We had better wait now to hear from you.

Grace says, "Kiss them all for me."

Affectionately, your Aunt,

THERESA.

LXXII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NICE, *December 29th.*

DEAREST JANET:

There is no change. Grace seems very weak, but takes a little nourishment every few hours, and we hope that she will be stronger in a few days. Dr. Berenger is extremely kind and efficient, and has delayed any close examination of the condition of her lungs until she is somewhat stronger. A celebrated German physician will be here very soon, and there will only be the fatigue of a single examination. I feel much encouraged by the accounts of many similar cases here, that have been completely restored. These weak fears make us so anxious, and yet I sometimes wonder at my own fortitude; surely "As thy days are, so shall thy strength be." I have been wonderfully strengthened, mind and body—able cheerfully to fulfil every duty for her, our precious one—dearer than ever to my heart; and God forbid that I should dishonor Him who has thus blessed me. I have prayed

that we might be lights to show the beauty of His love, and darling Grace has been so patient—so full of hope and faith and fervor. Whoever speaks to her, there is the same unfaltering trust, “I am not afraid.” “Who would not long for yon beautiful Heaven?” “Whether we live or die, we are His.” If in moments of great anxiety, I can not restrain the too-ready tears, I run away to the darkest covert, that Christ may not be dishonored by them. I have tried to honor Him, to let them see that His love can raise us above even the keenest sorrows of life.

Darling, precious one, I can not bear the thought of parting with her, and yet it is Heaven that awaits her. Earth, with its many cares and sorrows, is not a fitting home for one so lovely and so pure. Such, God takes to Himself in the bright, fragrant, joyous realms of Paradise. Dearest Janet, we will not grieve if it should be God’s will to free her angelic spirit from the beautiful, precious form which binds it to earth, and has kept it present with us. We are not worthy, Janet, not worthy to care for her. Father and mother are there—God’s ministering angels! With what joy they will welcome her to their celestial home, and we will all go, by and by, to fill up that glorious home circle, free from all the weakness and pangs of this oft, so weary world. It will be sweet to think of her *there* always, especially when the cares and pains of life press sorely upon us. I can not be selfish in this. Wicked as I am, I dare not ask that she may live, for God only knows what may lie beyond. And yet if she does—if He does—*does* restore her, we will know that it is His will—that it is best, and our joy will be

unspeakably sweet and precious when we feel that we have been willing to suffer for Him had He so decreed.

Oh, Janet! how I long for you at times. These thoughts would be so strange to all here. To you, alone, and to Him who is ever present with us all, can I open these deep recesses of my soul. There are so many things that are worse than death—why do we, poor weak mortals, dread it? We must not, we will not, when these thrice-precious hopes are the gift of God's love, through Him who came to show it all to us. Let us be more and more thankful—more and more cheerful, that the world may feel what a joyous thing it is to believe in Jesus!

Good night, Sister mine. “The peace that passeth all understanding,” His peace, is ours. Would that our own weakness might never mar His perfect work for us.

Fondly, in every bond of love, your

THERESA.

LXXIII.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *Dec. 29th*, 18—.

I have this moment read your note, telling me that my beloved child is ill. Dear, dearest Theresa, what shall I do? My last letter from her made me a little anxious, but, knowing how prone she is to these strange dreams, I never thought of present danger. I will come to her, if she wishes it—and yet I think she would be happier at home. It shall be just as she

says. Yet, at this season, it would be dreadful to bring her here, unless there is absolutely no hope! Dear, precious child, how I long to be with you! Shall I come, sweet one, or will you go to the warmer South, and get strong and well for our sakes? Take Dr. Berenger's counsel. We love you so, darling, how can we spare you! And yet, God's will be done. What could compensate us for the precious thought, "That He is with each one of us, and orders each event in life, and calls us to Him when He knows it is best."

Little Madeline is weeping bitterly, with her head upon my lap. Aunt, and many others, long to see you, and are filled with sorrow. Let me know, at once, what you decide upon, dearest Theresa? I am ready to start at any moment. How anxious we are! We will strive, darling, to honor our Master. Give our darling a tender embrace for me. And for yourself, my dear Theresa, think every hour how deeply I sympathize with your intense anxiety. Express my love and gratitude to Aunty and Uncle. Ever longing to be with you, to share your every hope and fear, yours,
JANET.

LXXIV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NICE, *Dec. 30th.*

DEAREST JANET:

Grace seems very, very weak, but our physicians, with one from Berlin, have just given us the result of their consultations. They think, if she continues to

improve as she has for a day or two past, we may go in a fortnight to Naples. And that she will probably be better in a month or two than she has been for years! Fall on your knees and give thanks with me! They think there is no pulmonary disease, but since her last summer's illness her lungs have never been free from slight congestion—the circulation, in the minute ramifications of the lungs, being at times imperfect, especially so on taking a little cold. They do not seem to mind a slight hemorrhage, which we have stood in such terror of.

Dearest Janet, how can we thank God enough for His merciful goodness? Would that we could feel the same tender devotion and submission when His will seems against us. Let us pray for it fervently for Jesus' sake, and He will hear us.

Ever, fondly yours,

THERESA.

LXXV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NICE, *Jan. 2d.*

DEAREST JANET:

You have seen from our post-mark that we are at Nice! It was the nearest place, and we are most comfortable here. The very place for dear Grace. The air is soft and pure, the roses in full bloom, bright, fresh flowers and fruits burden the air with perfume. It is like our sweetest summer days. Would that you were with us. Here the sky is cloudless and serene—and you are amid the fogs and

dampness of England's winter. In spite of all this beauty and brightness our hearts have been sadly clouded. The sorrows of human life are the same every-where, as are its joys.

I have seen the Mediterranean sea ! I can scarcely look upon it calmly and enjoy its natural loveliness, for the memorable associations that crowd upon the mind at the thought of it. What a wealth of history ! The great nations that have dwelt upon its shores—their glory in floating upon its bosom—what had they been without it ? No wonder that Rome, having the power, coveted every land that lay upon its shores, or that those who dwelt upon them should have fought for their homes to utter extermination—perishing as Carthage perished.

It is strange that man thus mars, by his avarice, ambition and cruelty, the most beautiful regions of the earth, and that God permits them to live on, in His infinite patience. And yet we should not judge, for who lives or dares to breathe, save through that same mercy and patience. How wisely it was said, Let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

I should have greeted this magnificent prospect with a loud clamor of delight—every one of us well and happy—had I had my way, but my eyes were dim with tears, my brain weary with watching, and my heart full of anxious sorrow for our precious one, whose dear head lay so still and languid upon it. Her pallid face was dearer and more beautiful to me than all the world beside. I did not know how quickly she might go to yon Better Land, and I could

not bear to lose a moment's looking at her, touching her, holding her little soft hand in mine, keeping her very near my heart.

Now that she seems so much better, and can recline near the open window, enjoying every thing with me, all is doubly beautiful—the ever-changing waters, the ships as they come and go, the clear, bright azure and exquisite clouds of the sky, the fresh, verdant landscape. The novel city, and the people, interest us, too—swarming on the promenade below us, and on the wide quays down to the sea.

Dearest Janet, how I wish that you and Madeline were here, or that we had some electric photographic art that could transfer to your brains the novel images that are crowding ours every hour. We wish that you might see this or that. Indeed every thing we see we want you to see, too.

Aunt Theresa says, “Come, Theresa, that letter is long enough. Tell Janet, with much love, that we don't want to be selfish, but we can not spare you any longer now.”

Yours, ever fondly,

THERESA.

LXXVI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NICE, *January 4, 18—.*

DEAREST JANET:

Grace continues to improve; Dr. Berenger says she is doing admirably.

There are a great many invalids here, and nearly all are benefited. Uncle and Auntie are so good—they have been devoted to us—doing every thing possible, so kindly. Next week, if Grace continues to improve as she has done, they will go home for a few days, to shut up the Chateau, that they may go to Naples with us.

Do not fear that I shall be alone. Dr. Campbell and his wife are in the apartments next to us. Everybody is kind and attentive, sending Grace flowers and fruits and delicacies of every kind. Mr. Windemer is here—you remember—I call him “Grace’s artist.” He lacks the polish of a Frenchman and the dignity of an English gentleman, and yet you can but feel that his truthfulness of character compensates for the first, and his warmth of heart more than makes up for the latter. He is agreeable and intellectual, and seems to feel such a tender solicitude for our darling, that I love him—do n’t be shocked—and I am glad when he shakes hands so cordially, and inquires for her every day—though Aunty will criticise his want of elegance and refinement. Dismiss from your mind all anxious fears about Grace, dearest Janet. Cheer up and be of good heart. Thank God for having blessed us. Pray that Grace may be stronger each day, and that I may be more humble in every thing.

Remember now, that no news is good news.

Love to Aunt Rachel. Yours, with dearest love and a kiss for Madeline,

THERESA.

LXXVII.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

January 6, 18—.

I am still feeling very anxious, my dear Theresa, though greatly relieved to know that there is no immediate danger. There is too much happiness in the thought that the dear child may one day be well and strong. I can not trust myself to let my heart dwell upon it—disappointment is always so keenly painful after bright hope. Still, I am grateful, of course—so grateful for this respite. “Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.” Let us hope—but, oh, so humbly. You feel just right about it, Theresa, dear, but you know how much slower I am in every thing and every way. If I enjoy less intensely, I suffer less, perhaps. Seeing your intensity, excitability and enthusiasm, has quieted me down. Your anguish hurts me more than my own—it is utterly hopeless and overwhelming when it comes upon you. Somehow we are educated by contrast, quite as often as by example. When you are annoyed at my *placidity* or indecision, you become more enthusiastic and quick-witted, and when I see the effects of your impatience of restraint, headlong enthusiasm and eager expectation, I think it is just as well that I am less hopeful, less fearful, and altogether prosy. What would have become of us without your fervor—and but for my coolness that had consumed us. It was the contrast often so happily found in married people—one balancing the other—that has enabled us to help each other; and

now our faith—such a blessing, whenever it is practically acted upon—has tempered us in all things; giving me energy—you, patience—dear Grace, courage *to do His will*. It will build up the weakest character and improve the most noble and exalted. Oh! that all the world would but try this way—God's way—to help it.

Take Grace in your arms and embrace her thrice for me, darling little girl. I wish I were there to help you take care of her. Every body sends love.

Your sincerely affectionate Sister,

JEANNETTE.

LXXVIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

January 13, 18—.

DEAREST JANET:

Uncle Jean and Auntie have gone. Grace and I are quite happy to be so dependent on each other. Every morning Mrs. Campbell sits with us, and her little children run in and out, brightening us up wonderfully. These little folks make me think of my little Madeline. Say, little one, are you good, and happy, and do you love your Mamatesa as much as ever—when she is so long and so far away? Naughty little girl, where is my letter? Do you thank God, night and morning, that your dear sister is so much better? If it be His will, I shall bring her home when the bright, warm spring days come again—strong and well—and then what walks and rambles and happy times we will have. But before that, we are

going to wonderful Italy. Study your geography now, and from time to time, I will write and tell you of some of the things I see, and you can find the places on your map. Janet must show you the way from Paris here. This is Nice—this is an easy word—you can find it yourself, where France is bounded by the Mediterranean; in the corner, there, close to Italy. Garibaldi, the famous patriot of that country, was born here. Can you remember that? Now, kiss me, little one, be obedient and cheerful, a real comfort to Mamajay and Aunt. One dear little girl here—Lulie Campbell—is a comfort to us all. I call her “Little Love Blessing all,” she comes in so softly with a flower or some other little gift, saying, “I thought you would like it, dear Miss Grace. Can I do any thing for you?” “Only a kiss, sweet heart,” Grace sometimes says, or if one bids her do any thing, she obeys so promptly and cheerfully that one can see she is not thinking of herself at all, but only how she can give pleasure—and no wonder, every one loves her so. Even strangers sometimes say, when they have been here a little while, “What makes little Lulie so lovely?” Ah, my little Madeline, it is all because she is so loving, and such kind words always fall from her lips—more precious, every one of them, than costly pearls—she is so unselfish. Those who are striving to make others happy are the happiest always, and they please God. Think of that, little one—a little child may please God—by loving Him so much, and those about them so much—that it would rather please them than please itself.

Dear Janet, I did not mean to send Madeline such

a letter, but let it go. I hope you do not find her any thing but a comfort. Her impulses are all generous, but she is so heedless, so different from Grace. Let me take up the thread of my converse with you. In the afternoon, after we have had our rest, a few friends are admitted to our sal^on. I think it does Grace good. She is always bright and animated, and it does not seem to weary her, for she listens rather than talks, and you know I am a better talker than listener. Do n't scold—I am improving a little, but there is ample room for improvement yet. Now, however, I talk for Grace and myself too; but when she can do her own share, I will give her a fair chance. Mr. Windemer comes in very often and is always welcome; he is teaching us some things about “art,” that will help us to enjoy all that we shall see in Italy so much more than we should otherwise have been able to. He has told us some grand stories of the new world. What a young giant that nation is! It will surely outstrip all the world beside, if it does not destroy itself by its precipitate development. He has been to California! You have heard of its Yosemite, its big trees, its gold, its wonderful growth! I feel as though it was under a magnifying glass to the rest of the world, every thing there goes on such a grand scale! Such an ocean, such mountains, such people! What ignorant country-bred mortals we are—knowing so little, with all our studying of this world on which we live; and what is this, compared with our planetary system, and what is that compared to the innumerable and vaster systems our great God has made! Oh, Janet, how humble we should be! I love to talk

with men who set me thinking. Ah, there he goes, he has been talking to Grace—pointing out the different crafts, and the various nationalities of the vessels in the harbor.

Grace sends much love, and says, “If they did not spoil me so, Sister dearest, I could write to you myself. I am so much better; they say that I shall be well, by and by. I am grateful, now that it seems to be God’s will. This is a bright, beautiful world—every body is so kind—it is very sweet to live.”

Farewell, dear Janet. Yours,
THERESA.

LXXIX.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *Jan. 12th.*

Your letters have done me a world of good, dear, dearest Theresa. I do begin to have a great hope that Grace, the dear, darling, blessed child, may one day be well. I tell myself this, over and over again, trying to realize all that you and Aunty have written, and, sometimes, am even foolish enough to try to imagine some beautiful life that she may live upon this earth, quite free from all its ills. You know how we pictured such a one, not very long ago, and yet, now it seems like years. Does it seem so long to you? What a scheme that was! Your imaginations have been profuse enough for both of us, and we never could see her toiling and moiling in this poor world, but just taking wings, in the midst of her youth and beauty and happiness, and flying away in the sun-

light—we watching the glittering of the waving wings, until she was lost amid the glory of the radiant clouds. The suffering of last summer made us feel that the path God has appointed for man's entrance into that celestial paradise is dark, and drear, and agonizing, for the most part. So we must not want our way, but just *trust*. *He* will make it all clear, and as it is best it should be.

And now I must enter the confessional—your prosy Jane. I would have told you before, but have been too much absorbed by Grace's illness—and, the truth is, I am almost ashamed of the readiness with which my heart turns to its long-denied indulgence. Ah, there is the bell! I will tell you about it another time. I am going out to drive, and may as well mail this note.

Kiss Grace for me, and give my warmest love to Aunt Theresa and Uncle Jean. We are all well. Madeline threatens to write you, to kill time, if I go riding without her—as I shall.

Ever, affectionately yours,

JANET.

LXXX.

THERESA TO VIOLET.

NICE, *Jan.* 12, 18—.

MY DEAR VIOLET :

Your last letter has been lying at the Chateau de la Belle Monte, for more than a month. We left there, for an excursion through Provence, soon after you wrote, and were about returning, after a most

delightful and instructive trip, when Grace was taken alarmingly ill. We brought her here—this being the nearest available place—and she is now rapidly recovering.

Uncle and Aunt left us a few days ago to return to the Chateau, to make arrangements to accompany us to Naples, whither we shall go in a few days. They came back yesterday, bringing your letter with them.

I can give you no intelligence of Edwin, excepting that I have heard he is less devoted to pleasure-seeking than formerly, and is studying, with a fair prospect of success. I am glad that you express yourself freely to me. I am always happy to hear from you. Do let me be a help to you whenever you feel that I can. How happy you must be at your brother's bright prospects! God grant they may be fully realized. Do not fail to bring him to Blueberry. When we are there again we shall expect you at the earliest possible moment.

My little Violet is looking forward to a visit to London! I do not wonder Mrs. Genau is a little anxious about it; but one must be exposed to temptations some time, and probably Mr. Pinkerton is right. Pray do not be carried away or spoiled by any thing. It is not long since I yearned immoderately for London. I do not know that I feel quite satisfied yet to give up the hope of going there, although this travel has gone pretty far toward curing me. Have as happy a time as you can, and be true to your best instincts. Your friends will doubtless take good care of you. Write to me to Naples, care of

Dr. Berenger, all about your doings. I shall be much entertained. Remember me to Mr. P., and Mrs Genau, and believe me,

Ever, your sincere friend,

THERESA LAMARK.

LXXXI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

January 12, 18—.

DEAREST JANET:

Aunty and Uncle have returned and are delighted to find Grace so much improved. "Ha, ha!" he says, "This is right, we shall make you a stout woman, yet." "With God's blessing," Grace added. "I can but wonder what He means to do with me, if I do stay down here, I am such a waif—but I am not a bit afraid. Only to think of infinite love and wisdom and power directing *my* ways! You don't know what a comfort it is to a little, weak mortal like me." "Who would not take comfort in that, darling girl?" Aunty said, "Do not let us forget it."

"Now, Dr. Berenger, when shall we start. We are free to wander to the end of the earth. How glad I am to turn wayfarer again with these charming companions, after a good rest, and surfeit of the pleasures and cares of housewifery. Then it will be so delightful to come back again when one is tired of travel."

"I am thinking I shall be quite a care to you, good Aunty," said Grace. "You! Why, sweet child, you are the fairy who has brought this all about. We shall be indebted to you for all the pleasure we shall have."

We will not start for a few days. Grace is still kept very quiet. When we get to Naples it will be time enough to give strength by exercise, Uncle Jean says. I wish you could have taken the drives I have taken since they returned. Nothing can exceed the loveliness of the surroundings of this interesting city. I almost coveted one of the elegant places on the heights, back of the city. We ascended to the ancient chateau and had a magnificent view of the grand amphitheater—from the distant horizon of the summer sea, over the tranquil waters of the quays, the hotels facing south to the sea, the crowded houses of the city; then turning toward the north gazed upon the beautiful villas and gardens, and vineyards and groves upon the mountain's base, to the grand mountain heights beyond, lost in the clouds which had gathered from the bright expanse of the heavens, to crown their summits. From our window, we can look upon the "Promenade Anglaise," and a little beyond is the "Jardin des Plantes"—the quay protects these from the waves of the sea.

Here there is every afternoon a throng of people—all the fashion, gayety and beauty of Nice, as well as hundreds of strangers, who resort here in great numbers at this season. We might be presented to people from all corners of the earth, if we wished to be.

"When we come again Grace will be able to share it all, and then you shall see how much we will enjoy your kindness," I said to a new friend to-day. "If one could have the patience to wait," he said. Don't pity him, Janet—he will do very well—I dare say it is quite an old story with him.

Remember me to any friends who may inquire. I have been so absorbed that I have not had time to think of any body but Grace. Do our friends come to see you very often? By the way, I have not thanked you for your letter. Do you know you do not tell us any thing of home. You need not be so full of thought for us hereafter. I know we have felt much alike in all this. I hope it is all over now. Tell us of yourself—how you feel, what you think, and what you do—all about Madeline, Aunt, and as many friends as you choose.

Good night. Ever, fondly,
THERESA.

LXXXII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

Jan. 18th, 18—.

I am so impatient to know all about this romance that you have excited such a keen appetite for, dearest Janet, by your letter just received. What is this confession? Oh, Janet, why did you not tell then? Only think of these dreadfully uncertain mails! Now, I shall have to wait until we get to Naples!

Farewell to France! To-morrow we go to Marseilles to take the comfortable steamer for Naples. I will write as soon as we get there. Grace seems much better. There will be so little fatigue in the transition that it will be of great benefit to her. Oh, dear Janet, I am so glad we are going. Will it not be grand? Now that Grace is getting better, I anticipate a charming time. Would that you were with us.

Grace sends you and Aunt and Madeline her dearest love, in which I join her. Aunty and Uncle Jean beg that I will add theirs, too. I send with this a little note I have just received from Edwin Lisle. I will write to him when I have leisure. He is such a manly, good-hearted young fellow, that I take a lively interest in him; and if it were not for this absurd folly of love that has possessed him, I should encourage him to write to me often—as it is, I dare not, lest he should misunderstand me. I want to help him, and will do the best I can. I pity a man with such a mother!—and like him for his devotion to her!

Adieu, fondly,

THERESA.

LXXXIII.

EDWIN TO THERESA.

PARIS, *January 8, 18—.*

My COUSIN:

Will you allow me to express my sympathy? I have just heard of your sister's illness, and am truly sorry. Can I do any thing for you? Do you ever think of me—your willing slave? Nothing but the thought of you has kept me here, at studies so irksome, from pleasures so seductive. Of late I just begin to tolerate my work and to find that I am losing the longing for pleasures that once had such power over me. I get horribly blue sometimes. For God's sake do not let go of me. Some of the men here are splendid fellows. I mean they shall respect me, and am working for an honor. Will it please you if I get

it? With affectionate sympathy for Grace in her suffering, and for you in your anxiety,

With undying devotion,

EDWIN LISLE.

LXXXIV.

MADAME BERENGER TO JEANNETTE.

CIVITA VECCHIA, *January 22d.*

MY DEAR NIECE:

We are, as you see, at this old Etruscan sea-port. Theresa, who is just a beginner in sight-seeing, and not willing to pass by any thing, has been tempted by Mr. Windemer and Dr. Berenger, to row to the city to see the breakwater and mole, forming the port built by the Emperor Hadrian. We are lying at anchor not an hundred yards from the shore. The city looks very ancient. The common Italians are a very forlorn looking people. Crowds of French soldiers are in full view. If distance lends enchantment to the view, I am glad I am no nearer. I like the water best—the distant sails—those bearing up nearer to us—and the little boats plying along the shore—generally in the fishermen's service.

Grace seems very comfortable and happy; she has not suffered at all from sea-sickness, as she has, for the most part, quietly kept her berth. Theresa recovered after a few qualms. I have suffered most, as I always do, though the sea has been as quiet as a lake. Dear Grace is so sweet and gentle and appreciative. She has a good, teachable heart—a beautiful virtue in the young. When thus willing to receive instruction,

the character develops so naturally and admirably. She is reading Mrs. Jameson's "Early Painters," presented to her by Mr. Windemer. He is a valuable friend—has been quite a comfort to us. He has lived so long in this region that he has and will add greatly to the pleasures of the young ladies, besides teaching them a great deal—which, *entre nous*, he enjoys greatly. Theresa only too gladly consented to his accompanying us (to the great chagrin of many other friends). "It is an absolute impossibility for Dr. Berenger to do justice to three ladies, and this appalling quantity of luggage. I am going, whether or no. It only remains for you to say whether I shall be left to the solitary devices of my own imagination, or have the happiness of acting as assistant escort in this little journey." "There is no doubt but Uncle Jean will need you. You want to help him. Why not? Certainly, we shall be glad to have you. The addition of one to our party so helpful and considerate as Mr. Windemer, can certainly do Grace no harm—what says my little sister?" "I should like Mr. Windemer to go with us." "Ah, Miss Grace, you are clever—you must permit me to be of actual service, not a mere hanger-on—remember that. With Madame Berenger's consent, then, I shall be here to start out in the van, or bring up the rear of the cavalcade, Dr. Berenger acting major-general." I scarcely know how we should have done without him. He has just taken Grace in his strong arms and carried her tenderly wherever she wanted to move. Do not be shocked, Dr. Berenger insisted upon it, when Mr. W—— said, "Pray, let me carry her." He said:

“That will be the very thing,” and it is so kindly and delicately done that one would be a barbarian to take exception to it. Through the crowds of staring people, on he goes as independently as though was in the forests of the new world. Grace, in the fullness of her gratitude, never thinks how it looks, but if he is not quite tired; and Theresa, so anxious that Grace shall not excite herself or feel the least fatigue, that she does not care a marivedi for all the people in France, and actually ran away from the bevy of friends who were saying farewell, to keep pace with “le grand American,” who was bearing off her treasure. Theresa, in her unselfish devotion, was handsomer and more of a heroine than ever, and Jean and I enjoyed the admiration they excited, amazingly, as we quietly followed them down to our vessel. Some of Theresa’s admirers are desperate, I dare say, and will doubtless join us in Naples. Meanwhile they will be ready to devour our artist—who has so clearly gotten the start of them.

Theresa will write from Naples. How I have run on—a gossiping letter for a matron of my years, you will doubtless think.

You know the result of the consultation as to Grace’s condition; she is much improved—so bright and interested in every thing. I think her health is even now better than when she came to us. We hope for the happiest results of our journey. She may begin to ride out and exercise as soon as we are settled in Naples—then she will improve still more rapidly.

Believe me, my dear Niece, with much love, your affectionate Aunt,

THERESA.

LXXXV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *Jan. 23d.*

DEAREST JANET:

I am at Naples! Your Sister, Theresa Lamark, in Italy! I pinch myself, and look in the glass to assure myself that it is actually me, *myself*. I feel like singing: "I have a little dog at home, and he knows me."

My demure little sister laughs at my folly. My wise old sister would say, "Now, Theresa, do be rational—don't get beside yourself."

But, dear Janet, this is such a happiness, and darling, precious Grace so well, I would not be myself if I were less hilarious.

"Oh, Grace, to think that we are in Italy!" I cried out when we laid down to sleep. "Can you doubt it—there is Vesuvius!" The awful wonder of my childhood. Yes, there is Vesuvius! We gazed upon it from our open window—wonderfully grand—the red lava streaming and steaming down its sides—the intervening spaces lost in the darkness, and all the immensity of indistinctness in the outlines and in the clouds that hang about it. In its cloudiness by day, and its fiery brilliancy by night, one can but think of that Divine Presence that led the stiff-necked Hebrews through all their sinful and tedious pilgrimage.

I did not think that I should close my eyes the live-long night and shut out such a glorious spectacle; but

long after, Grace sleeping soundly, weariness overcame my enthusiasm, and closing the window I drew the curtain and slept, dreaming of such prosy things, that I was quite vexed with myself when I awakened. Our voyage down was delightful—so novel—the sea and skies so beautiful, and the shores teeming with historic associations all the way along.

The Bay of Naples is said to be the grandest in the world. It is impossible to give you any idea of the beauty of the view. Nature has been so lavish in her gifts that nothing man can do can ever mar it. Time was when the most exquisite creations of art were displayed in profusion every-where upon these shores. Ruins attest their grandeur, and add to the effect of nature's beauties, look where you will. How bright the sky, how clear and placid the waters, how soft and balmy the air! As our anchor started the concentric circles, the little row-boats cut through them, plying back and forth with their freight of passengers and baggage.

While the custom-house officers were examining our trunks, Uncle Jean watching and scolding, Mr. Windemer had safely landed Grace into the queerest old carriage, with Auntie and myself, and presently we found ourselves in this charming hotel, built near the edge of the bay, in full view of Vesuvius, and of the Island of Capri. It is nineteen miles away, I am told, yet I can scarcely believe it—a mile away, in our misty atmosphere, it would not be so distinct.

After a little rest, Uncle Jean says Grace will be strong enough to go every-where with us. He is not

afraid of her over-exciting herself, now that we are here; the air is so warm and pure, and so much time has elapsed. Of course we will be prudent and very careful for her.

To think that you have midwinter at home, fogs and drizzles and rains, and may be gusts of snow, and we are here in this sunny clime. It is hardly fair, dearest Janet—though I know you would be willing to live at the North Pole that darling Grace might be strong and well. I have faith that she will be.

Are you not thankful! Pray for us, and thank God for us, every hour! No letters yet. I am consumed with curiosity.

Love to Madeline and Aunt. We hope soon to hear from you. Grace sends an embrace, and Auntie her love.

Ever, dearest Janet, yours,

THERESA.

LXXXVI.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

January 27th.

DEAREST JANET:

We have been here three days already without a line from home—more than ever devoured by desire to hear from you. I will not write again until your letters come. You surely have written. Are these Italian mails to be so dilatory and uncertain? It may be Dr. Campbell has neglected to forward your letters from Nice, if you directed them there, which is altogether likely. I deserve it for not writing to you in

advance to send letters here before we started. If you wait for my letter of the 18th, it will be some time before your letters directed here will come. What is that confession? Janet, it was cruel to say just so much, and no more; but I will not complain—simply because it will not do a particle of good. When one is having such a glorious time, it is too bad to let one regret mar the pleasure. I do not think if we were to stay here a whole year, we would see half there is to see, to say nothing of the scores of delightful people we would like to know, and whose society we would enjoy more and more, the longer we stay.

It is wonderful to see the people come and go. A throng from the steamer hurries to our hotel, they rush through Naples, buy gloves, corals and cameos—rush up Vesuvius, out to Paestum, Baiae, Herculaneum and Pompeii—make a dash at the churches—and are gone! It does look desperate. A week in Naples is considered a good, long stay, and it may be something when one can have no more. Americans, who you know are a fast people, actually “do” Naples, Vesuvius and all, in two days! It takes my breath to think of it. However, it is hardly worth while for us, who come to stay a month or two, to put on airs. I scarcely think we shall see the half we want to. Aunt and Uncle are quite at home here, and Mr. Windemer has the most charming friends among the artists and art students. What a great charm there is among people of intellectual culture; those who read and reflect, who love nature, and the deep studies that true lovers of nature are sure to press on in. Every body here seems capable of enjoying the

wonderful creations of art. Music, painting and sculpture and architecture seem as familiar to the ear and the eye and the tongue here, as pleasant weather or the rain, or the health of people are to our acquaintances at home. I feel like playing Corinne, sometimes—carried away as I often am by the spirit of the place and scene. It seems perfectly natural to do something remarkable and romantic here.

If the memory of you did not restrain me, and of another sage friend too, to be honest, there is no telling what would become of me, when my soul is stirred within me. How our home-people would have been shocked at the fashionable audience at the opera last night! Every body seemed to take in every note and to be *en rapporte* with the performers. Seventy-five musicians in the orchestra played very finely, but the singing was very unequal; when fine, every one shouted and *en cored* again and again, sometimes following the music with their own voices, much to our annoyance, though it was delightful to observe the lively interest and appreciation of the audience. When the singing was bad they hissed and howled outright.

I have stayed too long with you, dear Janet. We ride in half an hour.

12

Fondly,

THERESA.

LXXXVII.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

LONDON, *Jan. 23d.*

MY PRECIOUS THERESA :

I am so glad you have asked me to write to you. Your dear letter lies open before me, just forwarded from Pinkerton Place. How dreadful that Grace has been so ill again—so far away from home, too! It must have been so hard for you both! Now she is better, I am thankful that the news of her illness and recovery both came at the same time. I am way off here, all by myself, in London. How gladly I fly to you. There is no body else I can write freely to. I am sure I shall need your counsel every hour. Do write as soon as you get this. I do not understand things here—am lost as it were—but I must tell you all about it.

Mr. Pinkerton stayed with me a few days. Lady Edgerton was as kind as she could be. We had not a moment's rest, there was so much to see and enjoy. She, and the young ladies, Eleanor and Adelaide, fitted me out, *a la mode*, I suppose; and Mr. Pinkerton was too generous in providing me with every thing necessary for a fashionable young lady, and seemed to feel a pride in presenting me to his friends. Unfortunately, he has been called home, and Lady Edgerton insisted upon my staying to finish my visit, as the gaities have not yet begun. Things seem different, somehow, since he went away. Perhaps I am home-sick. Certainly there seems to be a change.

Last night we were all invited to a military ball. Lady Edgerton said, "Viola, dear, I think you had better stay at home to-night, with Madge. You have been dissipating too much. The roses are quite fading from your cheeks." "Oh, I do not feel at all tired. I do not think it would hurt me," I said. "You will not go to night. Madge is lonely, and will be glad to have you. Come, we will go and find her" We found Madge in her chamber, looking out of sorts, and I thought it quite a duty to cheer her up. We soon became very good friends. And, will you believe it, she is a year older than I am, and is still at school!

She told me that her mother is determined to keep her back until her sisters are married, and that is why they make believe she is so young. They call her sixteen, and she is nearly nineteen. Is it not queer for parents to do such things? There are two or three younger ones besides. She is very pretty, and so wild. I call her Cinderella. I do not mind staying at home with her now, for we did have a jolly time last night.

When they had all gone, Madge's dressing-maid came down, and she sent out for ice-cream and refreshments, and some of her young friends came in. We danced and had a gay time. I asked her if her mother knew that she expected company. "No, of course not, you little country girl—this is on the sly. Don't you tell—this is a city fashion." I have felt guilty about it all day. And to-night, as they went off and left me here all alone, I ran to my own room to satisfy my conscience, by asking you if it is

all right for me to join in this sort of fun in this house, where I am a stranger?

There comes Madge for me. Well, I must go. Mrs. Bringle knows all about it. I can't hear from you in time, of course. She says young folks must have their fun. I ought not to lay down rules here, of course.

Good bye. I will write soon again, and you be sure to write at once to me.

Yours, ever devotedly,

VIOLET.

XXXVIII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *Jan.* 28, 18—.

I might have written to you long ago, Sister dearest, but they would not let me. Perhaps it has been wise. I know, at least, how well I feel—better than for a long, long time—so rested, quiet, free from pain and that old sense of weariness, that was nearly as bad.

We are very happy here, being very much amused by the strangeness of every thing. We have pleasant apartments at this hotel, live delightfully, and have a magnificent view from our windows of the interesting country surrounding us.

Vesuvius is grand! The burning lava streaming down its side looks like branches of coral at night. You might naturally think that I would be content just to sit still and feast my eyes, and so I have been. I love to sit alone and just look. If they would only

leave me more to myself, I should be glad; but now Dr. Berenger says my resting time is at an end, and now I may write and ride and walk and go whenever I choose, if he sees that I am prudent in all things. With Theresa and Mr. Windemer on either side, and Aunty and Uncle to keep watch over all three of us, I think I shall be kept within bounds.

Yesterday we had a long drive through Naples. Some of our Provence friends have joined us. Dr. Berenger, Aunty, Mr. Windemer and myself in our carriage, and Tesa, with M. Romaine, Monsieur and Madam Detonier, in the other. The Strada di Toledo was thronged with equipages and gay Neapolitans every-where, all smilingly happy—seeming to take life just as it comes. Every body lives, or seems to live, out of doors. The streets are very fine and straight, paved with great square blocks of lava. The buildings are not thought to be very fine, but to me they are often very imposing and beautifully ornamented.

Good by, dear, good Sister. I have written enough. Will try to write you soon again. Love to Madeline and Aunt.

Devotedly,
GRACE.

LXXXIX.

MADELINE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *Jan. 20th.*

Darling Mamatesa, why don't you come home? Grace is well enough by this time—every letter says she is better. I have been crying with all my might, and I want you to know it, for sister has gone off with

that horrid man, and I am all alone with Aunt Rachel, who, you know, thinks a little girl ought to be as still as a mouse. She used to be so awful good when she was a little girl I wonder she didn't die, like Ensey Gannold?

It vexes me a thousand times more because Mamajay has been so good every day—such rides and walks and fun! Tip likes her almost as well as you. Billy and Bob get tired carrying us. Aunt Rachel says I ride like a wild-cat, and I hope I do. If I hadn't stuck like one you read about, Bob would have thrown me jumping the meadow-ditch. It was splendid! Mamajay did not scold a bit. She has been as jolly as you and as kind as Gracie, till this Mr.—I can't spell his name—came. Now it is talk, talk, and “Madeline, dear, run away, and play”—and that is the very time I don't want to play. Aunt Rachel says, “Janet has spoiled you, child. I told her so.” And I tell her I am glad of it, and wish she would spoil me some more.

Now, dear Mamatesa, don't you pity me? You and Gracie away, way off, and Mamajay as good as gone this last two weeks. Will you scold because I have been cross to her? Mamajay says if I had been as good as I know how to be, she would have kept on taking me with her, as she did at first, but that I talked too much for a little girl, and must be more quiet and polite. I am glad we never had any man to live here always. Why must little girls behave so good when men are around?

Oh, there they come! I hear the horses! Why,

Mamatesa, my letter has taken me all this time!
Good bye. Your dear, little

MADELINE.

XC.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

Jan. 20th.

Your letters have just come. Many thanks. Madeline has sealed her letter, dearest Theresa, and says I can't see a word of it. I dare say it will amuse you. She is in high spirits about the achievement. She has been a very good child since you have been away, and I only realize now how entirely I have given myself up to her. So little housekeeping to do, so little company to entertain, we have spent the days together, gone to bed together. And now that Mr. Walsh is here she thinks she is terribly neglected because I spend an hour or two with him, now and then, and occasionally drive out and leave her with Aunt. And as to putting her to bed alone, she thinks it the most cruel thing in the world.

I am not surprised. You know the children did always have one or the other of us. But enough of this. I have more important things to write about. Can you imagine it, or shall I tell you? It is such a trite story that I almost wonder that it has so filled up my cup of thanksgiving.

You know that I was engaged to be married when Father died. Of course my lover pressed his suit, but Mother needed me so much in those sorrowful days that I felt more content to wait until the cloud

had passed away. The satin gown was finished—our second Father's gift—the bridal veil was folded down upon it, the wreath was laid upon the veil, to wait the spring time. And Mother, and a many another kind friend had added this and that to the precious treasures my own hands had made, that I might be fitly arrayed to live among the kin of whom he told, where he so soon should take me as his bride. Oh, Theresa, there had been golden days—days of day-dreams—bright as the visions of Fairyland—of the shores where we should dwell and the happy hours we should spend together. If the holidays were sad, the spring-time was a thousand fold sadder. Mother was dead, and we two sat astonished with grief and the bitterness of utter desolation. I could only think of but two things—of John, and of the duties that lay before me now. “I know you, Jeannette,” Mother had said in her last moments, “I know you will be faithful to these little ones. But, oh, my child, how can I bear to think of the bitterness of your disappointment, when your hopes have been so bright and your prospects so fair.” “Never fear for me, darling Mother,” I said. “Brave heart,” my Mother said. “God bless you, my own, beloved child. Trust in God. Love the Master—be true to Him, and unselfish as you have ever been.” “Would that it had been God's will that I should have borne this burden that falls on you, but He knows best. It is His will, and we must do it cheerfully. I come, my Father. Thou wilt be with these fatherless children—fatherless—motherless. Theresa, darling, precious one, God bless you and make each one of you a blessing to the other. Re-

member that He always hears your prayers. My little Grace, God bless you—and this tiny thing—my little baby. Perhaps God will let me take it with me—but if it may not be, He will take care of it—through you, my faithful children.” “We will be faithful, Mother, darling—darling Mother,” we both cried at once. Oh, Theresa! What a day that was. Did we not strive to lessen the sharp pangs she felt in leaving us? And when I told her I should give my life to them—our little sisters—do you remember how she said: “Oh, Jeannette, my child—my dear, good daughter, it is too much, you do not know what self-denial, what patience you will need—what a sorrow that will be to you and *John*. Surely you must think of him. I can not think of it. God will make it plain by and by. Pray and do your best. I leave you free to do just as you will. Do not promise, Jeannette. You and John must do as you think best. Go with him if you will. These little ones are yours and my Theresa’s. There—I know. Do not grieve. It is Heaven. You know those I love are there. You will come in a little while. Be as happy as you can. God’s will be done.”

How slow the gasping words came—one by one! Oh, Theresa, dearest, how did we live? If God had not just taken us in His arms and carried us along, we must have died; but they laid her away, and we prayed and went to our work. And John came and begged and pleaded, bidding me bring you all. “Ah, Janet, darling, I can not bide your time,” he cried. “When little Madeline is reared I shall be an old man. My darling, my bride, my bonny wife, you

know not what you ask. I can not wait. Come, bring them all, and we will do our best." "But your mother and sisters at the Grange. So many—no—love does tempt, but it can not be." "Then, dwell you here, and I will come and go, and you shall be my wife, and rear your sisters as you will. "Nay, John," I said, "I would be an unfaithful wife. By and by God will make it plain—we are yet young, and it may not be long." "Janet, it is not fair to me. You love me not, or else you would yearn as I yearn; love does not thus deny itself. The best years of my life I shall be bound to you, and God knows it may all be for naught." "Then you are free! Go, John! You will find another wife," I cried, "and I will do my work." "I did not mean it, Janet." Oh, how many, many, many times he said it, "Dear, dear girl—my own—my beautiful—my bride. It was but my over-earnest pleading. I will be thine for weal or woe—till death—forever, evermore." "God grant it, John. I shall never change, but it may be that you may love again, and I would not be in the way. You are free and I am free. There is no bond between us, unless it be such love as can not change. You must not come—you must not write, and thus, you may forget." In vain he pleaded, and then nothing would do, the foolish lover that he was, but I must put my bridal raiment on and let him see me once. "Jeannette, my beautiful, you may be old, with all this freshness gone, when you shall wear it—should that ever be, and I must see you now, my bride, for me alone." And so, you remember, *dear* Theresa, how you went with me and put it on—even

to the veil and wreath, and how I never spoke a word, and when it all was done, you led me down to John, and ran away and hid. Oh, what burdens one can bear. I can not write more now. I am faint and blind as though it were passed through yesterday.

Ever, in tenderest affection, your Sister,

JANET.

XCI.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

Jan. 22d.

The day was past, dear Tesa, and when midnight came I still sat there with John. A hundred farewells had been said, and yet he stayed. There was no one to say, "It is too late, my child, come away." In all the world there was no one but John for me to trust in and to lean upon. Each time I bade him go I clung to him, and when he said that he must go, he never stirred. But when the clock struck one, I stood up by the door and said, "Now dear, dear, John, I must be strong till this is done. Now you must go. Hours, days, weeks would not make it easier."

"Oh, Janet, darling, precious one, will you not take it back? Just say that I may come and go, and we will write, and so the weary waiting time will wear away." "Just once a year—the first day of the year—the day we were to have been married, you may come if you still love me best. Remember you are free—free, John, as though all this had never been." "I hate it, dearest girl. This love makes me your

bondsman forever and forever, my own, my beautiful. On my knees I pray you take it back! Oh, Janet, my darling, my bride, my wife, I pray you take it back! Forgive me, and forget the words I said!"

"You will kill me, John!" I cried. "You forget the griefs that I have borne. Go, and God bless you!" "How can you be so strong and stern!" he cried, and caught me in his arms, with an embrace that almost crushed me. "One long, last kiss, my soul!—how precious to me!" And he went out in the dark. I drew the bolt and fell upon the stairs.

You know it all, Theresa. I was the little child and you the helpful woman for many days. You laid the things away—my satin robe, the tear-stained, rumpled veil, its beauty gone, like the freshness and beauty—out of my life. We cried together all the livelong night. And, oh, you helped me so, my darling! For with you I could not feel alone, though so bereft. It was well, Theresa, that there was good, stern work for us.

Grace did us a world of good; and how the helpless baby helped us bear up. You took your cross up cheerfully, and I did not want to make it heavier for you; you were too young for such a load of care. So we prayed and did our best, as mother said, and God's blessing came.

But I will tire you out with this, perhaps. It is not all so fresh and deeply graven on your memory, or dear to you, as it has been to me. I must come back years later, as the world's time has gone, but the thread is not broken in my mind. I shall take it up

again, for you must know it all. I love to tell it, now I may, after hushing up all these thoughts and feelings so many, many years, way deep down in my inmost soul.

Madeline is well, and looks so rosy and pretty with her constant exercise in the open air. Aunt Rachel has not been well. Only a cold, which, at her age, produces aches and pains, that she likes to tell about. I never tire in listening, or never seem to, at least, for she has been so good and kind and devoted to us all, that I would not pain her by a word. She has never gotten over Mr. Lacy going away, and can not treat our new pastor as she should to this day, always finding something to contrast with Mr. Lacy's loveliness.

Naples will be a grand place for you and Grace. Aunty and Uncle must be the very perfection of chaperones, and Mr. Windemer a treasure in his way, so there are no hearts lost down there, running the risk that they will, of being carried all over the known world. I shall not complain of any thing, for now that Grace improves so rapidly, and I am in such a glare of sunlight, I am too grateful for tears.

With love to all, affectionately, your Sister

JEANNETTE.

P. S.—Our letters have passed so often on the way that I will not write again till I hear from you.

J. L.

XCII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *January 30th.*

DEAR, DEAR, DEAREST JANET:

Your letters have come—two from you, with one from Madeline. So it is your old lover!

That same “old John”—John Walsh! What a hero he has always been to my imagination! He was so mature and handsome ten years ago! I can not imagine him changed, yet ten years must have made a difference. I am more anxious than ever now, to know how it has all come about, and what is to be the end. You will marry him, of course; and what is to become of us? Oh, Janet, dear, I did not mean to say that; we shall get along nicely; Grace, Aunty and I surely can take care of Madeline. These two letters have brought all that dreadful time back so vividly. I can not believe so many years have passed away, save when I look at Grace. What a little, trusting child she was—and now, these last few weeks, particularly since she is getting well, she seems so self-reliant and so strong in spirit. I can not explain it, but I feel it every day that she has changed. There is some purpose in her heart. I half divine it, yet I do not know. She feels her womanhood, and is a help to me; gentle and yielding, yet decided, with a growing will of her own. I have hoped that she might love *again*, but she gives no sign. That innocent transparency of character that made every word and action clearly expressive of the passing thought and feeling of a year ago, is gone—I fear, forever. Un-

naturally cheerful and bright, and frank in manner, she has, at it were, locked up the chambers of her heart, and not even I can get a glimpse within. I let her read your letters. I know you will think it right, still I almost repented it, for it was her first knowledge of our suffering in that bitter time, and she wept grievously. "Tesa, darling," she cried, "I never felt, or knew before how much you and dear Sister Janet have done for me. Poor, poor Janet, has she borne this great grief all these ten long years, till now?" "I thought I always loved her tenderly—dear, dear Sister, how brave she has been, and how good—but now my tenderness seems multiplied a thousand fold, I feel it all so keenly." "Cheer up, dear Grace," I said, "This is her harvest time; we will know all ere long, and see how God has made it plain. Janet seems so happy now that we must needs be happy too." "Three cheers for John," dear Janet. I have had faith in a woman's love, but in a man's ten years fidelity there is something beyond belief! Do tell us all about it quickly, Janet, and take our love and blessing on you both.

Write what we shall do. Remember, any sacrifice for you, will be welcome to us. We will come home the moment it will be safe for Grace to do so, if you will. Every thing goes well with us. Even Naples is eclipsed in our thoughts by these good tidings of your happiness. I will not tell Aunty till we have learned it all, and you consent to it.

All send love. Thank my baby for her splendid letter. It would be just right but for one thing—she gave way to an impatient spirit—and I can never ap-

prove of that. To find fault with dear, good Sister Janet! I know she is sorry for it, long ago, and ashamed.

Say, little one, are you not ashamed? If you have not already done it, put your arms around dear Mamajay's neck, and tell her the truth.

Farewell, fondly,

THERESA.

XCIII.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *February 2d.*

Your first Naples letters have come. I am rejoiced at your happiness. If I do not seem to sympathize so much with your pleasures as in former days, dearest Theresa, you must forgive me. I am living my girlish days over again, and "the heart's aye the parts aye!" Your letters are read and re-read with the greatest delight; I enjoy them all the more because John reads them, too.

Are you indeed "impatient to know all about this romance that your last letter gave me such a keen appetite for?" You have had more of it ere this, for when I began my story it was pleasanter for me to tell it than for you to hear it I am sure, and to write it all out, just as the thoughts ran through my mind, telling you things of the past, that memory has held sacred all these long years, I might have blushed to have told you face to face, for you always make light of these touches of tenderness—but to write it all out

has been so sweet to me that I do not care a bit if you do think me somewhat absurd in this new character.

Let me see, where did I leave off? Oh, yes, where I was left so lonely.

Do you remember when the year went by? I had not told you I had said that he might come on the New Year's day, but when I said that I should sit the old year out, you said you would surely sit there too. Some young friends had just gone, and you wished I had spoken sooner, that they, too, might have stayed. I smiled to think how little you knew of the thoughts of my heart, and we talked of the old year's going—sadly, to be sure, and yet I had my hope—a little, meek hope in the darkest corner of my heart—but it cheered me. When the clock struck one, so loudly, and sharp raps followed it quickly on the great door, how we both sprang to our feet, and while I opened the door, you trembled on the stairs and begged me not to venture—but I knew that it was John! And, Tesa, how you ran away when you heard him say—“My Darling,” and how I tried to be so very stiff and proper, lest he should think my love a bond to bind him to me; and so, when we had talked a little while, I said I must go to you—and yet I would not let him go out in the night, as he seemed first to think I meant, but begged him to stay and sleep in the little blue room, on the easy cot. I should talk to him if it pleased him, all the live-long day, when morning came.

Ah, Tesa, that was a bright day! Have you forgotten how he made much of Grace, and how sweet

she was, and how you brought Madeline to him? "Just see." "What a tiny thing it is. Your work has just begun. How long it seems—this year—a whole year, and she a wee, wee baby yet. Ah, Janet, the way do 'nt clear a bit," he said. "When, think you, there will be some hope?" I could not see; it all seemed very dark. And when the midnight came again, he went his way.

Another year went by, and we two sat alone to watch its going. You were too kind to jest, though you had said how you would fly if that quick rap should come; but it did not come, dear Tesa—one, two, struck, and you said, "Come, dear, it is too late to stay," and I said quickly, "Yes; why have we sat so late?" I hoped and feared, feigning to sleep—and went about my morning tasks, when Grace came running, breathless, "He has come—is on the porch—our New Year's friend!" and surely, John was there! Oh, Tesa! I was so glad and happy all that day—though he did come late; and he seemed pleased with little Madeline when she said, "Don," as he told her to. And then she said, "dear Mamajay," and ran and hid her face deep in my lap. I thought it worth a whole year's waiting to have such joy one day!

But, next year, he came later still—the sun had set—we all were there upon the porch. I saw him first, come slowly up the road, and put Grace off my lap, and went into the darkest chamber to still my heart, it beat so loud I thought you all must hear it.

Grace came and told the news—that he had come! I came calmly down and took his offered hand and laughed and said, "Why, John, I thought you had

forgotten me." "You see you were quite wrong, dear Janet, here I am." We talked and jested in a friendly way, and in a little while you said, "Come, Aunty, you must see Grace to bed, and I will bring my baby." He bade the little folk good night and praised them afterward, and asked me were they old enough to do without me yet. Tesa, did you ever hear me speak of him again, till now? I know I did not, and yet, with all the thoughts of him forever uppermost within my mind, through all those years, I scarcely can believe no word of him ere passed my lips, even to you. The more he talked, the more I wished midnight would never come, for I knew henceforth our lives would be apart. I can not tell you any thing he said, but this—over and over, "My darling, will you be mine now—within this coming year?" I said, "I can not, John. I can not leave them yet." And then he told me of a fair, young girl, who, next to me, was very near to him, and how she seemed to love him, though he never meant she should, and how he had been cold to her—colder than he felt—telling her many times of me, and of our plighted love—waiting in hopes that I this day would listen to his suit, and be his own at last. "Take her, John," I said, "if she will make you happy, and you love her as you should love one you would make your wife. I should be glad of any thing that will make you happier." "Janet, you are so strange. My best beloved, are you sure?" "If you love her, certainly. You must think me very selfish, not to want you myself and yet to be unwilling that another should have you. That would be 'dog in the manger,' John," I

added lightly. "Is that true, Janet? You do not seem to care, and yet I thought you loved me." "So I did, John, but you know time changes things; you will acknowledge this, for you yourself are changed. So take your bride, and I will do my work." He seemed so deeply moved, so loth to go, you can not blame me if I were yet more so to have him, for I felt that he was lost to me forever, and all the while I was so calm and cheerful that he said he thought that he had known me—once thought me of deep feeling and true of heart, and he had trusted in telling me this, that I would consent to pledge myself at least for some near time, but now it seemed that time indeed had changed me, *if I were changed*. Why linger on it, Tesa, dear. He went his way, and when the next New Year had come and gone, I knew that he was mine no longer; but I had my memories, they could not be taken from my heart. We lived on—the children grew, and all went very well. There were some that loved me—some I might have loved, but my heart was all filled up—there was no room, so they all went their ways and I kept on trying to bear up cheerfully, learning the Master's lesson, and putting into practice Titcomb's good words, "Ease is not for you; selfish enjoyment is not for you—the world is to be made better by you. You have got to suffer and to work if there be a spark of true woman in you." Easier for a wife, I thought, for whose instruction it was given, but good for any woman.

Have I written too much? I am not tired, but you may be. Ah! there comes Madeline with letters—yes, from Grace, at last!

God bless you all. I see that all is well. I will write again when I have read it all.

Ever, in love, your Sister,

JANET.

XCIV.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *Feb. 5th.*

I thought I would wait to hear all the story of your love, dear, darling, precious Sister; but I can't do it, these first dear letters have so touched my heart. What a child I am! How self-indulgent I have been all these years, while you have borne so much, so bravely. This knowledge has done me good. Now I will shoulder a little of the burden, at least. We will hasten home. Tesa will take your place, I will take hers, and you shall be a beautiful bride at last! It will be lovely, dear, good Sister, after your long waiting.

And poor Mr. Walsh! He has had a hard time, too. How could you be unselfish and so brave and stern in refusing him so many times? Ah, it was for us! How can we ever thank you as we should? He knew how good and lovely you were, dear Sister. It was almost cruel to tell him he must go and never come near you but that poor once a year! I never could have done it. How could you? Why did you? Was there no other way? How we long to know it all! Do tell us quickly! We will come home at any moment. I think I am well enough even now.

If you were only here for a good, long chat, we would soon fix it all up. I want to fly right straight to your arms, and tell you how glad I am, and let you go quickly, for fear something might yet keep you from him!

I have grown readily into the spirit of this wonderful place. I could ride for days and days and days and never weary of its strange streets! Oh, Sister, if you were only here! You can't think how queer they are. The hills on which the city lies are sort of moon-shaped—like two crescents pressed together at the ends, forming a ridge. It is like an amphitheatre rising from the bay. The streets run lengthwise and crosswise. The broadest seem narrower than they are, for the houses are very high, sometimes seven stories, and then often have projecting balconies! On the narrow streets these almost meet overhead; and only mules can travel the narrowest streets, without even a sidewalk. Indeed, some of the streets are just steps up and down, where the people come and go. Every body seems to live out of doors—women sometimes washing and dressing and combing their children right on the thoroughfares! The tops of the houses are generally flat, and are often covered with flowers. And here women who are too poor to ride and too proud to walk, exercise, enjoy the fresh air, and entertain their friends.

It is often pitiful to see the contrast between the rich and the poor. Some are so very, very rich, and live so magnificently, and the poorest are so miserably poor; and yet it does not matter much. The climate is so delightful that the poor scarcely need either

clothes or houses, and for three pennies a day can buy maccaroni enough—well, not too keep fat on—but enough for health. And the poor wretches seem to revel in the dirt, and are very filthy. They are not allowed even to enter the public garden, called the “Villa Reale,” where the rich go to enjoy the fountains, shrubbery, statues, etc., but once a year. Other places of amusement are, however, provided for them. I always carry a supply of copper coin to throw to them. They are satisfied with the smallest mite. Uncle Jean calls me “Lady Almoner.”

I have spent a great deal of time with Mr. Windemer in the art galleries. He has inspired me with such a love of art that I sometimes think I will vex the canvas with some of my devices when I get home. Tesa's talent for drawing has developed wonderfully; but she says her taste has so outgrown her skill that she never wants to draw any more, except for Madeline.

Good night, dear, precious Sister. Kiss Aunt and Madeline for your loving

GRACE.

XCV.

JEANNETTE TO GRACE.

BLUEBERRY, *Feb. 7th*, 18—.

Your letter has given me the greatest happiness, my darling Grace. The first letter you have written me since your illness. They say you are going to be well and strong, and I find myself looking forward, with daily increasing delight, to seeing you fresh and

actually rosy when the spring-time comes, though I know it is not wise thus to draw upon the future for happiness.

What a lovely time you are having in beautiful Italy. I could not be selfish and wish you at home, though I do so long to see you.

You must not think me sad or lonely here. It is cold and damp with heavy rains of late, but when the heart is aglow with happiness, one never thinks whether the sun shines or no. I am living in a clime fairer and sunnier than that of Italy. Tell dear Theresa to tell you all about it, darling. You are old enough to share our joys and sorrows now. We will have no secrets from you, and you must have none from us. I trust you may some time feel the joys that I feel now. May they never have the unwonted intensity of mine, made keen by long suffering!

Your friends are well. Write when you can without feeling it a tax, and believe me, dearest child, yours, ever with the same unchanging devotion,

JANET.

XCVI.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

BLUEBERRY, *Feb. 9th.*

I can not help smiling whenever I think of your impatience, dearest Theresa. Yes, surely, it is that same old John! I can not imagine how it could be any other John, or any body else. This is my weakness, and I have a right to it after my long self-denial. I am indulging myself to the full. I mean

to think and write it all to you, even to my thoughts. I can not tell you when or what the end will be. Who knows? I am happy enough, and so is John. I will tell you what I can.

Two years ago you had gone out to drive, for Mrs. Kinsington had asked you there that day, and passed a stranger near the chapel path. You did not know him, but he knew you and Grace and Madeline, reckoning the years that had gone by. He hurried up the roadway, and when the servant said, "A stranger in the hall would speak with Miss Lamark," she was too faint to move. Theresa, I always had that hope, and would not have gone away with you that New-Year's day had the Queen herself invited me. My New-Years' days I always gave to John. Though he were wed my thoughts could do no harm. Four New-Years' days had come and gone, with their long trains of near four hundred days and nights, with never a ray of hope, but naught could rob me of my memories.

I wanted, too, to wear my dress that day — my bridal-dress. I had not had the heart to look at it since that last fatal night; but I was stronger now, and I had shed some fresh tear-drops upon the faded flowers, had pressed the yellow veil close to my heart — the stains were dear, so dear, so dear to me, John's tears had made the worst — had shaken out the dress soon after you had gone, and turned the key, and just gone down to see if Aunt was busy at her work, and sure not to come up, when I heard the heavy knocker, and Julia came to me. I bade her say that I would come. Then I rebuked my folly. Sure

many another man might want to speak with Miss Lamark.

Calmed in a moment, I approached a rather portly man, with a dark, heavy beard. I wondered who it was! "Am I so changed?" he said. And I had time to falter, "Mr. Walsh!" He tried to be at ease, but it was sorry work. I did not help him—not a jot—but talked about the weather, this and that, until he said, "May I tell you of my life these four years past?" "If you please, of course." And then he told me of his wife—her love and loveliness—praising her in such a tender way that I rejoiced to hear it, though it did hurt me. But, Tesa, darling, I feared that he had found my secret out when first he said she *was*, was! Some undefined thought seemed to dart back and forth from brain to heart, until I was choked and dizzy.

I saw that he looked keenly at me, but I had not been schooled in vain. I gave no outward sign of the tumult within. How can one be so still when the very soul is in a tremor! And then he told me how she died "a year ago and left two little babes—a little daughter two years old, a baby boy who nestled in her bosom but an hour before she died." He seemed very, very sorrowful.

"Oh, that was dreadful! So very, very sad!" I said, but did not try to comfort him, and was so cold and distant that I thought he could but hate me, and yet my heart was tender with the thought of him, his dear young wife, the little babes, of darling mother, little Madeline, and all the sorrow of eight years ago. He did not talk much more, only to tell they often

talked of me. Rose had so much wished that she had known me.

At last he went away, asking if he might come again. I did not quite deny, nor yet consent—provided only that he should not come at all, saving a New-Year's call another year. He was both hurt and angry. But he did come next year, and you never knew it, for I was very clever, and made a pleasant plan for you abroad, and sent you all away—Aunt Rachel, too—do you remember? I was kind to him that day, but dignified enough. I listened to his words of love, but did not tell my own; but I made up my mind if he should come again this year, and plead as fervently, to tell him all the truth, and so I let him go.

Now, are you satisfied? There is little more to tell. Yet I must wait, for Madeline is tired of herself and we will take a walk.

Let dear Grace read the letters. One can not bear the thought of any but the nearest and the dearest knowing these heart treasures.

With a tender embrace for you both, your Sister,
JANET.

XCVII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *February 13th.*

Oh, dearest Janet, I knew he could not be worthy of you. To think of his marrying; and after all, you have taken him back! He might have waited for you. Just like a man—all the sacrifices must be on

a woman's side. Dear Janet, I don't believe he loves you as he should. Tell him he do n't deserve you—that I never shall like him—and yet, I will not be too hard—there may be some defense. It is quite true you never spoke of him again, and I sometimes thought you had quite forgotten him. Do you remember how I regretted your refusing Col. Barrington—such an elegant man, and so entirely devoted to you. I did not understand it then. When he said that he would wait till Grace became a wedded wife, I thought you might have given him some little hope at least. I see it now, it is just like you—so decided and conscientious in these things. I wonder you can believe in men as you do, and be so fearful of hurting their poor, dear hearts! I think it takes something heavier than a woman's frown to break, or even bruise them; they enjoy smiles, and pleasant talk, and kind attentions, wonderfully well, and a little morsel of love to give a real zest to social intercourse, and I like to make them as happy as I can, if they do not get too serious. One does not often encounter the real devotion of love as the world goes. I think I can detect its first manifestations, especially in men that are capable of feeling deeply. Not for an earldom would I give such a one pain; if ever I have, it has not only been to test it, but to test myself, and I will give myself, my whole heart and life freely, entirely, devotedly, when such a one claims it; healing all earlier wounds with the tenderest art, natural to a warm-hearted, impulsive woman. This is no confession, but I do believe there are such men, and if I ever have anybody, it must be such a one. These men that come

and go, fluttering around women in the world, are pleasant enough—delightful oftentimes, *pour passe le temps*; they are often wise and good, too, but they are, for the most part, self-glorifying and self-sufficient “lovers of themselves.” I would rather have ten years like yours past, than run the risk of ten years of married life with almost any man I ever saw or heard of—not excepting your John.

Well, dear Janet, I might as well be in Blueberry to-day—nay, not as well—for what a glorious talk we might have had, had I been there the while I have been writing. Here are all the sounds and sights of Naples around me, and you none the wiser. I never imagined it such a city as it is, with 500,000 inhabitants stirring and full of life, and crowds of strangers coming and going daily; 300 churches, each one a curiosity, in its way—St. Martino, magnificent beyond expression, sculptures, mosaics, frescoes, variegated marbles and fine paintings, adorn it lavishly; the grand Duomo, with its clustering, interesting chapels and tombs, where one can spend days, full of interest. The Basilica of Santa Restituta is very ancient, supposed to occupy the site of the old Temple of Apollo; the Chapel of San Gennaro, in the right aisle, was twenty-five years in building, and was said to have cost five hundred thousand ducats—the gates alone cost forty-five years of labor, and thirty thousand ducats; and so on. Every church has its peculiar attractions. In that of “Santa Maria della Pietra de Sangri,” is an exquisitely beautiful figure of the veiled Christ. I should weary myself and you, trying to tell even a tithe—there is too much. The very ground is novel

and interesting to us—so different from the soil of England. The grand volcano seems to impress every thing with itself, from the clouds in the transparent sky to the lava blocks with which the roadways are paved. All day long the dark clouds of smoke and vapor hang over it, in striking contrast with the surrounding purity and brightness; and at night, its wonderful flames and glowing coal-bright lava streams throw a glow over every thing—to my imagination at least. The streets are wider and straighter and better built than I had imagined, although of course not to be compared with the magnificent Boulevards of Paris. The Bay is altogether lovely—an exquisite gem in the perfect setting of these verdant shores. The lava is every-where; one can but wonder how people dare to live over such a fiery abyss as must underlie all this region. Way up, even on the very sides of the great volcano, they live, and cultivate their olive groves and vineyards. I hope it may not be the false security that Herculaneum and Pompeii felt. We go to visit the excavations of those cities within a few days—the first of our excursions. We hope, by and by, to make the ascent of Vesuvius—every body does. We will put that off to the very last, then Grace will enjoy it all the more. Farewell. All send love to all.

Fondly,

THERESA.

XCVIII.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

February 5th.

MY PRECIOUS THERESA :

I wonder where you are, that I have not heard from you. I have written to you to Naples as you told me. I don't want to worry you, but when any thing happens that vexes me, I want to run right to my pen, to tell you. I think of you every day, and it does me good to write to you, so I may, may I not? We are still having a fine time. Lady Edgerton does not pay much attention to us, and sometimes I think she knows all about our wild pranks. They went to the exhibition yesterday at 12—Sir Henry, Lady Edgerton and the young ladies—and they were no sooner gone than Madge ordered a carriage and we went to drive in the opposite direction. A few squares off, two of our young friends saluted us, and Madge invited them to ride. We had a lovely time, the great park was almost like a country drive, and I felt so full of fun and life that I was almost as gay as Madge, though of course, more reserved, as she has known the young men all her life. Indeed, young Dunning seems quite devoted to her, and they exchanged rings yesterday. We had been so well entertained that we entirely forgot ourselves, and after bidding our friends adieu, on Regent street, we drove home through the most frightful crowd of people, to find Sir Henry's carriage at the door, and the ladies all standing on the veranda. I blushed, I know, for I always do feel a little

guilty, but Madge ran up and kissed her mother, and said, "We have been out for a little fresh air. Ben has taken good care of us, and Violet must see a little of London, you know." "Quite right, my child," Lady E—— said, "Young folks must have their fun. Violet is such a little woman, she will keep out of all mischief." Madge says that Adelaide is engaged to Lord Chanton, and they are in high spirits about it. The wedding will not take place till next season. "High!" Madge cries, "if Eleanor was only as well off, then we would have a grand time. Never mind, Vi! I shall not soon forget you and the good turn you have done me. You see I could not go out quite alone. Have n't we had a jolly time any way? Next year, after Adelaide is married, if you can persuade Mr. Pink to take Eleanor, you shall come and live with me, and mamma will be devoted to us; there will be no stone left unturned until both of us make first-class matches. Indeed, it's your duty, Vi; you see we are sort of cousins to Mr. Pink, and if he had not taken such a fancy to you, we should have had most of the money after a while, any way, but now, mamma is afraid he will give you so much as to quite spoil our share, as you know it has to be divided into so many parts! Did you ever know any thing to be so mixed up?"

I asked her how they were going to get rid of Aunt Genau. "Oh, she has enough of her own; and as to her son —" "Her son!" I said, "Why, she has no son!" "Indeed she has," Madge replied, "a splendid, high-spirited young fellow, I have often heard mamma tell about him; his Uncle Pinkerton offered

to make him his heir if he would give up his fondness for the sea, and live with him, but the foolish fellow would not listen to reason, but ran off to sea. Four years ago the Bride of the Ocean went down off the Cape of Good Hope, and Jasper Genau has never been heard of since. They all think he is dead, but I am looking to the time when he will come back, with some great romance, and then he must fall in love with me, and the Pink, Edgerton, Genau match will form an irresistible combination, that will absorb the whole estate as big as the mines can make it!" And so she runs on in the wildest way. I never know whether she really means what she says, or no.

Dear Theresa, if I only had you here. These people are so queer. I do love Madge; she is a splendid girl, but still she does not help me as you did. I feel sort of conscience-stricken all the time. I am afraid she will do some dreadful thing some time, and get us both into trouble. Is it right for me to enjoy her wild pranks so much? I know Aunt Lisle would be horrified; but she is queer, too, and thinks of nothing but what people might say. Aunt Genau, I don't dare to think of. She said, when I bade her good bye, "Remember one thing, dear girl, do not do any thing clandestinely; have a gay, happy time, but let it all be free and fair with those who are not ashamed to let all their thoughts and actions be known. Mistrust any body who demands secrecy of you, particularly in your intercourse with young men; be reserved and mistrust even the best among them." This last I have done, there is not one of all Madge's

young friends I do not mistrust; but this girlish fun I have had with Madge—she could not have meant that! Yet I do wish Madge was not quite so wild. I will make you tired of my folly. I will not write again until I hear from you.

My dearest love to Grace, and a kiss to yourself,
From your devoted,

VIOLET.

XCXIX.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

LONDON, *February 7th.*

I have not heard from you, but I must tell you something, my precious Theresa, to satisfy myself. Madge told me the queerest thing last night. She said that Lady Chanton had sent an especial card to us for her reception, a few nights ago, with a note to Lady Edgerton, asking her to bring me with her, but that her mother had declined for me, and “I’ll tell you what, Viola,” Madge said, “It is all because Adelaide wants young Lord Chanton all to herself, and mamma is afraid of your good looks; freshness in London is the great thing. Mrs. Bingal says two seasons wear out a fashionable girl, and the young fellows all go crazy after a pair of rosy cheeks!” “Now, Madge, tell me one thing,” I said, “for you seem to know all about these things.” “What made your mamma ask me to stay here after Mr. Pinkerton went home?” “Because she wanted him to come back—he would be such a fine match for our Eleanor! Little simpleton, don’t you see?” “No, I

do n't see," I cried. "Such an old man as Mr. Pinkerton—that is nonsense." "Ah, but you guileless child, he is so very, very rich, and it is so much the better that he is old—he will leave it to her the sooner, you know." I do n't believe a word of all this, because Madge is so reckless, she just says any thing that comes into her head. What do you think of it? It may be they are a little like Aunt Lisle—trying to manage things. But I hope she will not try to manage me into any new trouble. I think I have had my share. I am glad "Mr. Pink," as Madge calls him, do n't know about all this, for he would surely take me home, and we are having such a good time, "on the sly," that I am not ready to give it up. I wish I could tell you some of the things we have done since I wrote you before.

Yours, ever loving,

VIOLET.

C.

THERESA TO VIOLET.

February 14th.

Your first and second letters have just reached me, my dear Violet; how sorry I am they have been so long on the way! I do not know much about London life, but I can not help feeling that your position is a very unsafe one. Do not trust Madge Edgerton. I certainly do feel that Mr. Pinkerton had much better have taken you home, and that he ought now to know every thing you have written to me; and yet, it would scarcely do to tell him, as he would lose confidence in old friends that he seems fully to trust, on

the mere chit-chat of a mad-cap like Madge. Do use all your prudence. Do not go wherever you are led. Try to be as much with Lady Edgerton as her engagements will permit. You can restrain Madge when you think she is doing wrong, and it is your duty to do it, and even to rebuke her friends, if necessary. Her associates must, of course be proper—Lady Edgerton would not permit any others to frequent the house. Do write to me, every day, if you choose—certainly not less than once a week, and to Mr. Pinkerton and Mrs. Genau, often and freely. I can but feel anxious for you. We are about to start upon our excursion to neighboring points of interest—Pompeii, Herculaneum, and elsewhere. I wish you were here. Aunt and Uncle Berenger are so charming, every thing is lovely, nature so grandly beautiful. My Violet would bloom so naturally and sweetly here. I fear that close, London atmosphere, for you, dear girl. Do not be spoiled and carried away by fashionable follies and flattery; you must, ere long, weary of it, but you may lose your freshness and purity in gaining your experience. What a price that would be! Do not disappoint those who love and trust you. It would be ungrateful—nay, cruel. Follow your *best* impulses—they come to you from above. Remember—“Thou God seest me.” Pray to Him and trust Him, and you will be safe at all times and in all places. Remember, too, little one, that your father and mother are near you! God’s ministering angels, appointed, perhaps, by Him, to watch over you. Be good and happy in this sweet thought.

Ever, your friend,

THERESA LAMARK.

CI.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

HOTEL DIOMEDE, *Feb. 17th.*

DEAREST SISTER:

We usually breakfast about 10 o'clock! This morning we were up, had breakfast, and were at the station at 9 o'clock. There, the rest of our party joined us for a visit to Pompeii. We just filled a car, and our ride was delightful, all along the borders of the beautiful bay. The soft haze over Capri, and the other islands, the picturesque boats on the clear, beautiful waters which reflected the cloudless azure canopy above, made a vast, wonderfully beautiful picture! We reached Pompeii at ten; went first up lovely, winding pathways to the "Guide's gate," where we divided our party—each set taking a guide. We then went up through the old gate, from the sea, to Pompeii, and there had our first view of the ruins. It almost seemed as if it must be inhabited. It was marvelous to see it in its present state, and then think back through eighteen centuries! Then it was the magnificent city, thronged and teeming with human life—active in a thousand pursuits—thinking, talking, acting, suffering and enjoying, when that dismal, suffocating shower came down, and made it all as it is now, in a few brief hours!

Oh, Janet, how one feels it, on the spot! All these centuries buried away, and now revealed so wonderfully preserved! When walking through the little streets, in and around the strangely interesting houses,

I could fancy the inhabitants going in and out—the happy Glaucus with the fair Ione, Sallust with his wine and friends, Nydia, the poor lonely blind girl, feeling her way along—so on, all seemed right before me, and it was intensely interesting. We went to the Basilica, the Temple of Jupiter, the temple of the Faun, all through, up and down the different streets.

Oh, dearest Sister, I wish you could have enjoyed it with us! We have procured lodgings at the Hotel Diomede, and will, if the weather continues favorable, remain here some days. There is a wonderful fascination in thus delving back into antiquity. We shall soon see Herculaneum. Its magnificent amphitheatre is said to be well preserved—to be large enough to hold 10,000 people, and more ancient than the Roman Coliseum.

I never thought I should so enjoy these foreign scenes. How kindly it has been all ordered for me! My capacity to enjoy seems to enlarge from day to day, and I am learning constantly. I never should have known what store of active, positive happiness life has for us in my quiet, contented life at home. It is easier to live above the world there. One might get to love its beauties too much here. But God is every-where; and when we have once learned to love Him truly, all this beauty and grandeur of nature, His own work, ought to help us to love Him more and serve Him better, like the blue ribbon in the fringe of the Hebrew robe, which was to remind the wearer every time the eye looked upon it, to remember the commandments of the Lord, *to do them*.

Sister Janet, do you ever hear from Mr. Lacy? I should be so glad to know how and where he is. All my old thoughts and feelings seem to be far away—left behind me at home—and yet I can never forget the friends of the past.

My dearest love to every body who loves me. Tell Madeline I am bringing many things for our cabinet.

Devotedly, your

GRACE.

CII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

HOTEL DIOMEDE, *Feb.* 18.

Dear Janet, I will confess that my heart is a little touched with that story of two years ago, and yet I am vexed to think that he has come for you to take care of his two babies! I would not take him now with all this care. He might have waited for you, and would if he had loved you as he should. I wonder you did not take him on the spot, in the goodness of your heart, without this wholesome training of a year or two. I like that part of it, but I should have indignantly refused him on the spot, and that forever, letting consequences take care of themselves. But I have vented my *rage* more than enough already. I should have made myself supremely miserable, doubtless.

It may be your way is best. You are satisfied, and I have no right not to be. May be I shall like him when I come to know him better. At all events, when a woman marries she “marries primarily for

herself!" And one thing is sure, knowing you as I do, I know that the man you love, and have loved so long, must be worthy of a true, great-hearted woman's love. You are too wise to make a mistake in such a vital matter. The man you love must be a noble-hearted, cultivated, high-toned gentleman; therefore, I respect and will love him for your sake, although this intervening wedlock is sorely against our fond faith in a love that can not change.

Finish your story, I beg of you. I am impatient to know the end and what your wishes are. We will come home. You shall have your John and the little helpless babes. What a step-mother you will make! All these ten years of training, were they needful to fit you for this?

I am writing at the Hotel Diomedé—our mid-day rest. Grace has already written you of Pompeii. Uncle Jean never wearies. We see so much that travelers rarely enjoy. This morning we saw a papyrus, just taken from Herculaneum. It was so frail—almost ashes. You know how they were made—strips of the plant were taken and stretched on a table, then rubbed with Nile water, which made them gummy, and caused their edges to adhere. When this was finished other strips were put upon them at right angles. These sheets were pressed and dried, and then rolled upon small rollers ornamented at each end, forming a substantial paper that was an article of Egyptian commerce, being carried all over the Mediterranean before and after the Christian era. More than 2,000 of these rolls have been found in the ruins of Herculaneum and Pompeii. They have

excited great interest in the hope of finding something very valuable, but as yet they have but poorly repaid the great labor and expense the work has cost. England has done more in this department of research than Italy itself.

When rolls are found it is impossible to tell anything of their contents, of course. It requires rare patience and skill to handle them—a breath almost destroys them. A chemical process is first used.—many have been so injured in a vain attempt to open them as to ruin them—then the unrolling begins. If successful the writing is at once transferred to paper and then deciphered; but all this work and cost may have been bestowed upon some utterly worthless manuscript, which discourages further labor. I could not patiently watch the work one hour—it made me nervous. I thought every touch would annihilate it. How wonderful to think those men were handling the very thoughts of minds that had passed from earth thousands of years! Existing only on this frail papyrus, which a touch might blot out in an instant and bring to utter nothingness.

We have some little mementos. It is very difficult to get any thing of value. There are officials watching every movement during excavations. Every thing is at once taken possession of by the government and placed in the Museo Borbonico, in Naples. You can not realize how perfectly every thing is preserved. The light ashes and cinders that are supposed to have buried the cities, just fell lightly into every opening and crevice, until finally, its great thickness, with coatings

of lava, shut out the air and moisture—sealed it all up hermetically for us nineteenth-century people.

More than a century ago, excavations were begun, and they have gone on from time to time, as the patronage of kings furnished the requisite means. About one-fourth of Pompeii has been exhumed.

The very rouge of the women may be seen at the museum, and a thousand things, showing the corrupt state of society and the folly and wickedness of woman-kind.

The roofs of the houses were doubtless destroyed when the scoria fell, but every thing that made up the daily life of the occupants, may be seen in the lower apartments of their homes. Beautiful paintings are perfectly preserved on the walls, but on being exposed to the air, lose their brilliancy of color. Mosaics, bronzes, marbles, pictures, jewels and coins have been found. The museum collection is wonderfully interesting—an epitome, as it were, of life 1800 years ago.

Herculaneum is less interesting than Pompeii; most of the excavations are mine-like, it was buried too deep to remove such a vast amount of material as covered it, and the people seem to have had time to escape with most of their valuables.

This volcanic soil is wonderfully fertile. The richest and finest wines in the world are produced from the vineyards here. Nature seems to beguile the listless people to dwell upon this treacherous site. They seem as free from fear as we are at Blueberry, and yet, the fiery flood will as surely come again, as it has heretofore, so many times.

We shall be here for some days, but will return to Naples, and from there make the ascent of the volcano. Uncle Jean says Grace may go as high as she wants to. You would be delighted to see how she improves, in every way.

Yours, ever dearest Janet, with love to all,

THERESA.

CIII.

JEANNETTE TO THERESA.

February 21st.

This letter made me happier than ever, dearest Tesa, that dear Grace is so well and happy. You have, ere this, started upon your first excursion from Naples. Neapolitan life must be a continually varying fête. I am doubly happy in sympathy with you, and in the fullness of my own joy. What I mean to do, I do not exactly know. I am happy enough, and shall just quietly wait for you to come, whenever Dr. Berenger thinks it will be best for you to do so. But I must finish my prosy story.

On last New Year's day, I was very anxious about our darling Grace. Your little note, telling me of her alarming illness, had reached me, and I had heard no more. Those feverish hours of uncertainty are so wearying and hard to bear. All day long I had gone from one room to another, to the windows and the doors. Aunt had taken Madeline to Rupert's Hall, and though I wished the day would never pass, I thought it never would, the hours went so slow; and every time the great clock struck, it seemed like a

knell, for sure the sun was westering, and yet no sign of John. I had been looking forward to this day through all the year—for now I might leave Madeline to you and Grace, and give myself to him. Ten years, you must believe, is long to cherish love—so often hopeless—yet this, it seems to me, had only made mine stronger every year. And John had loved me all this while, although another love had intervened—the human heart is capable of many kinds of love. I do not blame him, Tesa, but it would take too long to tell it all to you. He did no wrong—not even in thought—he loved his fair young wife. When God took her, his heart returned to me. 'The near magnet may turn the needle from the pole itself, but if removed, the constant needle seeks at once its place, and is an emblem of fidelity. But this is wandering.

This was the wished-for day, and now he had not come—perhaps he would never come! I had been cold and distant; he might have thought that he must think of me no more. And Grace might die—might even now have passed from earth—my sad heart cried. How clear the way had seemed! God had made it plain at last! Now all these clouds had come, these dreadful clouds; and it was utter darkness—so deadly dark—my heart so desolate, more dreary than the night that fell about the house. I could not weep or pray. Ah, there they come! I went toward the door, and smoothed my hair, and tried to smile—to meet them cheerfully. Poor old Aunt and little Madeline, why should I make them sadder than they were? “Oh, John!” I cried, and burst into a flood of tears and fell right in his arms,

beside myself, thus thrown all off my guard, my secret love thus told unwittingly! "Mine own at last," he whispered, tenderly; and said unutterable things—so precious I may not write them even here, for very shame. He told me how he was delayed until he feared that he would lose the day; and I told him my grief for our dear, darling Grace, and how my fears for her, and the keen disappointment that he did not come, had so unnerved me. Oh, Tesa, what a rest it was! to know that he still loved me, to tell him all my love through all those years, even when I had repulsed him.

Aunt and Madeline soon came, bringing two letters—one from Auntie and one from you, saying there was hope. Dearest Theresa, the relief and joy, after such a grievous day, was almost too much for me, with all my strength and even-tempered ways. The next day was the Sabbath—a precious, precious day. How good we think God is when we have our own way! John is at his Uncle Carmanear's; he comes to see me every day. He is greatly changed—but so am I. He is almost forty, now, and I am over thirty. I do feel old. Only to think, I am older than darling Mother was when Father died, by full three years, and she bore all that dreadful load of grief.

Good night, ever affectionately,

JANET.

CIV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *Feb. 29th.*

DEAREST JANET.

I have heard your romance to the end at last. I will complain no more. What is to be will be. That last New-Year Day experience was dreadful. Far be it from me to regret its happy ending. You have been tried in the furnace, Janet. If he does not prove worthy I will feel bitterly. Yet who is or can be worthy of you? I know I am not, and so will let John have you. Your constancy deserves reward. Would that I could say as much for him!

Jane, we have been to Capri, to Sorrento, the birth-place of Tasso, to Paestum! There are thousands of images upon the wondrous tablets of my memory. Would that there were some magic art by which I might transfer them to your brain! How can I have the patience to try to do it in this slow way with words? Every instant the scene changed—by rail, *en voiture*, before the spreading sail, or to the dripping oars upon the beautiful bay, walking, stopping for a longer look, every glance of the eye photographed a new and wonderfully lovely picture in fadeless colors—where:

Clear, perfect pictures of all I beheld,

There are, some where the images are writ,
Perfect and wondrous, ne'er to be dispelled!

Oh, how would I, that my dull human wit
Could make them swift before thy vision flit,

Perfect and life-like, as before mine eyes,
In panoramic range they constant rise.
Vain hope,

There can be no lovelier landscape on the earth than that we gazed upon on this excursion, taking us several days.

When did I write you last? Ah, yes, from the Hotel Diomede. There, these softer beauties must be left undescribed for the nonce, for I must tell you that we have made the ascent of Vesuvius! The most thrilling but not the most delightful of the sights of Italy. It was not such an undertaking as I imagined, though quite fatiguing. Hundreds, thousands of women, old as well as young, make this fashionable ascent every year, who would think themselves half killed by a little honest, every-day work! The lower part of the ascent is made on horseback, generally, five miles along a miserable, rough, old road. Mr. Windemer walked at Grace's side to see that her old, raw-boned beast behaved as he should. We passed fertile, cultivated gardens and fields, in strange contrast with intervening, dark, rough patches and roadways of old lava—very insecure footing. Then we were obliged to dismount, and went on afoot, each with a good stout staff in hand, over rough, crumbling old lava every step.

It was not long before Mr. Windemer insisted upon Grace's turning back, and waiting for the rest of us at the Hermitage. Uncle Jean thought it would be just as well, if Grace was willing. And so they went back to watch the sunset and await our return. I was so relieved, for the lava was already warm be-

neath our feet, and we were obliged to stop every few moments to take breath. I could not fully yield myself to the excitement from anxiety for her. Now our enthusiasm rose every moment. The hot streams of lava under the hardened crusts burned our boots, and we could see the bright, fiery flood creeping down, right at our very feet. I wondered how far up they would dare to go.

Oh, it was intensely exciting! I fairly trembled, thrilled through and through by this intensely fearful experience. Almost scorched, we poked out specimens from the burning lava streams, until Aunty forbade our venturing further, and gathered us in a sheltered spot and made us refresh ourselves with an unromantic luncheon. It did seem altogether out of character to do anything so commonplace as eat on Mount Vesuvius! It did us good, however; for we were human, and the body hungered after all this toil, although we would ignore it.

We enjoyed beyond expression the glorious sunset. The deep golden light was almost like a halo over the vast expanse of wonderfully beautiful landscape! The varied hues of hills and plains, the great city just beyond, the fringing shore of verdure about the lovely bay studded with emerald isles! It was beyond all words!

Quickly the brightness faded and darkened into night upon Vesuvius! As the sky grew black the lava at our feet grew brighter and brighter until it glowed like a furnace, disclosing to our eyes the dangers we had only felt before. It was all grander than ever! Showers of sparks rose from the great

crater and fell around us, dropping black upon the fiery, bright, red rivers of molten lava, upon the brink of which we stood—these, nothing but earlier currents cooled, brittle, gritty, crumbling and uncertain, beneath our feet. Lighting their torches, our guides helped us at last to mount our horses, and we started to descend, in imminent danger of pitching headlong down the steep if any of the horses misstepped.

We found Grace not only the freshest but the gayest of the party when we reached our hotel at midnight. It has made me tired over again to tell it. How stiff and used up we all were! Oh, dear Janet, if you and my little Madeline had only been with us, could we have wished for more?

I find, on looking over my letter, that I began with Capri and hurried on to tell you of Vesuvius. It is fruitless to try to keep you along with us, but I will try to tell you something of our last journeyings if my mind is not all filled up with other sights before I have time. Grace will write soon. Love to Aunt, a kiss to Madeline, and a warm embrace for dear yourself from both of us.

Ever, fondly yours,

THERESA.

CV.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

March 4th.

DEAR SISTER JEANNETTE:

After our Pompeiian excursion, and the ascent of which Theresa wrote you, we spent some days at the

Museum Internazionale, examining the various collections. The most interesting are from the buried cities. Those of bronze are the finest in the world. Every thing imaginable is there. A catalogue may give you some idea of it. The antiquary would never weary here. There are thousands of curiosities. A tithe of them would be a great wonder at home. We have been to Paestum. Leaving Naples at nine o'clock, an hour brought us to Castel-a-Mare. Here it was that the little town of Stabiæ stood. That was buried when the other cities were destroyed, and here the elder Pliny perished.

From Castel-a-Mare we drove in a carriage along the bay. Oh, such a country! Such grand, exquisite scenery! Nowhere in the world can it be equaled! On the one hand the grand mountains, on the other the deep azure waters far down below us, with the little Italian boats skimming over the placid surface, the picturesque islands; and, over all, the wonderfully soft and transparent sky! Never seemed nature so inspiring, so enchanting! Such a combination of grandeur and beauty! Mr. Windemer and I sat side by side. I could not speak. My heart was too full and happy for words.

The country is so different from that about Baiæ. Every thing there is volcanic, the mountains barren and desolate. Here, all nature is fresh and beautiful. Orange and lemon groves half screen the vine-clad cottages. Mosses and vines and grasses are everywhere over the rocks, the contrast enhancing their beauty. The hotel is said to stand where the home of Tasso stood. Mr. Windemer has read aloud his

“Jerusalem Delivered” to us. How knowledge and cultivation add to the charm of every thing! Theresa enjoys all things to the full. She has such fine natural tastes and is so well read. I am learning every moment. Every spot of ground is replete with historic or literary associations. Not to know all about these events here is inexcusable ignorance. Every body knows every object of interest, and the facts that have made these places memorable. One is an hungered and athirst for knowledge. You have tried to teach me, but I never realized before how important and delightful continual mental cultivation is.

Tell dear Madeline I have some beautiful boxes of inlaid wood for her. Theresa has some larger ones for you and Aunt. The flowers in them are from the great garden adjoining our hotel. Would they could disclose to you some of the beauties amid which they have bloomed.

We crossed over to the Island of Capri in little row-boats. The green and blue grottes there are wonderful. I did not want to come away when the exquisite beauty of the latter was fully revealed to me. I feared I should never see it again, and so I lingered to the last moment. At high water the aperture by which it is entered is quite closed, and it is at all times difficult to get in and out.

That dreadful old Emperor Hadrian had no less than twelve palaces on this marvelous island, ornamented in every way that imagination could devise, or wealth and power secure. There are many ruins.

We saw parts of the aqueduct he built to supply the beautiful fountains and baths with water.

A limestone peak divides the island into two parts. Those who go from one side to the other must ascend a stair of five hundred steps. Strange to tell, there are no traces of volcanic action here. Ischia and Procida, which are upon the other side of the Bay of Naples, are covered with lava. The entire population have been driven from them by eruptions in times past, and yet they are now covered with vineyards, orange groves and fig trees, and are very populous.

We are very happy. That your long patience has been so happily rewarded makes us doubly grateful. I am fully able to partake of the great feast of delights that is spread before us whichever way we go.

This new hope of health and strength to do my part in life for many years to come, if God so wills, is so bright that I can not realize it fully.

Aunty, Uncle, Theresa, and Mr. Windemer, beg to be remembered.

A kiss to all from your ever-loving,
GRACE.

CVI.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

LONDON, *March 1st.*

MY PRECIOUS THERESA :

I do thank you from my very heart for your dear letter. Oh, if it had only come to me sooner it might have saved me all these bitter tears. Every word of

it so true. Why am I so alone here and so helpless? Did I not tell you I was just a waif—just a bubble or a bit of froth on the ocean of life—cast here and there by the merest chance, and, it seems to me, into such miserable places. It would be impossible to tell you all that I have done since I wrote you, but, from the fulness of my heart, I must just tell you the last and worst of all my follies—our visit to the Italian Opera last night!

Madge has an Italian music master—a very gentlemanly person—who was very anxious that she should see this opera. She had asked her mamma to take her, but she had put her off until M. Arnote insisted on taking her himself. Madge said nothing to me about it until just as it was time to start. Mrs. Bingal said, “Oh, certainly, you must go, Miss Violet. Lady Edgerton would trust Madge with any of her masters.” Hastening to the sal^on, she presented to me M. Arnote’s friend, Count Conderii, and to the opera we went.

I was so taken up by the music that I did not for some time look about us. In the interlude I saw a party of young men in the opposite box, with their glasses turned full upon us. There were not many ladies in the boxes. The throng of brilliant, elegantly adorned women of rank, that I so much admired when Lady Edgerton had taken us to the opera before, was entirely wanting. “Do you know any one here?” I whispered to Madge. “I don’t care to, with such good friends beside me,” she said, playing with her fan. I was wondering if it was the right sort of a place for us, when M. Arnote told me

how lovely the grand circle of shaded lights made the ladies in the boxes look. And that I never would forget this night if I knew how exquisitely beautiful I looked. "You szuld not blame ze young men zare, zey can but gaze." And I floated off with this whiff of flattery, as happy as Madge herself.

Presently a familiar voice said behind us, as M. Arnote looked back, "I hope I do not intrude? Excuse me, Miss Haughton is an old friend, I must learn her address." I turned, and there was Mr. De Montaine. I was glad to see him. Presented him to Madge and her friends, and begged him to sit down beside me. I thought Madge and the Italians rather cool, but exerted myself to be more agreeable. When I told him who I was visiting, he seemed extremely surprised, and did not seem to understand, even when I told him that M. Arnote, Madge's music master, had brought us to enjoy his favorite opera. "Let me see you home safely," he said, in an undertone. "It is not at all neccessary. You see we have two friends."

"I do not think they would mind, as long as they have your friend to themselves." I colored deeply, and wished I were in the bottom of the sea. "Forgive me," he said. "I was thinking of you, and Miss Theresa—she would not like to see you here. But you are quite right, you had better keep with your friends. I am at your service, remember that; and will take a cab behind your carriage to see you safely home, if I may. I will call to-morrow." Oh, Theresa, I can not tell you how I felt! I could not speak when he bade me good night. I thought I

must be in the worst place in the world, and turned faint and white with vexation. M. Arnote asked me if I were ill, and I controlled myself with difficulty.

I saw them smile and glance at each other, as though they thought there was some romance between Mr. De Montaine and myself. "Come, Madge," I said, after a while. "Let us go home. I am not well." "No, no. The next scene is the finest. Every body will stare at us if we go now. Just sit still until it is all over." I could not go without her, of course. So there I sat, as miserable as possible, trying to look as unconcerned as I possibly could, smiling at the silly things Madge and her friends were saying—but ready to cry out in the great blaze of gas around us.

Crimson with shame at the thoughts of you and Mr. Pinkerton, Aunt Genau, and Mr. De Montaine's mother and sisters, oh, Theresa, how glad I was when it was over and we were in the carriage again! Through the crowd and confusion I thought every moment we would be killed, and almost wished we might. It was a stormy night. The gas-lights struggled through the dense fog. How I watched the unsteady little cab light as it turned every corner. My miserable fears were all aflame at fresh annoyances. M. Arnote was very familiar; insisted upon taking my hand to impart courage, he said. His friend talked shockingly to Madge. I heard him telling her of his villa on the Gulf of Genoa, and nothing wanting to its delights but her presence there. She said it would be lovely. And M. Arnote asked me how I should like to go to Italy with my fascinating friend

Madge. That his gardens adjoined those of Madge's friend! I bit my lips and clinched my hands to keep from screaming outright, and saw the little cab was close at hand. How I blest it! How could I ever have taken any pleasure in these hair-brained exploits!

But we did get home safe. Mrs. Bingal was at the door, and the little cab-light was lost in the fog. Sir Henry had not yet returned with his party. "Oh, Madge," I cried, when we had reached our room, "how could you have done it?" "What, you silly child! There is no harm done! Come, cheer up! We're all right now." "Did Lady Edgerton know where you were going? None of her friends were there." "Of course not. I should not have gone had I not known that. I did not want to see her friends." "Oh, Madge, how could you have done it? Mr. De Montaine is a friend of Mr. Pinkerton. He will tell him all about it. Madge, it is dreadful! Those horrid Italians, too! I despise them! I shall tell Lady Edgerton how familiar M. Arnote was. He has no business to be your music-teacher—and his friend a thousand times worse!" I cried with shame and anger, as I lay fairly sobbing on the bed. "I thought I could trust you, Violet Haughton—or in your simplicity, at least. Mamma has no business to try to put me down as she does! You tell her, if you dare!"

Dear Theresa, what do you think of me? I cried until I fell asleep, worn out. This morning I tried to remove the traces of my tears, which your letter started afresh, and now I feel so much better. I am

too angry to speak to Madge. She came down to lunch as fresh a little hypocrite as ever lived; and I as undecided as ever as to what I ought to do. I know I ought to tell Lady Edgerton, but it will bring Madge and Mrs. Bingal into disgrace, and I may not be believed—for they would deny every thing, of course. If you were only here to help me! You know how weak and foolish I am, and what patience you had with me withal. But can you forgive my base cowardice in all this, when Madge is running such a frightful risk, and I do not dare open my mouth?

I will annoy you with this long story, but my conscience is the better for having told some one. I hope to see Mr. De Montaine to-day, and will ask him to tell Mr. Pinkerton to come for me. What new folly shall I be guilty of in the mean time? I will try my best!

Farewell. Kiss Grace, and give my regards to your Sister Janet, when you write.

Ever, your miserable, but loving
VIOLET.

CVII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *March 6th.*

DEAREST SISTER:

I, too, have a confession to make. I ought to have told you in my last letter, for I have been wanting to tell you for many days, but hesitate, from day to day, because I scarcely know how to begin. I know it is

foolish. Surely you should know my inmost thoughts. We have a friend, you know—the artist. We met him first at Paris. I wish you knew how kind and strong and true and wise he is. He has told me of his love, Sister dearest, and I am very happy. I did not surely know. I some times thought it might be so, and then I often thought he must love Tesa best. She is so beautiful and bright, every body seems charmed and fascinated with her.

We came down all alone from the great volcano the day of our ascent, and while we rested at the Hermitage he gave me a letter to read, that came recently from America, recalling him. I think he watched me as I read, for the pain I tried hard to conceal betrayed me. He took my hand and pressed it to his lips, whispering in my ears his fervent love. “I can not go without you. Will you, will you go?” Sister dear, I shook my head and almost burst into tears, like a little frightened child. Quick surprise and pain I saw upon his face. “I thought you loved me?” he said. “Have I been deceived by my own love?” I told him, then, the story of your long and patient love, and how you soon would wed, and I should stay with Tesa till Madeline was old enough to take my place. And so I could not go.

And Sister, dear, I did not deny my love. It was happiness enough, he said, for this day at least, and that his hope was brighter than yon setting sun. “I can not give you up so easily, my precious Grace,” he said. “I know your happiness is dearer to those who love you, than even their own. Let me speak

to your sisters myself, and if they are unwilling I will say no more—not now, at least.

I would not have Tesa know until I hear from you. I know she would insist upon my doing my own will, and I have none in this but yours. Besides, I have so much to learn, dear Sister. I am such a child—so weak and helpless, and ignorant of every thing useful a good man's wife should know. I should surely disappoint him, by and by, when earnest work should fall on me. You can teach me much the little while you stay, and then I will try to take your place at home, repaying a little of the great debt I owe you all, striving to improve in all things for his sake.

“Oh, how I love him, darling Sister! I thought I loved a friend a year ago, but that was so different from this. That was a sister's love. I know it now. This fills my heart up full. And yet I love our gentle pastor just the same as I have always loved him from a little child. This clinging, soulful love, that I feel now, makes me feel like a little vine that clings closer and closer as it grows to some great, noble tree, that spreads its branches far into the sky. It seems most strange that he should care for me, or seek to help me in my feebleness. And, oh, how doubly wonderful and precious when he says that no hope in the world gives him such joy, as the sweet thought that all his life he may just love and cherish and minister to me—poor, helpless, little *me*!

I could write all night long, but Tesa bids me come. We will not write again until we hear from you. Direct your reply to this to Charles Windemer, who will send a note with it.

Dearer than ever, in this precious sympathy of love,
believe me, darling Sister,

Your own devoted,

GRACE.

CVIII.

MR. WINDEMER TO MISS LAMARK.

NAPLES, *March 6th.*

MISS LAMARK :

Can not this darling girl be spared to go with me to my home in America? I know her thoroughly. I appreciate her fully, and love her devotedly. She loves me in return. I feel that no man living can make her happier than I. If I doubted this I would not ask her to be my wife. It is painful to me to deprive her sisters of the solace of her sweet companionship, but life is uncertain. It is always hazardous to leave to the future the fulfillment of these precious hopes when there is no imperative necessity for delay. Then let me have her now. I may return to Europe in the early autumn. If her health and happiness seem to require it I will surely come. In my native land there is the almost tropical south, and the cool, bracing air of the north. We will go wherever it is most salubrious, as the seasons change, even to the shores of the great Pacific, if we deem it best. My mother will be a mother to her, my sisters will receive her gladly.

When she longs for her own dear kindred—her sisters, to whom she seems so entirely devoted, and for her home—she shall come, for my work is mostly

here, and we must needs come and go, from time to time. I know she will do just as you say. Dear, good Sister Jeannette, do not say a word that will cloud these bright hopes, but speed the fond wishes of,

Yours, respectfully and fraternally,
CHARLES WINDEMER.

CIX.

THERESA TO VIOLET.

NAPLES, *March 10th.*

MY POOR LITTLE VIOLET:

I do not wonder you were so miserable. What excrable ways you are finding out! I pity you so much that there is scarcely any room for vexation in my heart, but I do wish you would learn to speak the truth out boldly when it is necessary. I do not want to perplex Mr. Pinkerton, or to prejudice him against friends he seems to trust, but he should know it if they are not trustworthy. He should know the truth and decide for himself. Lest you have not written to him freely, as you should have done, I have just enclosed him *all* your letters to me. He can form his own judgment from them.

You must not be offended with me for this. I would not have done it except for your sake. I am too far away to be of any service to you. He would have heard it all some time, but then it would, perhaps, be too late. He ought to know, and can find out, how much truth there is in Madge's nonsense. You or I could never do it. If they are false friends

they have deceived him long enough. I am grieved to think so much time is already lost.

We have left Naples several times, and have been moving around so that your letters have not reached me promptly. Write to me, directing to Naples until you hear from me again, and believe me,

Ever, your sincere friend,

THERESA.

CX.

JEANNETTE TO GRACE.

March 13th.

Dear, darling, precious Grace, how can I tell you all the thoughts of my heart at the precious tidings of your mutual love? It is the sweetest boon of life. Just at your age I loved and was beloved. My sad experience will be of use to us all. You need not, must not, delay to make your lover blest. If you are sure you love devotedly, and doubt not the love of this devoted friend—if you feel that your happiness is bound up in his life—then you need not fear to give yourself to him. Always confident that he is worthy of your love; this I can not doubt. You could not love, you are too pure and pious to love unworthily. I must have faith, full faith in your own choice, fall on whom it will.

Tell dear Tesa at once. Tell her every thing frankly. It may be she has some secret thoughts that she has kept from you. Concealment in these loves of the heart is one of the weak conventionalities of life. There is no weakness or folly in loving. It is the

dearest, sweetest, truest, wisest bit of nature's gladness in the world. Love with all the fullness of your heart, and rejoice in the love of the great warm heart that has given itself to you. I feel as though I have indeed a brother at last. Theresa has already written admiringly of his generous nature and cultivated mind, and of his fame in his profession. He must be devout, or I do not think my Grace would love and trust him as she does, nor would he love her were he not spiritually minded.

Yielding and unselfish, you have always been, dear child, and doubtless ever will be. It should be a woman's pride to yield to him she loves; and if he be worthy he will love her better for it, and rejoice to do her pleasure. You will soon learn to be useful. Love makes every thing easy.

Write me soon again, when you have talked with your friend and with Theresa; I shall then know what is best for all to do.

God bless you, dear child, for ever and ever, is the prayer of your loving Sister,

JANET.

CXI.

MISS LAMARK TO MR. WINDEMER.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *March 14th.*

MY DEAR MR. WINDEMER:

Your wishes are too reasonable to be denied. If darling Grace has given her heart to you it is best that you be married whenever it is your mutual wish. Yet one thing I must say. I shrink from throwing

any obstacle in the way of your happiness or hers, but dear Grace has always been extremely delicate; do you think her health is sufficiently established for her to become a wife? I trust and pray it is, but after her recent alarming illness it scarcely seems possible that she can be strong enough for happiness for either of you, much less for a life of usefulness. I desire you to consult with Dr. Berenger, and satisfy yourself perfectly upon this point. An invalid wife would be a great care, that few men could find any thing but a great grief, and it would be a source of yet deeper grief to darling Grace to feel herself a burden to you.

When you have determined fully your own mind, pray let me hear from you.

Believe me, affectionately, and with sincere regard,
JEANNETTE LAMARK.

CXII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

March 23d.

I have had the dearest talk with dear, sweet Tesa, my own good Sister Janet. How can I ever thank you for bidding me go frankly to her and open my full heart. It seemed so very hard to do at first, but I had only said, "Dear Tesa, you must know," when she took me right up in her loving arms and said, "My precious Grace, I am so glad and grateful you have won the love of this great, true heart that will bless you all your life. So doubly glad you can give love for love. I thought it must be so. Has he won

your whole heart?" "My whole heart. I say it solemnly. I do not think I ever knew before, at all, what true love means. I love my home friends dearly, but here is something more. I can leave all I ever loved before to go with this dear friend to the world's end—even my mother-sisters. With him there is no place where I could be unhappy—without him, none where I could feel content." "It is enough," she said. "Now, tell me every thing." And so I did.

"There is no need to wait. We will go very soon to Janet, and you and she must both be wed at once." "No, no," I cried. "I am to stay with you and learn some wifely arts before I dare become a wife." She insists, dear Sister, that this need not be. "Delays are dangerous. Janet knows this too well. We will not let you stay. Mr. Windemer is right to quite refuse to go without you." "So let it be," I said. "I can't gainsay even one of you—much less all three. Now tell me just one thing," I asked, at last, "Have you some plan yourself that makes you willing to spare us so soon?" Dear Janet, she flushed crimson, and I knew she loved—but who? In vain I coaxed and pleaded. She would not give me the least clue, but said this much, before the next new moon that I would know the truth. Who can it be? Mr. Romaine has followed her here from Paris. M. Disini she seems sometimes to prefer. I hoped at one time she might accept Mr. De Montaine; but it is useless to conjecture, there are so many. She treats them all with apparent indifference, although she seems greatly

to enjoy the society of several. M. Rosine, of Provence, returns in a few days—it may be he. I will have to restrain my impatience, for she has made up her mind, and I can learn no more.

She leaves very soon for Rome. She says these frantic doings of ours are going to hurry her home from Italy, and she must see some things before she leaves all these enchanting novelties forever. It is very damp at Rome this season, and I shall wait to go with Mr. Windemer next year. You will scarcely hear from her again. Indeed, of late she has left me to be scribe, after my long rest, and is constantly engaged with friends in sight-seeing.

By the middle of the coming month we will be at home! There will be little time for preparation, as Mr. Windemer must sail for New York in May. “It does not need any great preparation for a sensible woman like you,” my mentor says. Still, as Tesa says, the Americans lay more stress on these things than any people in the world. I must be at least respectable, not to shock my lover’s friends. So we will stop at Paris for needful things. What can we do for you?

Good night. Theresa and your Brother Charles send love. The latter says, “That you may expect to hear that he has grown a very famous artist, for he begins to cherish art anew. For never worthy man worked worthily who was not moved by love.” I answered him at once from his own favorite Katrina, “No heart of man, though loving well and loving worthily, can be content with any human love.”

“There will surely come
 A sad, sad time, when in your famished soul
 The cry for something more and more divine
 Will rise, nor be repressed.
 To honor God, to benefit mankind,
 To serve with lofty gifts the lowly needs
 Of the poor race for which the Godman died,
 And do it *all* for love. Oh, this is great!
 And he who does *this* will achieve a name
 Not only great but good.”

With a fond embrace, he added from the poet:

“My darling, Christ doth live in thee,
 And through thy life will shine into my soul.
 Together we shall grow in all things great
 Through faith in Him who died.”

Is is not, dear Sister, the brightest hope this world
 can ever give?

Fondly, your happy
 GRACE.

CXIII.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *March 24th.*

MY OWN DEAR SISTER:

To think our little Grace has taken this decided
 step in life, has given herself away, her heart fairly
 won by strength of love and strength of life! These
 great stalwart arms have just carried off their prize,
 and we can trust them to carry it even to the very
 end of the earth. I verily believe she has told me all.
 If it were any body but you I should be furiously
 jealous that she has written of her love to you before

ever breathing a word of it to me, though sleeping in my arms every night.

I knew she was beloved, but knew nothing of her own feelings, she was so quiet, so undemonstrative always, and I knew not but her heart still turned to the object of her child-life love. Had she forgotten, or was the wound I felt must be there still unhealed? And, lo, it was all free for a new love!

I can not tell you how happy and thankful I am, for many reasons. You will know them all by and by. I believe her happiness secured. You are free to go your way with John, and I shall have my way and Madeline.

I can not write of even Naples now, nor care much longer to remain among these foreign scenes. "The heart's aye the part aye," etc. And now that your two hearts are squaring up hearts' desires, I, too, shall let my own have free play to prove itself. You shall know all when time shall make all plain.

Ever, dearest Janet, yours,
THERESA.

CXIV.

MR. WINDEMER TO JEANNETTE.

March 29th.

DEAR, THOUGHTFUL SISTER JEANNETTE:

I was more than satisfied as to the health of my darling Grace before I told her of my love. I have no fears for myself nor for her. Her physicians were my friends. They have studied her case carefully. None of us have any certain lease of life. I have

been with her every day. She is well now—as blooming as a rose, though fair as a lily, and sweeter than any thing poet ever dreamed of. I would rather have her my wife and carry her right in these arms as long as our Heavenly Father spares her to me, than that Hebé herself should bless me with her love. Grace is my *beau idéal* of an artist's wife. If she were less angelic I should not love her as I do. Her very frailness has made it joy to me to be her strength.

So fear not, prudent Sister, but believe with us that we are the most blest and happiest mortals in the world, not excepting you and John.

Thanking and esteeming you for your frankness,
yours,
CHARLES WINDEMER.

CXV.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

LONDON, *March 12th.*

Oh, Theresa, I actually cried with vexation when I learned from your letter that you had sent my foolish, silly letters to Mr. Pinkerton. I thought I never should trust you again. How could you ever have thought of doing such a thing?

If it must be told, could you not have found some other way? What will he think of me! What will he think! What will he think! I cried, over and over again. And he will tell Aunty Genau. What shall I do! What shall I do! And I wrung my hands and ran to my room and hid myself, and when Madge found me and begged me to tell her what was the matter, it was all I could do to keep from telling

her all about it, for now I had nobody in the world to tell my troubles to. I wanted to run away off where nobody would know me.

I write all this just because I want you to know how bad I was, and to tell you that I burned up the cross, miserable letter I wrote you when I felt all this, and now here I am safe away from it all. And though the thought of seeing Mr. Pinkerton quite throws me into a fever, I hope he is not so angry with me as I feared, after all, for he has come to my rescue again in such a kind, considerate way, that I think I must thank you as well as him. I know, my dear, wise friend, you did what was best for me, and I ought to love you more than ever. How much you have done for me, and how unworthy I am, my good, precious Theresa! Will you, can you forgive and still love such a weak, foolish child?

But I must tell you that Mr. Pinkerton requested Mr. De Montaine, who has just arrived in London with his mother and sister, to call upon Lady Edgerton, with a note requesting her to permit me to spend a few days with them. Lady Edgerton seemed very well pleased, "Hoping, my dear child, that we may have you with us again very soon to finish your visit when dear Mr. Pinkerton joins you." Lady Edgerton will call on Mrs. De Montaine to-morrow, and leave me with her during her stay.

Oh, I am so glad! I thought it best to leave Madge to her own devices, and will not say a word. I know it is cowardly. You would act so differently, but if I had been the least bit like you none of this had ever happened. But one thing I do mean to

have my own way about, I shall not go back there again unless Mr. Pinkerton takes me himself. I will, if possible, go home with Mrs. De Montaine. Though Lady Edgerton did say that the house would be so dull without me, that she could not possibly spare me more than a few days, and that I must stay, or, at least, come back in a few weeks, when the season would fairly begin, for I had only seen quiet London under a cloud, and she made the greatest ado to Mrs. De Montaine.

Did you know there were ever such people in the world? I am more confused than ever, for Madge said, when I bade her good bye, "Mamma is so disappointed because you did not fall in love and run away with one of those handsome Italians, then she would have had 'Mr. Pink' all to herself you know!" What does she mean? I might as well not care, for I shall die if they ever get me there again by myself. Is it only Madge's nonsense, or is it her mother's way? What do you think? Mr. De Montaine is so kind, and is handsomer than ever. He enjoys listening to all the pleasant, noble things I love dearly to say about you, and he says some wonderfully flattering things about you himself. It would be hardly fair, or, at least, no use to ask you if you love him. Sometimes I hope you do, and sometimes I hope you do not. How happy I would be if Edwin loved me as Mr. De Montaine loves you, and if he was as good as Edward De Montaine, so devoted to his mother and Isabel, and they are so fond and proud of him.

I have seen a good many men here, but somehow I

can't quite forget poor Edwin, although he does seem so boyish, as I remember him. If Lady Edgerton had permitted me to receive the continued attentions of some two or three admirers, I might feel differently, possibly; but now I like best of all to be with Mr. De Montaine, perhaps, because I know him so well, respect him so much, and—oh, well, one hardly knows how it is—is it not good in him to be so kind to

Your fond, foolish,

VIOLET.

CXVI.

JEANNETTE TO GRACE.

BLUEBERRY HALL, *April 3d*, 18—.

I am sorry, darling Grace, that Theresa did not return frankness for frankness. I should be greatly relieved to know her feelings. She has always been thus reticent. She doubtless has some pet romance of her own, and will succeed in surprising us at last. By the way, Aunt Rachel insists upon having Mr. Lacy invited to officiate at my marriage. I should like it very much, but made no reply to her suggestion, waiting until I hear how you and Theresa feel about it. If you will let me know in your next letter I will write him at once should you both desire it. It would be delightful to me, particularly, if we are both married at the same time. What say you—at our own little chapel? Let Theresa decide for us. And as to Uncle Jean and Auntie's returning with you, I think we could make them comfortable in "our farm-house," but dare say Theresa is spoiled for

peace of mind in the “prim old place,” and may not care to have them come so soon, or until she can improve its looks with her new taste.

I am so absorbed in these all-important and delightful prospects, changing so suddenly the course of our hitherto uneventful lives, that I have little thought of any thing else—am indifferent even to Italy. And yet I am very grateful that you have so often shared your pleasures with me by telling me much that has interested me greatly.

You were prudent not to venture to Rome. There will be time enough hereafter if your hopes prosper.

Farewell, with love to Mr. Windemer, to Aunt, Uncle, and Theresa.

Ever, devotedly, your Sister,

JANET.

CXVII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *April 8th.*

DEAREST SISTER:

Have you heard the dreadful news? Mr. Lacy has perished, off the coast of Sicily! He was on his way here to see poor Tesa! She could not conceal her intense distress. She seemed to suffer the deepest agony for hours. She had hastened from Rome to be here on the sixth (6th), when she expected him! I do not quite understand it, but it seems she had told him he might come on that day. There had been rough and stormy weather for a day and night. I remember, now, how restless and anxious she seemed

all the while. We were all at breakfast, the gentlemen reading the morning news. Presently Uncle Jean said: "An English vessel went down yesterday at dawn, off Sicily. More than half the passengers were lost!" "Are there any names?" I asked. "Yes, here they are," and he read them glibly off. "Oh, Theresa," I cried, "that must be our dear friend!" when he said "the Reverend Edward Lacy!" "How dreadful! Perhaps he was coming to see us. How I should have loved to see him!" All this while I never thought of Tesa once. I praised his loveliness and excellence, and turned and cried, "Oh, Theresa, words can never tell how pure and good he was! Are you not sorry that he will never come?" I looked, but she was gone. I felt confused—thought I had betrayed too much regret, or said too much—and went on to tell how he had been our pastor since I was quite a child. And at last, when I could slip away, I went to find her. In vain I tried to get the lock turned back! She never heard, or feigned not to hear, my pounding at the door, until worn out I cried, "I must bring Uncle Jean!"

And then I heard her move—the bolt was drawn, and I went in—terrified to see the wild, dry look about her eyes, her hair dishevelled, her robe all disarranged! I never was so terrified in all my life! Oh, Sister, it was dreadful! I started back, without a word, to run for help, but she was too quick for me, and set herself against the door and grasped my arm! "Have patience, child," she said. "I shall be better soon. Just sit down there and wait!" I dared not

disobey—she was so strong and stern. I sat right down and burst into a flood of tears!

She looked at me and ran and threw herself down at my feet, begging me to forgive her that she gave me pain, buried her face deep in my lap and wept hot, burning tears, while I wept over her! At last she raised her head. “Now, precious, I am better. This hurts me so because I have done wrong. He has loved me for years. I have made light of it, and put him off. I did not want, indeed, to be a poor parson’s wife.

“First, I thought I did not love enough, and then I thought you loved him and would make a better wife for him, and so I went away and left him to you. Then I was sorely vexed because he went away, fearing you loved him. Finding he still loved me, I determined yet to try this foreign land, and if it did not tempt me I might at last admit my love for him, give up my pride, and settle down a country parson’s wife. I have tried myself, and found out more and more that he had my whole heart. Oh, baleful, hateful pride, to wreck my happiness forever!

“I knew that he would come. What saintly patience he had always had with me! I meant at last—this very, very day, to throw away the mask and make him happy when he came. If he only knew. I care not for myself. I ought to suffer. I deserve it all. I would be willing to bear this all my life if I could but tell him I have loved him all these years, and see his joy one hour in my confession!”

I can not tell you more. Through sobs and bitter

weepings these distressful words were wrung. She is better now. I stand between her and her friends. She says they must not know one word of this, and in a day or two she will go to them again and give no sign. She wishes to go home at once, never to see again these scenes that lured her from the first and best of men to his destruction.

Oh, dear Sister, I can not understand her. I know she will act as though all this had never been, and I will be in mortal terror lest I betray her. We will start home next week with Mr. Windemer. Theresa insists upon it.

Ever, with love, yours,

GRACE.

P. S.—I add a line this morning to tell you that Theresa seems quite herself again. I think it will hurt all the longer in thus smothering her sorrow. She says if it is God's will He will help her bear it. She will not listen to any changes in our plans. Says this shows us once again how wrong it is to put off needlessly these precious bonds of love when God seems to lead us to them.

You need not write again to Naples. Your letter would not reach us. Direct your next to Paris, then welcome home.

Save for grief for these two dear ones,

Your happy

GRACE.

CXVII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *April 10th.*

DEAREST SISTER:

Is it not strange? Your letter has just come, in which you speak of poor, dear Mr. Lacy. How I should have loved to have had it all, just as you said. Then he and darling Tesa might have been married, too—we three together! Oh, why are these sad, inexplicable events permitted by Our Father? I can not indulge my heart in my own happiness, in grief for this cruel disappointment. Theresa feels her loss so keenly, and is so bitterly grieved at her own willful caprice. She calls me—she has gone! Dear Sister, she has gone to Sicily to seek for him she loved! Dr. Berenger brought us tidings of some Englishmen, who have just reached here, saved from the wrecked vessel.

They say that several passengers supposed to have been lost have been heard from; and they were told that some lay very ill at points ashore. When poor Tesa's first faintness had passed away she called me and said that she would go and look for him. "That would seem so strange," I said, most innocently. You should have seen the withering glance she cast at me. "What care I whether it *seem* strange or not! My day to *seem* has passed. 'ESSE *quam* *videri*.' Call Uncle Jean and Aunty. I shall tell them every thing. I owe it to the man whom I have sacrificed—

the noblest, purest man that ever walked this earth, and served the precious Master."

When they had come she told it all as calmly as I write it now. "He may be dead," she said, at last. "If he is not, he may be lying ill in some poor place. Nothing but death, or sickness unto death, had kept him from me on the day I said that he might come. If he is ill, he needs my care, and I am going where he is to seek for him, at least. If he be lost to me forever, in this life, I will know the truth, and realize it best upon the spot."

"We must go with you, dear Theresa," Auntie said. "No, I had rather go alone, unless Uncle Jean will go with me. If he is ill there may be no physician where he is that I could trust." "I will gladly go," good Uncle said, at once. "That is just as it should be. Your Aunt will stay with Grace, and Mr. Windemer can take care of them. When do you wish to start?" "Now. I have already lost too much time."

In an hour they were on their way. Passengers from the lost vessel say that they were wrecked upon the rocks of Ostica, in keeping off Cape Gallo, as they were trying to make the port of Palermo. We shall anxiously await tidings from them, and will promptly forward all intelligence to you.

Love to Aunt and Madeline. It seems like hoping against hope, but stranger things have happened, and we will pray that she may find him, and that God may grant us all our hopes at last.

Ever, your loving,

GRACE.

CXIX.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

April 20th.

DEAR, DARLING SISTER:

I send you two little notes just received from Dr. Berenger. You will grieve with us, I know, in the apparent hopelessness of their sad search. You should have seen the astonishment of Theresa's friends here when they heard of her departure, and their utter amazement when they knew her errand. She gave no injunctions of secrecy—indeed, told Aunty she might tell every thing to whomsoever she chose. Three or four gentlemen have already left Naples disconsolate. I do not believe she ever encouraged them to think she felt any especial interest in them; but she certainly made it very delightful for them in her bright, reckless way, that I never could understand or approve of.

Aunty is greatly disappointed in this turn of affairs. She hoped her handsome niece would have bestowed her hand upon some one of her wealthy, elegant or distinguished suitors, either here or in France. I do believe she would rather see Theresa suffer as she does than to have her return to England and settle down as Mr. Lacy's wife. Now she hopes, perhaps, that the great consoler, time, will heal this wound, and Theresa may ere long return to live with her, and lead the brilliant life she is so well fitted to enjoy. She does not know her as we do, or she would know that this can never be.

Whatever Tesa does she does with her whole soul. Aunty is very proud. Her pride colors all her thoughts and feelings. It is the way of the world. And it is harder, the more one is gifted with the good things of this world, to get above it—even God's purest, noblest gifts often tempt from His service. I am more and more thankful that our hearts were early imbued with a love of better things, and a just sense of the inferiority of earthly pleasures.

Ever, in love, your

GRACE.

CXX.

DR. TO MADAME BERENGER.

OSTICA, *April 16th.*

Never, dearest wife, did you see such strength and determination as this wonderful woman has; no moping, no fretting, every hour she seems to display some new phase of excellence and spirit. It comes down from above, she says, and I do believe it does—unless it grows out of the intense desire she has to make amends for the great wrong she thinks she has done. Would that we could find him living. I would like to take the hand of the man she loves. Five days we have sought in vain for any tidings of him, in and out among the islands, and neither her strength or hope seem to flag. I have not the heart to discourage. I dread the moment when there will be no where else to go. She will bear that too. I

know it. We go from Ostica to Palermo. You will hear again shortly.

Know ever, my precious one, the devotion of your
JEAN.

CXXI.

DR. TO MADAME BERENGER.

PALERMO, *April 18th.*

Three days more, dearest wife, and no tidings! Three days of intense alternate hope and disappointment, and still poor Theresa will not give him up. We are at Palermo, having learned down the coast that several passengers from the lost ship were carried here. We have tracked various persons from place to place. One or another said this or that to give some hope, which always led to final, deeper disappointment. I should know him instantly from her oft-repeated descriptions of his appearance. I am just setting out now to inquire through the city.

Two hours of fruitless search; a long rest from the intense heat of mid-day, another effort at evening to get some clue in this great novel city. At length one said, a man had said to him, that he had heard some shipwrecked men were carried to Scutari. A long search, with just a crumb of comfort, for these men were found, and one of them had seen Mr. Lacy, after the vessel parted, clinging to a spar, and swimming for the coast, which he thought he could reach. They were separated by the waves, and he knew no more of him.

Good night, dearest wife. Would that you were in the arms of your devoted

JEAN.

CXXII.

JEANNETTE TO GRACE.

BLUEBERRY, *April 17th.*

Dear, darling Grace, how shocked I am at the dreadful tidings your letter bears! Poor Tesa! Dear, dear Theresa, let us hope there is some mistake. What a loss to her, and to all who ever knew him! Dear Grace, we can not enjoy our own happiness in the very presence of her sorrow. What shall we do? She will strive not to let it mar our joys. She will seek to hide it all away until we are gone, but I know she will never forget it while she lives. I do hope and pray there is some mistake. In these disasters at sea there always is hope that those given up for lost may be cut off in some by-place, and will sooner or later make their way home. This long-dying hope is perhaps the hardest of all to bear.

The news has spread among our friends, as such ill news always spreads, and universal grief prevails throughout the parish. Theresa would be comforted by Aunt Rachel's deep sorrow. Even little Madeline has shed her bitter tears. We have always had a great hope that he would come to live amongst us again.

Do persuade Theresa to write to me, to let me try to help her. Tell her it will comfort me. Beg her to write. The merciful God, our Father, never ordered

this inscrutable event, but He will bring good out of it.

Sorrowing with you most tenderly,
JANET.

CXXIII.

DR. TO MADAME BERENGER.

PALERMO, *April 20th.*

Two more days, dearest wife. We are going to visit the convents here, and then if we can learn nothing of Mr. Lacy, Theresa has consented to start homeward, provided I will go, as we have come, by the shore, touching at various points. I am greatly interested here, and was our errand of a different nature would enjoy every thing. Poor Theresa bears up well, but begins to look worn; still, she does not complain. When the magnificent prospect from Mount Peregrino burst upon us, as we turned to view it, she said quietly, all her old enthusiasm gone, "It is very grand; but there are times when the heart can not enjoy. Forgive me, good Uncle Jean, if I mar your pleasure. I can not help it now. The broad expanse of island and of sea, which I might once have thought so glorious, has for me now but one all-absorbing interest; where is the spot where lies my best friend? Where can he be? Would that the sea, or earth or air would answer me!" So it is everywhere, and yet she does not give way, nor distress me with tears nor womanish weaknesses.

She has told me many things that make me admire Mr. Lacy greatly, and sympathize more and more

with her loss. Do you know I see *you*, more and more, in this dear girl—the same light thoughts of love through all her life till now—fearfulness in trusting herself to settle down—pride in the thought of marrying some man already distinguished—and yet a shrinking from marrying a man advanced in years—too much principle to marry for wealth or position without loving truly. She has never seen her ideal, except in this man; and he only a poor parson!

Her pride has rebelled against settling down for life with him as a poor parson's wife; and so she determined never to admit her love for him without thoroughly testing it. This has been carried quite too far, and she feels it bitterly now. You may thank my impetuous ardor that you were not permitted to try your willful ways on me when I said now or never! My sweetheart knew there was no patience to brook coquettish delay—thus I pushed my suit, and thus I became your

JEAN.

CXXIV.

MADAME BERENGER TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *April 25th.*

Another note from Dr. Berenger, my dear Niece I desire to enclose it to you myself, not having written for so long a time.

I have been shocked and grieved at this singular turn in Theresa's prospects. She has had some brilliant opportunities since she came abroad, and doubtless has not wanted for eligible offers at home. I do

not think her lovers here can accuse her of dissimulation. She has a frank, bright way of forbidding their hopes, and yet always seemed interested in them, and was so interesting and fascinating that they did indulge hopes of winning her at last, in spite of her oft-repeated asseverations to the contrary. I did hope so myself, and am woefully disappointed. I would have given my full consent to any one of half a dozen splendid men here, who would have kept her near me. The thought of her returning to her quiet home life, fitted as she is to be the center of the most brilliant society of the continent, chagrins me, I will confess, and as it is, that I can not regret the unhappy termination of this romance.

She will be free, after you and Grace are married, to bring Madeline to France to finish her education, and will ere long forget this grief. Some phases of her character I can understand. I can fancy myself living my young days over again in her. There are other things about her that I do not comprehend—this deep, almost unfathomable religious sentiment, must have been developed by her intercourse with this man, who seems to have won her whole heart.

Dear Grace was the happiest creature you ever saw until this terrible news came. Theresa never seems to be out of her thoughts. She is devoted to Mr. Windemer, as he is to her. He has a generous, whole-hearted nature that I can but admire; is very cultivated, and distinguished as an artist, yet I can but wish that he was more elegant and polished in his manners.

There is a certain polish that Americans generally

lack, in my opinion. I have never seen an American with the elegant manners of a Frenchman. Theresa says I lay too much stress upon the outward man. Perhaps I do; but with all her feigned indifference, I can see that a good deal of the same sort of fastidiousness exists in her own nature. A very sensible, matter-of-fact education has doubtless made her realize more fully than I ever shall that the heart is the first thing to be looked at, the mind next in importance, and the external man as insignificant in comparison.

I can recognize all this as logically true. My reason assents to it, but we have natural tastes—they demand expression, and seem entitled to gratification. Probably it is true that the more religious faith pervades society, the less stress people will lay upon the things of this world; for if there is a spiritual world about us where all merely human distinctions are entirely excluded, where each human soul takes its place according to its own inherent worthiness, as God sees it, “with whom there is no respect of persons,” then doubtless the sooner we try to look upon even the lowest wretches about us as we might conceive God would look upon them, the sooner we should begin to feel that in His sight they might be worthier than ourselves. This idea, which Theresa has forcibly presented more than once, if carried out in the world, would turn prevailing ideas upside down, and perhaps begin to right things generally; but I can not quite get it through my brain, and do not think much headway will be made in it in my generation, nor in many to come.

We do not talk of any plans until they return from Sicily. I think they will come within a few days, then we will do as poor Theresa desires.

Remember me to others of your household, and believe me, ever affectionately, your Aunt,

THERESA BERENGER.

CXXV.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *April 29th.*

Oh, Sister! Dear, darling Sister! Mr. Lacy is living! What hopes and fears have racked us these many days! Why are we so doubting and so fearful when we have prayed?

They have found him ill near Palermo! The letter I send tells. It has just come from Uncle Jean. Are you not thankful? I do not know how to express my joy. We shall hear more soon. I can not delay to write more. Love to every body. Spread the good news. He lives! He lives!

Your thrice-happy

GRACE.

CXXVI.

DR. TO MADAME BERENGER.

PALERMO, *April 27, 18—.*

DEAREST WIFE:

Found! Found at last! What will not woman's love and perseverance do? In the monastery of the Benedictines, on the coast near this city, yet too

weak to sit up longer than a few hours, we have found Theresa's lover. His clerical habit had led the peasantry who found him to carry him there. He had been washed back and forth by the waves, thrown, as it were, again and again, from the sea upon the land, until quite unconscious he lay stranded where they found him, as they thought, dead. The kind and ready care the monks had bestowed upon him had restored him to life.

We inquired at the gate if any shipwrecked stranger was there. They answered yes. I asked if we might see him? The porter could not tell, but a monk came at his call, and in answer to my queries, said the stranger was English, tall, spare, and fair. Theresa laid her hand upon my arm, saying, "Ask no more. I can not bear it. May we see him?" He led the way along the corridor, she leaning upon my arm. He bade us enter an half-open door. Theresa hesitated, as if to gather strength for disappointment, a glance within, and the next moment sprang across the narrow cell and fell upon her knees beside the cot. I knew he was found, and with the monk hurried away. An hour later, hearing my voice, she came into the hall. "Forgive me, dear Uncle, for running from you in my eager joy." "It is my joy, too, dear girl," I said, returning her embrace. She led me within. "Mr. Lacy, this is my good Uncle Jean. But for his kindness I never should have found you."

He thanked me cordially. He looked saintly, almost radiant—too pale and pure for earth. I do not wonder that Theresa thought Grace would be a fitter

wife for him than she could ever be. She looked like he does now when she was so ill. It is strange that nature seems to draw these different temperaments together, with an irresistible attraction in love, it may be, for a great physical good, as I have sometimes realized.

Rejoice with us, as I know you will, and pity the loneliness of your

JEAN.

CXXVII.

DR. TO MADAME BERENGER.

PALERMO, *May* 4, 18—.

DEAREST WIFE :

I am coming home alone! Are you amazed? Theresa has convinced me. A clerical friend of Mr. Lacy is here. To-morrow I will give away the bride! "Dear Uncle Jean," she said, "he needs my care. I will never, never leave him. I have kept you now too long. Too long, aye, almost unto death, I have kept him waiting for me—now I will be his wife!" Our invalid has already been removed to comfortable lodgings elsewhere. Theresa could not, of course, attend him in the monastery. I will return to you within a few days, leaving them to follow, when Mr. Lacy is well enough to travel.

It is a wonderful bit of romance. I tell you, wife, I begin to think with you, that there is more in their philosophy than we have ever dreamed of—this faith in the Unseen. I have thought, in time past, that it was childish and irreverent to think that the Omni-

potent Creator of all worlds would condescend to look upon the little affairs of this earth, or interpose in the doings of human creatures; and the repulsive old Jewish idea that God is a great, exaggerated man, with eyes, and ears, and hands, and feet, and a voice, made me turn away from such crude, religious teachings, to what I conceived to be the loftier conceptions of my own mind.

It is impossible to be with Theresa Lamark, and not be set thinking. She said to me, not long ago, "Uncle Jean, we are told that 'Abraham *believed* in God, and it was counted to him for righteousness. If you only *believed* in God! You tell me that you *do* believe in an intellegent '*First Cause*!' and that I may call it God, if I choose. Now, will you explain to me some time, your idea of this Creator or *First Cause*?" And then she left me with this big thought working in my brain, until we should meet again at night. I do not think I moved for full two hours.

What do we professed thinkers think of it? That it acted on matter from the earliest conceivable beginning of things, giving it an impulse, producing in itself the capabilities that have operated throughout the past—that are operating now, and will continue to operate in the future in the production here of visible results? But did this "First Cause" cease to act, when it imparted this intelligent impulse to matter? Did it pass into other areas of space, or other systems, to operate in other spheres or volumes of matter? Is it an ever-present, living energy? And, if so, must it not be present in every existing atom of matter that enters into form or life?

My brain grew weary in a futile effort to grasp an impossible idea, but, as I turned from point to point, I felt that we, who are so accustomed to vaunt ourselves upon the power of the human reason in solving the mysteries of being, are, at best, very indefinite and finite—our conclusions vague and often inconsistent—and I have been forced to feel something of humility in the fruitless effort of my mind to form and express a satisfactory conception of this Power I had been reasoning about all my life.

At night Theresa sat painfully silent, after one of our keenest disappointments in our recent search; she seemed to have quite forgotten the remark she had made in our conversation in the morning, which had been in my thoughts all day long. I diverted her from her discouragement, as I always could successfully by telling her not to forget her faith, now, when she so much needed its consolation. She felt the reproach. “Blame *me*, dear Uncle, if you will,” she said. “I deserve the worst that may befall me, for my weakness and folly; but do not lay the reproach upon the precious faith that is perfect, if we could receive it perfectly, as the Master has taught us how. Dear Uncle Jean, you must teach me to-night, I am too weary to think. Tell me your conception of your ‘First Cause’—your God.”

I tried to express myself grandly and clearly, but I sensibly felt that I was vague, if not insincere, and relieved, when I had said enough to talk of this and that, striving to screen my strangely vacillating thoughts, until I roused her to talk herself upon her favorite theme.

I never felt before how unjust we are to these religionists—how merely human our own conceptions are, and how ignorant we are of the full scope of their exalted idea. This wonderful girl, not learned nor wise, save in the humility and fervor of faith, spoke thoughts to me that seemed almost the voice of inspiration. “This Power,” she said, “which you call the First Cause, is to me the ever-living, eternal Creator of all things, visible and invisible—not only the ‘First Cause,’ but the always perpetually recurring cause of every form of life—yea, even the LIFE itself—continually acting in all vital phenomena. What we call the Physical Universe, is but the reflection of the Spiritual Realm. It is the antecedent THOUGHT, which is the true REALITY, from which all else emanates—the only LIFE from which all life proceeds. This spiritual force—Omnipotence—is the unintermitting, infinite Intelligence, the only mind from which mind originates, embracing every atom in the universe of matter—in a word, the EVER-LIVING GOD!”

I scarcely know whether I can make you understand, but she made her statement clear to me, though I would not admit myself convinced.

“Uncle Jean,” she said at last, “you do not believe His WORD, but you *do* believe in the *works* of God. Now, I believe that the time had come, as that word relates, some four thousand years ago, if you please, when one people of the Oriental world was capable of learning something of this ‘First Cause’ you believe in, which I call GOD—the only LIFE—and they were taught of it in a peculiar way;

doubtless the only way they were capable of learning it. Through them then, and in after times, other people came to learn of it, too. Little by little the world has learned more and more.

In the fullness of time, a Spiritual Emanation from God himself took the visible form of man upon earth to reveal man to himself, as an expression of God. The Divine Life, thus revealed as the very life of man, proved man to be indeed the Son of God.

Through this revelation of man's True Being as one with The Father, the race is being brought from ignorance to the knowledge of Truth—from darkness to that Light, which is LIFE everlasting!

“All these truths of science that you so love, are God's truths, too. The world is in too great haste to reconcile truths not yet fully understood. There will be time enough for that in the centuries to come. ‘The Unknown God, whom ye ignorantly worship, HIM declare I unto you.’

“Uncle Jean, God is Infinite—we are finite—and it follows that we can but imperfectly comprehend His word or works. But we are his children, and partaking of his Life, we can learn of Him more and more, if we will, through the Christ he has sent as a Mediator.

“To the Infinite there is nothing great or small. The tiniest insect of an hour, ‘fluttering during its transient existence in an atmosphere of perfume,’ is not small to the Infinite, nor is the vastest planet great. We can scarcely comprehend, but we can feel that this is so. Then, what reason is there in the philosophic scorn, that scouts the possibility of the

Great Creator condescending to the small things of this little world?

‘To HIM, no high, no low, no great, no small.
He fills, He bounds, connects and equals all.’

“Is it not rather a nobler conception that this Infinite Creator is *in literal truth* omnipresent, omniscient, omnipotent.”

Thought after thought, in this same strain, flashed forth from the brilliant brain of this gifted woman, until I found myself no longer disputing, but only listening.

I wish I could transcribe her exalted conceptions and her pure diction. Her convictions seem to be as thorough, as her faith is clear and inflexible. You said to me, some weeks ago, dear wife, that some new light there may be—I might almost add, *must* be—in this thought of GOD, as the *Only Life*? and yet some sort of mental pride forbids me to admit any thing, without the mind of man, greater than that which comes from within—nay, not any thing that comes “from above,”—and yet if God is the “only life,” it does seem presumptuous, as it never did before.

Once Theresa said, “Would you not think it a greater glory of the human mind that it is capable of being inspired by, and giving expression to a Divine thought, than that it should originate even the highest merely finite idea?”

We will learn of these things together, dear wife, by and by. It will be a glorious, an inexhaustible field for investigation.

It is long past midnight, but I am ever wont to ex-

press my inmost thoughts to my other self, dearest by far. I always clarify my own thoughts in thus seeking to give them accurate expression to you. I am sure you will see all this more clearly than I have been able to express it.

In my longings for you I have thus transcribed my thoughts, reluctant to seek my lonely couch. Would that I could enfold you to my heart this night.

Devotedly, your
JEAN.

CXXVIII.

GRACE TO JEANNETTE.

NAPLES, *May 7th.*

Theresa is married! Dearest Sister, I am so glad and so sorry, but most glad, after all. Aunt Theresa is not; she seems grieved that she is to be tied down for life as a country parson's wife. To think of dear Tesa being all alone—none of us with her at such a time—no bridal raiment, which would have befitted her so well—and we had hoped all to be wedded in our home chapel. Ah, me, we know we can not have our own way in all things! Let us be thankful that it has turned out so well. We have such a glorious letter from Uncle Jean.

Mr. Windemer joins me in dearest love to you all.

Ever, your loving,
GRACE.

CXXIX.

THERESA TO GRACE.

PALERMO, *May 5, 18—.*

DARLING GRACE:

I can breathe and think once more, and am as happy as I was miserable when I parted from you. I may be here for some days yet. My beloved has yet some weeks of leave, and we will enjoy a part of them here in lovely, wonderful Sicily. Then, as he gains strength, we will see some things in Italy on our homeward route.

I would advise you to go at once to Sister Janet—you and she can make all needful preparations for your bridals. You had better go to Paris for a few days, and from there home. You will readily find friends going that way. We will come in time—a quiet married pair—that your dear pastor may perform the ceremony in the little chapel, as you and Janet wished.

Talk with Aunty, and when you have determined every thing, let me know. Mr. Lacy sends you a tender greeting, and bids me say he rejoices in your happiness, and in the bright future that seems to await you. My love to Aunty. Tell her I shall never be able to thank Uncle Jean enough for the great service he has rendered me.

Ever, darling, your fond Sister,

THERESA.

CXXX.

DR. TO MADAME BERENGER.

PALERMO, *May 6th.*

DEAREST WIFE:

I have been sitting, as is my wont, I know not how long, alone upon the cool balcony on which the door of my chamber opens, looking out over the city beneath me. The glorious landscape became invisible, as this little island turned further and further from the sun, though the ear still caught the sound of the surf breaking upon the near shore.

Mr. Lacy and Theresa were with me in the early evening. I am more and more pleased with him. He is a deep thinker and very interesting. I can understand some traits of Theresa's character now, as I never could understand them before; his very thoughts have been impressed upon her. We were talking, to-night, of human senses—how men trusted them. What a man felt, or saw, or heard, or tasted, or smelled, he could believe in, and yet each sense was only capable of apprehending its appropriate object. If a man were put upon this earth without any of these physical senses, the tangible forms of matter, objects of vision, sounds, perfumes, might all be here, just as they are, but he would have no power to apprehend them. He might disbelieve or doubt, as he would, what difference would his doubts make? The facts would in no way be altered. And how impossible it would be to make this senseless man com-

prehend any thing of these objects, were it possible in any way to communicate with him. Now, besides senses adapted to each kind of observation, there must be favorable conditions for the use of them. If it were not for the night, how little men had known of the heavenly bodies. If it were not for the sunlight, how little could be known of the beautiful colors of the landscape. There must be not only the objects, and the senses to apprehend them, but there must be such conditions as enable the existing senses to receive true impressions.

We hear the voices of nature because God has given us the sense of hearing, but we can only hear such sounds as we are rightly situated to hear.

“These thoughts might be extended almost infinitely,” Mr. Lacy said. “Would that I were able to point out to you the analogy between them, and our want of apprehension of spiritual things. The millions of men upon this earth are cut off from all knowledge of Unseen Things, as the senseless man would be from a knowledge of the material world. If there are a fortunate few with faith to discern Spiritual Things, they have no means of making those who are utterly devoid of such knowledge, comprehend what they may desire to teach; but whether men have faith or not to believe in the existence of Unseen Things, which are alone declared to be eternal, can have no weight in altering the fact of their existence. Faith is only necessary to apprehend them, as the faculty of vision is necessary to perceive objects of sight. Their existence may be, and I believe is, a matter of positive fact, that is entirely above and beyond any

faith, or belief, or disbelief, just as the physical world is, or would be, a fact, although every human being was without senses to perceive physical objects.

“There *seems* to be such an immense preponderance of matter, that we can not wonder that materialism prevails to such an extent. We *seem* to be material existences in a material world. Our senses make us capable of observing all the wonderful and varied relations of this environment. It is scarcely strange that what we call physical things *seem* to be all in all. This world-ward side of man has been all absorbing. You recognize nothing beside it, saving the intelligence of man—a mysterious something that distinguishes mankind from the rest of the creation. You call it ‘mind.’ That is a good name for it. It is Mind, or Spirit—the same thing—but you believe that it is born of matter. I believe that it is born of God, and is a manifestation of His own very Life.

“There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding. This is the Godward side of man. As Dr. Bushnell says, ‘This it is that gives him such pre-eminence over the rest of God’s creatures. We are related *constitutionally* to Him, as plants are to the sun, or living beings to the air we breathe.’ Nay, more nearly, as branches to the vine, partake of His own real Life. Man is Spirit. It is this which constitutes his true greatness, capacity for God, because born of God, ‘to entertain in his own bosom the Eternal Spirit; to be thus gifted with understanding, ennobled in impulse, raised in power, and all this without any retrenchment of his

personal freedom, but so as to intensify his proper individuality. Just as it is the distinction of a crystal, that it is transparent, able to let the light into and through its close, flinty structure, without being at all more or less a crystal, so it is the grand distinction of humanity, that it is made permeable by the Divine Nature, to be irradiated with it, through and through, through the whole mass of its substance, as the crystal with light,' until he reaches that perfect state where death is swallowed up of Life, and this mortal puts on Immortality—his whole being spiritualized—filled with all the fullness of God—the temple of His Infinite Spirit, energized and filled with His glory in every faculty and feeling.

“ ‘Know ye not that ye are the Temple of the Holy Ghost?’ The embodiment of the Life itself—a living branch of the Living Vine. Even as to the manner in which this Divine power works, man can know something—for Life in its working power is the Law of his being. Thus in learning to know himself man learns to know God. And in learning to know God, fulfills the wisdom of the wisest of the ancients in bidding him ‘know thyself.’ Whenever man learns this wisdom, knowing himself as a very son of God, he knows that he has dominion over all others of God’s creatures. Humble, almost insignificant, as he seems to be, in the vast seen universe, where the obedient worlds course in their mighty rounds, doing His will, filling even immensity with their stupendous frames of order, they have nothing in fellowship with their Creator, as has man, His own offspring by a Living generation; and can not, therefore, do what

the humblest soul is able to do, live in *conscious* communion with God. They can be built up or dissolved by His will, but they are not high enough in quality to be *inspired* by Him. Spirit only can be inspired."

Self-conscious freedom of spirit, as a birth of the Divine, is a far higher and more glorious conception of man than we have ever had. Dearest wife, this is a beautiful, grand, ennobling idea—if it be true. This is indeed the highest of all distinctions—superior to morality, to reason, to every other power or faculty of human nature. Poets and orators have in all ages invoked this Divine inspiration. Our friend says it is not a mere rhetorical flourish, but a noble confirmation of the great Truth, that man was made in the image and likeness of God, a partaker of His Spirit. There is no exclusiveness of the religionists here. Every human soul shares this capability—as a partaker of Life, as an emanation of Mind. Here it is, indeed, that humanity culminates and reaches the summit of its dignity.

Ah, to believe this for ourselves! This must be the true significance of faith. No wonder its humblest possessor becomes so confident and strong when adversities come, and in the very face of death itself. To Life, or the offspring of Life, there can be no death, but only higher births of Life. Do you remember, Grace said, when so ill, "I shall not die, but live! I *know* that my Redeemer lives, and He has said, because I live ye shall live also." This is what has given these young creatures such assurance. They have not only felt some mysterious strength, or

light, or power within, that has made them indifferent to the things of this world, but the very motions of a *recognized* Divine Life, as their very own. One Spirit, and not only one Spirit, but one Body! That is what their communion service means to them. "Body and soul," it says, "preserved unto everlasting Life."

Wife, I want it—this *consciousness* of the Divine within. To think of such glory for the denizens of earth existing unrecognized through almost a lifetime, as earth reckons life, and all through Life. There! It *must* be true, for have not all Life? Who would or could refuse to recognize it, living and teaching us within, *through our own consciousness*? As I write the words, I seem to feel the very motions of Life in a conscious, heart-swelling joy, such as I never felt before. Oh, if you were only here to share it! But you will—you *do*—you *have felt* these warm, glowing pulses of Love within, through all the past.

Good night. Perhaps, before this reaches you, you will see your

JEAN.

CXXXI.

GRACE TO THERESA.

NAPLES, *May 7th.*

DEAR DEAR SISTER TESA :

If I could only have my arms around your neck and tell you how grateful and happy I am in your restoration to each other! Now I can enjoy to the full my own loving and being beloved, which I could not do when I knew you were so wretched.

I have talked with Aunt Theresa, and we have decided that it will be best for her and Uncle Jean to go to Paris with me. I will get what I need, with her advice, and will then find friends with whom to return to England. I know you and Mr. Lacy will be satisfied fully with this plan, and will enjoy beyond expression your return home alone—with time for some sight-seeing on the way. Mr. Windemer will accompany me. Sister will be glad to see him, I know; then he will leave me with her to make some final arrangements in London for his departure for America.

Sister and I will have every thing in readiness for you, and dear dear Mr. Lacy will marry us both after all! I am almost impatient, the thought of our all standing about the dear home altar is so sweet—and you, dear, beautiful Tesa, so staid and matronly, the pastor's wife!

I send you with this every thing you have here, with all letters received since you left us; how astonished your friends are, and will be at your marriage.

Love to my own dear Brother—how I have always wanted one, tell him he is my beau-ideal of a Brother. What happy times dear Blueberry will see when we are all there together.

Ever your loving, grateful

GRACE.

CXXXII.

THERESA TO MADAME BERENGER.

PALERMO, *May 9th.*

DEAREST AUNTY:

I have been disappointed in not hearing from you,

and having waited long enough to conclude that you do not mean to congratulate me, I write to you. I know you are disappointed in me; you are sorry that I have married Mr. Lacy. You are too kind to tell me that, and so have not written a word. I am not vexed with you—not a bit—not even hurt. I like you to treat me fairly and frankly. I know that you love me, and that your pride in me, and in your name, too—now, Aunty, you need not deny it—made you want me to make a brilliant match.

Poor Aunty, to be willing, much less to want me to give up one throb of the joy I feel now, for all the glitter and tinsel the world can show. I'll tell you, Aunty dear, I have coveted riches, I have coveted position, and I have coveted many beautiful things in this world. Indeed, there was a time when I thought them indispensable to human happiness, for the love of the beautiful was born in me, bone of my bone, but there has been something deeper, and truer, and nobler in my nature, that never would let me sacrifice myself to any of these things—to any thing unworthy. I have probed my own heart to the core. I have loved Edward Lacy for years, but I knew the weakness and folly of my pride, and I dared not trust myself to yield to my own love, lest I should be unhappy in the humble life I must lead, and to all his trials as a pastor, I feared I should add the crowning misfortune of a discontented wife. Grace was pure and gentle, free from my pride and ambition, I wanted her to be his wife. She loved him in her childish way, and I knew he almost venerated her loveliness and innocence. I thought I knew how it ought to be, better

than even our Father in Heaven. I wanted my way, but He was too good to me to let me have it.

The man I loved was too noble to be false to Grace, to me, or to himself; he never for a moment yielded to my waywardness, and left his home and a devoted charge rather than compromise any one by the false position in which I had placed him. I knew all this, although I never admitted it even to him. The quiet life I had led made me long unduly for the charms of elegant and fashionable society. You know how happy I was, dear Aunty, in Paris, in Provence, and in Italy. My ideality was satisfied as far as such pleasures could satisfy it; I drank of the cup I had thirsted for all my life, and found it pleasant to the taste, but not soul-satisfying. Every day I felt more deeply the truth that nothing less than Divine joys can fill the heart that God has made capable of enjoying Himself. His gifts are alike to all, pure and free to every human being as the sunlight and the air. Social distinctions and the conventionalities of life are merely human, and tend to degrade rather than elevate the soul. In the midst of pleasures it is hard to keep the heart from being captivated—it is next to impossible to view these things as indifferent; the pleasant customs of fashion will fetter one hopelessly at last, and it will be a bitter bondage although the links are gold or jewels. So I felt more and more, bearing in my bosom as I did, this talisman of faith and love, to keep me from enchantment, how much nobler and purer, and better in God's sight the life had been which was apart. God had given me His best gift—faith—with all my willful folly I loved my

Heavenly Master above every earthly thing, and I loved and honored more and more the patient, cultivated, generous, devoted man, who was spending his whole life in that Master's service. There is not a man in all France or Italy — not the wealthiest or most brilliant—that you would rejoice to see me wedded to, who could be half as worthy of my love or who could make me half as happy as I am this day.

Just when I had learned all this, and was ready to receive my much enduring lover kindly—you know the fearful shock that came. God knew I needed that lesson, that awful lesson, to convince me how unspeakably dear this friend was to my heart. Thank God we have both out-riden the storm, and I am the happiest and mean to be the best wife in Christendom, and can not even be sorry that I have disappointed my ambitious and loving Aunty. “When I marry, I marry primarily for myself,” as Coelebs said. How could you have helped me, good Aunty, if any of the brilliant men you coveted for me, had made me wretched? Not a jot. I should just have had to bear my cross alone, as He gave me patience; there would have been no earthly help. You ought to know me well enough, to know that the man I do love with my whole heart must be a worthy man. You have some faith in me, and ought to be willing to trust my good sense, if you can not trust the Gracious Power that has led me all my life, to prove me to myself—and show me where my best and happiest hopes of usefulness and all good things most surely are to be fulfilled.

I fear it would be in vain to picture to you the beautiful life we shall lead. To me it seems like en-

joying in a spiritual sense all the charms of nature : green fields brightened with ever blooming flowers ; running streams of crystal waters, with the cool deep shade of forests here and there ; all animate with nature's loveliest life : and over all the bright sunshine streaming through the blue dome above, with great white silver-edged clouds drifting across it. All life, motion, beauty and joy, and yet all calm and peaceful and pure. Contrast it with the busy, restless whirl of the pent up city life where you would like to see me glitter, in the endless turmoil.

No—dearest Aunty—it would not satisfy or make me happy, but quite the reverse, for I know the Better Way. You do not know nor love the dear Church as I do, as *we* do. You remember, perhaps, that it is called The Bride of Christ. To serve the Bridegroom, till He comes, or takes us to Himself, in serving His cherished Bride in these last, of the sorrowful days down here, is pure and unspeakable joy, that only those can know who have entered upon such service.

You will soon awaken to the blessed consciousness, that you are God's own dear child, partaker of His Life, Aunty darling ; and so will dear Uncle Jean. I believe he feels it now, but the time will come when he will *know* it, and you will both come into the happiest and best place on all this earth—into the Prepared Place—the dear, beautiful, perfect Church—though to human sense, seemingly deformed by human error—but it can not really be—for it is His own, and like Himself, without spot or blemish.

When you know *us*, you will love us, I am sure,

but whether you do or not, we shall ever love you tenderly, and own beloved Uncle Jean, to whom we owe more than our hearts or lips, or pen can ever express.

Farewell, my Aunty; we shall see you, D. V., in Paris, unless you write that you have returned to the Chateau, and will expect you to go with us to Blueberry Hall, that Uncle Jean may give away the brides; and may you find all things so satisfying that you will never want to leave us—as I am sure we shall never want you to.

But, whether all these beautiful hopes come to pass or not—you never will, I am sure, regret that you have found and known and loved your Namesake, giving her a heart full of love for you, and a store of beautiful memories that can never fade away—nor that she has made this choice—to be—

THERESA LAMARK LACY.

I send with this, Aunty dear, Violet Haughton's letter, to my precious Grace, with one from Mr. Pinkerton. Tell her I have not written her because I knew that she knows all better than I could tell her. She will be happy at the beautiful denouement of my sweet friend's affair, and glad to know her good guardian is rewarded for his unselfish love, in the happiness he has at last found in having loving children upon whom to bestow his large fortune—and better still, the wealth of love of his great true heart.

Fondly, T. L. L.

CXXXIII.

VIOLET TO THERESA.

PINKERTON PLACE, *April 30th.*

DEAR PRECIOUS THERESA :

I have not written to you since my return home—because I have not needed you, perhaps—and only realize now, as I take up my pen, how selfishly I have ever clung to you. When I seemed all at sea, not knowing who to look to for strength and counsel, I have come to you with all my weakness to get your strength in return. Your letter to Mr. Pinkerton, inclosing mine, proved a blessing, *all* things indeed seem to work together for good to those who are determined to do the right, let come what will. You have heard from him—as he told me he had written you. It is impossible for me to express the change that seems to have come over me, since my return from London—but I must tell you what I can. Who do you think I found here? The long lost son and nephew, William Pinkerton Genau—Auntie Genau's son! and my own brother Will—come all the way from India—where they met after Will Genau's release from the interior, where he was taken after his shipwreck on the coast somewhere, I can't tell you where. I am sure there never was a happier surprise for any child on earth than dear, blessed Mr. Pinkerton had for me when he came, on receipt of your letters, taking me home. It would have been enough of joy to me to

have found Will Haughton there! Oh, Theresa, he is so good and strong—how I do love my own only brother—but think of Aunt Genau's joy in her son, so long ago given up for lost—come to her again, his own devoted mother, and to the uncle who had been a father to him, as he has been to me. They were even happier in his coming than I was in my Will's! And now, Theresa dear, the best is not told yet. Will, my brother, has gone to claim his bride—and I—I almost blush to tell it, for I fear you will think me fickle—but dear Theresa, he is every inch a man; as kind and gentle as ever Edward Lisle was to me through all my childhood; as brave and manly and true as ever my own dear brother Will was and is—and as polished and cultivated as our much admired and admirable friend De Montaine—and at first sight he actually fell in love with me, your meek little Violet! Impossible as it seems to her—too good to be true—it is true; and I love him as I never loved any man on earth before—indeed I don't believe I knew what “marrying love” was, until this grand fellow came home from sea; always a hero in my eyes, since first I came beneath this roof. In the month of June our bridal is to be—can't you be here? I should not feel as though I could be quite happy without you. The only thing that could make my cup run over, would be to have you with us, and Will wants you as much as I do, for only your heroic help in my times of need, and the trust that you have somehow given me, could have brought all this about; and I promise you, dear, to grow in this Love and knowledge of All Good things, and shall always live

right here with these dear, devoted foster parents, giving them love for love to the last.

Ever, lovingly yours,

VIOLET.

CXXXIV.

MR. PINKERTON TO THERESA.

PINKERTON PLACE, *April 26th.*

MISS THERESA LAMARK:

My dear friend, you have placed me under ever accumulating obligations by your faithful frankness with me, and sound counsel to my dear young ward. Nothing could have been more judicious than just sending me her letters, which told the whole story of her troubles and of her friends' culpable insincerity, giving me very valuable information. It was precisely what I ought to have known. I promptly went for her and relieved her from her uncomfortable and unpropitious associations. She has had enough of London for the rest of her life, something we are most grateful for.

You must imagine her surprise and delight to find her brother here, with my sister's son, arrived together from India to surprise us all; and I will, I am sure, surprise you, in telling you that they have fallen deeply in love with each other—and are soon to be married, and to live with my sister and myself. What a happy home it will be! So long childless, now with this noble son, whose restless longings for adventure have been satisfied by sad experience—and much suffering on land and sea—and lovely daughter to bless our declining years; what more could we ask?

I hope you will come to us upon your return to England, and share this joy with us all—especially with your ever grateful friend,

WM. PINKERTON.

CXXXV.

THERESA TO JEANNETTE.

PALERMO, *May 10th.*

DEAREST JANET:

As I write that date, how vividly the wonderful transitions of the year, now past, come up before me! Perhaps you do not remember it, but it is the date of the very first letter I wrote you from Aunt Lisle's! Only one year ago! Can it be possible? And all this crowning experience in all our lives, yours, mine, and our dear Grace's, crowded into these twelve months that have come and gone!

At last I can look upon the green earth and blue heavens with all longings satisfied! It seemed years from the time I heard that Edward Lacy was lost until I found him—living! Living! I almost cry out with exulting joy at every thought of *him*, and unwittingly the same expression comes to my lips, at every thought of *myself*; for *this is Life*—absolutely perfect satisfaction in the present, not regretting the past, nor caring for the future—Life—One Eternal—Now! He is living and I am his wife! What peace is ours, none can ever know, except through like suffering. Never for one moment did I realize in my heedless waywardness, the grief I was causing him. Keenly have I suffered a thousand fold for it all, since

the first fearful shock, that I had lost him forever from this mortal life, smote me to the very dust.

It has done me good, for I have looked to Him Who doeth all things well, and have learned enough to take my place joyfully, my whole being overflowing with gratitude, and nothing can ever cause a murmur, if we are spared to each other, and spared *we shall be*, for we are one in Life forever!

To share his work and his rest, to strive with him I love, to walk with God and to help others to grow in the knowledge and love of God and His dear Son—is it not a glorious, precious, perfect—I say it solemnly—an *eternal* joy?

The world has pulled heavily at my heart—there were traitors within bidding it come and take it captive. You know it all, dear Janet. Still Love kept the mastery at the very worst. “Neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.” I had given myself to Him, and when I would have wandered off He held me fast, many and many a time, through this thrice precious friend. To think that I must have this dreadful lesson at the last!

Dear Grace will be with you very soon. We will come when all things are in readiness, with Aunty and Uncle Jean, whom we shall win to the Fold. Will it not be beautiful, dearest Janet? Then you can go your way with John, and Grace can cross the summer sea with Mr. Windemere, and I will live at dear old Blueberry with my heart’s treasure—we will care for Aunt and little Madeline, and all the dear people, who will receive *our* loving ministrations joyfully—

so glad to have their dearly beloved pastor, Edward Lacy, at home again. I love to write his name—he sends tenderest greetings to all—and mine.

Fondly forever,

Your Sister,

THERESA LAMARK LACY.

SATISFIED !

[THE END.]

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